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The Prophecy Manuscript - Part 4

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III

More of the Prophecy

Now, there's a further part of the prophecy about our pail among our people. They say that when the time comes that the pail is empty, the way that the Indians are going to come back up again (the way the pail is going to fill again) is if just little bunches of Indians sit down together and think of things to do and start helping one another. That way the pail is going to start to fill.

I think this is what happened with the Indian Ecumenical Conference. Just a few of us got together and we talked a little bit. And people in other sections, in little bunches here and there, got together and talked a little bit. Then we came together and decided what we wanted to do. And we did it all ourselves—just sitting down together like the prophecy says. And I think we can do more that way than we can even by having big tribal programs. I think it would be possible to have our educated tribal leaders get this kind of money for us—small money, to help out in communities; money for our own purposes, for our own programs which are designed and devised locally by small groups of Indians sitting down together in their community.

Now, I'm not suggesting here that we sit down and plan out big programs. It looks to me that Indians get pressured all the time into planning these big programs. That's bound to fail because that's not the way, I think, Indians do things. Everything I've seen succeed started when a small group of Indians sat down and decided what they wanted to do and then went ahead and did it. And whatever organizations that formed simply came out of that getting together and doing it.
Organizations among the Indians, they're not planned beforehand and then everybody is fitted into that program. What happens is that people start doing things together and as they have some relationship with another person, then the organization emerges, out of what we are doing together and what we have going among each other and what kind of relationships we have to each other.

Now, I know a lot of young Indians, they don't understand that. They think that white people organize and Indians don't. Part of that is because many of these young Indians, they've never seen a real Indian organization. In a lot of our communities, we just don't have anything anymore. That's because we don't try anything anymore. Our warrior societies have disappeared. So we don't have anything anymore. But we still have the ability to get organized around something we have to deal with, in our own way. When you say "organization" to these young people, why, they think that's the white man's way of doing things. They don't know that in the old days our communities were very organized. They'll just try to work against us getting anything going like that. And I agree with them, that those white man's organizations don't work for our communities, but that's not the only way of organizing. That's what they don't understand. It's just like when you talk about religion to them. They think the Indian religion is just like the white man's religion turned wrong side out. And it appears to me that for lots of young Indians the only way that they can figure out what the Indian way is is to look at the white people and just take whatever the white people do and do the opposite. They're looking at white people because they haven't had experience in our communities. A
lot of them have been raised away from us or were raised in communities that are pretty far down and have lost all those organizations years ago. So we may have to re-educate a lot of these young Indians and talk to them about this, I think.

We not only don't have organizations in our communities anymore, but we don't hardly have any real communities anymore. We just have places where there are Indians hunched up in their own houses, going in to work during the day and watching T.V. at night. We either ignore our relatives or fight with them at tribal meetings. Sharing with, helping out, or depending on our relatives has just faded away in some Indian settlements. We hardly see each other, much less do anything together. We've got to stick our heads out of the shell again. Frank Harrison says that even the give away is being perverted nowadays. He says it has just become a big status pitch and a prestige struggle, not a way to help friends or visitors or the poor, anymore.

You know, you forget what a real community is living here in North America. When I was a little fellow I think I saw the last of that kind of life in the U.S. In those days most of the decisions about our own lives was made by us, not by some distant bureaucracy. Most of what affected our lives took place within a few miles of where you lived, and you had a part in those decisions. We grew our own food, ran our own religious life, etc.; and we did this together with our kin and neighbors. What happened to us came from decisions and actions in our own lives. We depended on ourselves and our fellows around us.

A few years ago I took a trip around southern Mexico and Guatemala. The majority of people in that region are Indians, several million of
them. It felt nice to see your own race in the majority. But what struck me hard was seeing real communities with a "rich" and full community life. If the governments of Mexico and Guatemala went up a puff of smoke tomorrow those Indians wouldn't even notice it. It wouldn't affect their lives very much. Now just contrast that with the way the Indians live up this way. We wouldn't know what to do if the government wasn't around.

I had something happen to me down there in southern Mexico which really jerked me up short. I hired a local guy to drive me around and visit some of the Indian villages out in the country. Boy, those people are good farmers. All the work is done with the hoe, the old Indian way—no plows, no machinery, just strong backs. You see whole families in the fields together. And their corn hills are knee high, the way the old people said to do. We visited the village where my driver had a lot of friends. The village council was in session. He took me in and introduced me to their elders. I stayed a while and listened. There wasn't any government official there telling them what to do and they were making real decisions. My friend, the driver, took me over to their church; it is their church. Their doctors were in the church curing people when we were there. Their police toured me around. They told me that all the young men take turns being police. When we were driving back to town we passed by another village. My friend told me that their political officials and their religious officials just serve for one year and that every year they put in a new bunch. He said that the people were having a lot of trouble in the village we were passing by. He said that their church had burned last year, so they were
keeping in their officials for another two years to get the new church built. He said, "Of course, that is bound to cause a lot of trouble. Around here the Indians do not like to be told what to do, therefore, one cannot be a village official for more than a year. Everyone will get angry at you. Then families will choose up sides. And the village will be paralyzed by the fussing. This is especially true of judges and police." I was impressed by my friend's knowledge of how those Indian communities worked internally. Then it struck me! He had lived most of his life in a real community. He knew from personal experience how these villages worked. We, the Indians in the U.S. and Canada, don't have that kind of knowledge about our tribes any more.

Some of our "communities" are pretty far down these days. They have lost their religion, their language, and their culture. The people are broken apart from one another and fear one another. I know places like that where all Indians do is accuse one another of black magic. That's silly. If you don't have any Indian doctors you don't have anybody who can work black magic. Curing and black magic are opposite sides of the same coin. You can't know one without the other. A good doctor may not use bad medicine, but bad medicine is just medicine used the wrong way. So all those accusations are just crazy. Most times they are just excuses. People want to lay the cause of their own failures on someone else. Of course, it is true that enough bad feelings can cause sickness by themselves. But those kind of people want to accuse their fellows of actual, intentional black magic. I had some of my younger relations get into a big fuss with another family—fist fights, gossip, accusing one another of conjuring, etc. I finally
got tired of it. I told them that there are two ways to settle a feud: one, you can go in the middle of the night, set the other family's house on fire and shoot them when they come running out; or you can just let it go and stop all the loose talk. I advised the second course of action. Some Indian settlements keep upset all the time with all those accusations of conjuring and bad medicine. These roving, phony Indian doctors will come into a place like that and clean up. I have seen that happen. But is no use to say anything. Those people want to be took. They will pay to hear that they are right in accusing their fellows. I heard an old man up at Morley say that if people don't visit one another or help one another, they are bound to end up suspicious and accusing each other. We have to help one another to have socially and spiritually healthy communities.

But this self-help, I think we can start just among ourselves. In fact, those Pimas and North Carolina Cherokees, they didn't need outside money. They just went ahead on their own and did it. I think at most we would just have to have a little money without any strings attached. Andrew Dreadfulwater, he got a notion to get a co-op store going. Indians around his area there sat down together and talked and thought a store would be of great benefit to them. And all they need is just a little "seed" money to start. But in all this process, if we are going to accomplish those four things I keep harping on, then we need to encourage the people to sit down together and talk of those four things. The only person that I can see who can do that are our elders. I keep repeating over and over, I don't think our educated Indians know how to do that. Only our elders have the kind of minds and hearts we need to
do things necessary to get our country settlements back in shape. And we sure have plenty of "surplus labor" with most of our young men not working!!

Helping Others

You know, there may be something we might need to do before we can really help ourselves. We might have to learn how to help others before we can really help our own selves. I saw a letter in a recent issue of "Americans Before Columbus," the newsletter of the National Indian Youth Council. It was written by an Indian from Tucson, Arizona. He discusses the need for us, the Indians, to be more charitable.

February 26, 1985

Dear Editor:

A few months ago, in December, I saw a T.V. interview of an elderly black lady who lived in the black ghetto of one of our northern cities. That lady was poor and old and all alone, but she was helping in her church's drive to raise money and clothes for the people in Ethiopia. She said, 'I may be poor and miss meals sometimes, but I'm not starving like those pitiful people in Ethiopia.' That lady really touched my heart. I have always known that American blacks are kind and charitable people; Christians in the best sense of the word. But I didn't know how much they were until that interview got me to inquiring around. I found out that black churches in rural Mississippi collect thousands of dollars each year for charitable purposes. And those country black people in Mississippi must be the poorest people in the United States! They make me feel ashamed of myself.

Then in January, the Navajos and Hopis in northern Arizona got snowed in and the Yquis and Mayos just below the border in Mexico got flooded out of their homes. I didn't hear of any other tribes even offering to help. That jerked me up short. I know that the Miskitu Indians in Nicaragua wonder why they never get any help from North American Indians. They are the last free Indians and are fighting against heavy odds to retain their self-determination and sovereignty; fighting our battle all alone. But I thought the reason that they don't get any help from us is that Indians up
here just don’t know about the Miskitu situation. After what happened in January, or what didn’t happen, I’m not so sure now. When I was a boy Indians prided themselves on being generous and free hearted, but I am beginning to think that we are not as free hearted as our fathers.

I was talking about this to a friend of mine, and he said the trouble was that Indians don’t have a tradition of philanthropy and charity. I didn’t say anything at the time, but that’s not true. In the 1740s the French were trying to exterminate the Natchez tribe and the Cherokees offered them sanctuary and gave them protection and lands. We did the same thing for a lot of Creek Indian people when they were fleeing from the civil war in their Nation in the 1880s. Those Natchez and Creeks live with us yet. And we didn’t help just other Indians in those days. In the 1820s Cherokee school children collected hundreds of dollars to send to the starving Armenians. And Cherokee ladies in the 1890s used to leave food at night near the wagons of those dirt poor white pioneers so their kids could find it in the morning and have a full meal for once.

And we aren’t the only tribe that helped others in the old days. The Hopis took in the Tewas in the 1690s; Seminoles gave refuge to thousands of black slave ‘runaways’ from southern plantations in the 1820s; the Chippewas in Canada opened their reserves to the Potowatomi who were fleeing from the U.S. in the 1830s; and Papagos, particularly at San Xavier near Tucson, offered sanctuary to Yaqui refugees from Mexico in the early 1900s.

There must still be some of that love and concern for others left in Indian hearts. I know that Cherokee and Creek churches in eastern Oklahoma give a lot to charity; and they are as poor as the blacks in Mississippi. In 1968 I was at a meeting in eastern Oklahoma and someone brought up the fact that the Tarahumara Indians were being pushed off their land by Mexican ranchers. One poor, little old country Creek lady got up and said, ‘If those Indians can get up here some way, they are welcome to live on my land.’ That touched me the way that black lady on T.V. touched me. And even in these times hundreds of Indians come from all over Arizona, California, and Oklahoma to help San Xavier Papagos raise money for their religious feast committees at the Wa:k [San Xavier] pow-wow.

But that generation of Indians is dying off. How about the rest of us? Are we shrinking up as human beings? Is our Indianness just eroding away? Are we becoming small and little peoples? I do know that one of the truest and most wise statements in the Bible is ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ I understand that, and I am not even a Christian. Maybe we have sat around too long feeling sorry
for ourselves with our hands out all the time, just diminishing as peoples. I know a friend of mine must think so. When I asked him if he thought we were drying up as a people he said, 'If Indian refugees came to my area again, someone would refer them to the Indian Center.' Boy, that comment really hit me hard! I hope to God that isn't true!

You know, by international standards, American whites are cream rich, but by those same standards we Indians in the U.S. and Canada are still rich. The poorest Indian on welfare in the U.S. or Canada is better off than the majority of the millions of Indians in Mexico and in the rest of Latin America. The price of a six-pack of beer is a week's wage for a Yaqui in northern Mexico. The cost of one of those Pendleton blankets that they give away at pow-wows would feed a whole Indian village in the south of Mexico for over two weeks. What we spend on beer and gasoline would feed and buy medical supplies for the whole Miskitu army. The Creator must be disgusted with us. His Chosen People in North America acting like greedy, spoiled children.

However, I think that big Indian heart that was in our fathers is still in us. It is just that we may have forgotten how to give. It is bad enough that we are so dependent on whites for everything. We may need to learn how to give again if we are to be a real people like we were in the time of our forefathers. Maybe we should stop giving our spare money to be sent off to these different church headquarters where white church bigshots decide to whom to give our money. Maybe we ought to decide that ourselves. Maybe we need an Indian charity organization of our own so we can help out the Navajos and Hopis when they get snowed in and the Yaquis and Mayos when they get flooded out; or the Miskitis when their soldiers need medical supplies; or even the starving Africans. Maybe we should form a league of all Indian religious groups—Protestants, Catholics, and traditional, so we can directly help our fellow Indians in need; and other nationalities as well. Maybe it is time that we stand up and be counted as our forefathers did when we were a proud and caring race on this Island; and win back our peoplehood ourselves.

What do you think, my friends?

That letter gave me a lot to think about!

The Pruning of the Tree

Now there's something even in our country settlements that I think we are going to have to face. It's a hard thing to think about. But I
don't think that we will be able to save everybody. A lot of people are just too far gone. And even if we handle all these problems of our leadership and get our elders back into the saddle and running things again, and accomplish those four things I'm talking about, there're some people that we are just going to have to let go. They're too far gone. I think if everybody just tried to save their own self and their family, like those Crees up in the Rockies, we would be way ahead. But you can't help people who don't want to be helped. And if you jump into the water to save a man who is bent on drowning himself, you will just be dragged under. Andrew Dreadfulwater pointed that out to me and that's a hard thing to think about, but I think it's the truth.

You know, when the pow-wows moved into Michigan and Ontario in the early 1970s and young Indians there took it up, I always advised them to make sure that older Indians were included in the dances so that they didn't get split along generational lines. I worried a lot about that. Then a few years ago I went to a pow-wow one Sunday afternoon on a reserve in Ontario. It was being held for a young man who had really been banged up in a terrible car wreck. The young people at that pow-wow made that sick youngster feel like a king, like he was loved and cherished. It was the best medicine he could have received.

However, the majority of the adults there were between 18 and 35; a few older people, and nobody between 35 and 60. Those middle-aged men and women couldn't take time to put down their beer cans, turn off their T.V.s and walk down the street to show their sick relative that they loved him. Right then I decided that I had been wrong. Those young people are trying to build a decent community life for themselves and
their children, in spite of their older dullard relatives who had become just another working and buying unit in the working class mass. Those young people have to save themselves and just let those other Indians go down the drain.

And you can't protect people from themselves either. Some Indians are bound and determined to do themselves in. They will let powerful whites use them and get exploited, and they know it. Yet they'll go right ahead and give the establishment their blessing. Powerful whites need the Indians to give approval for lots of these programs that are not to our benefit. Yet Indians in some areas will show up at meetings when their "white masters" send out the word time after time. They know that powerful people couldn't carry it off unless Indians give their approval by coming to a meeting; still they'll show up like trained dogs. That's sick!

You know, sometimes when you see some fault of your own nationality in others it comes home hard and clear to you. Recently I saw a T.V. show called "The Voyage of the Hokale'a." It was a story about the native Hawaiians. Some of them got together and built an old-time Hawaiian deep sea sailing canoe, and decided to sail to Tahiti like the old Hawaiians used to do. They were young educated Hawaiians—artists, writers, activists, and so forth. They built a fine boat, but they had to go way out in the Pacific and get an old style native sailor who could sail by the stars. That navigator was some kind of man. He reminded me of the old-time Indians—all real and solid. Those boys almost ate him up. He was everything they wanted to be. They finally set sail for Tahiti, 3,000 miles away. That navigator sailed by the
stars and hit Tahiti right on the button. But all during the building of the boat and on the voyage those young Hawaiians squabbled among themselves, had tantrums, wouldn’t listen to the captain or the navigator, broke every rule laid down, and so on. They just couldn’t get themselves together. The whole scene was a pitiful exercise in human impotence. When their boat landed in Tahiti that navigator wouldn’t make the return trip. He publicly denounced the crew and went back to his home far out in the Pacific.

That show made me a little queasy. It was too much like some Indians I know. I guess I am a little like that navigator in the T.V. show in one way. I don’t want to undertake any hard voyages with those kind of people. And some of them are beyond help, I’m sorry to say.

I hate to say this, but there are some so-called Indians that we can do without. If they would go off somewhere and bother some other nationality, it would be all right with me. My grandfather told me a story when I was a little boy. He said when the Cherokees lived in Georgia that the United States paid a few of the Cherokees to sign an illegal treaty providing for our removal to the West. We lost a third of our people in that removal, most of the children and the old people. After we got to the west we assassinated those leaders and their close relatives pulled off to themselves away from the rest of us. They married each other and with whites, and got richer and more numerous. In the Civil War, the main body of the tribe fought for the Union, but they fought for the South. They were called mixed-bloods.

My grandfather said that after the Civil War some of the Indians wanted to divide the Cherokee Nation in half and give the western half
to the mixed-bloods. They were agreeable. But the man who was the head political and religious leader of the Cherokees, Lewis Downing, convinced the people that the Nation shouldn’t be divided that way. He was the head Baptist preacher among the Cherokees and also the head captain of the Keetoowah Society, our ancient religious organization. He had a lot of influence with the Cherokees.

Well, the mixed-bloods moved to the western part of our Nation anyway even though we didn’t divide the Nation in half. The mixed-bloods increased and prospered and pretty soon they took over the Cherokee government. Some cooperated with whites in doing away with our Nation and bringing into being the State of Oklahoma. After statehood, they married into the whites and became part of them. However, they are still legally part of the Cherokee tribe even though they are just a very little Indian by blood, don’t speak our language, and associate with whites. Most of them are good people. But others wouldn’t touch us with a ten-foot pole and they are the ones who help exploit us.

My grandfather said that Lewis Downing was too good a man and he couldn’t see what lay ahead. He said Lewis Downing was too good a man to understand how anyone with even a little Cherokee blood could turn on us like some have. My grandfather said that the time will come when there will be those kinds of divisions among the Indians and that we shouldn’t make the same mistake again. He didn’t mean by that that we should kick people out of our tribes necessarily. He meant that we should handle it differently than we did, maybe be more firm about out-marriage or require that all the children learn our language or something like that. But not let it get out of hand.
I don't know what kind of divisions are going to tear apart our tribes. My grandfather didn't tell me exactly what it would be. I guess we'll know when it happens. I do know, though, that I think that Andrew Dreadfulwater is right and that some of the Indians are so far gone we may have to just write them off.

There's a prophecy that in these times now, right now, that God is going to select out His good seed among the Indians and start over again. I think that's where we are at now. And I think that's why the Indians are stirring around like in this Indian Ecumenical Movement, that the process that we are going through now is God starting to select His good seed among the Indians to begin over again. And there will be just a handful selected. That's a hard thing to say.

Now, I don't mean that we should write off everybody that looks like they are out of line. As I said earlier, some young men just have to churn around and learn by experience. They'll be a lot of trouble, but they'll finally come back and be worth something to us. I also think we have to be patient and we have to talk to people four times before we just write them off. And do everything we can, but after a certain point we are going to have to let them go. Because if we just keep on working with those that you can't do anything with we are going to lose all the rest. I think that we are going to have to face the fact that in this time we are going to have to let go of the bad seed among us. This is why I think we have to save our country settlements first, which are the base of our life-way.

I think that there are signs right now that point toward the fulfillment of the prophecy about God selecting His good seed. Take all
these cold winters, droughts, floods, earthquakes and bad tornados in recent years; it is like the Earth is rebelling against the way she has been mistreated. Even the weather is changing. And the animals are acting like they have lost their minds. They act confused and wander around. The ducks and geese migrate at the wrong time of the year. In recent years they have flown north way too early and tried to land on the ice. And in some parts of Canada there weren't any geese at all, for the first time in man's memory!

Animals and birds are pushing into new areas where they have never been seen before, where they are not fitted for the climate and the country. Turkey buzzards and raccoons are pushing way up into the North Woods country. Single animals wander hundreds of miles away from their home country into areas where they haven't got a chance of survival. Some Indians killed an elk up near James Bay last year; and so it goes. The old people always told me to watch the way the animals behave if I wanted to find out something. Well, the way these animals are behaving must mean that something drastic is bound to take place. All of these new diseases are beginning to make me a little nervous, too. I think that the fulfillment of our prophecies, and of the Biblical prophecies, are at hand. I don't know how God will select His good seed; whether or not there will be calamities. I don't know. I hate to be like one of those religious nuts who holler "Doomsday" everytime you turn around. But I think we are in for some big changes and soon!

Stewart Etsitty says that the old Navajos said that we will know when the cataclysm is coming because we will see freaks appear, like
grey-haired babies or mules giving birth. And in 1984 a mule in Kansas
gave birth to a mule colt!

Joe Mackinaw told me that there is a young girl at Rocky Boys
reservation in Montana who is a prophet, and that she is predicting
severe natural calamities in the near future—storms, floods, tornados,
earthquakes, cold and heat waves, and the like.

Joe also said that recently a Cree family was making a trip in
winter by dog sled. One night after they had made camp, eaten, and were
sitting around the fire they noticed their sled dogs sitting all around
them in a circle. The lead sled dog came up to the fire and began to
speak. The dog told them that a great calamity was coming; that the
Indians were going to be punished for drinking so much and the whites
would be punished for treating the Indians so badly.

Of course, all these happenings are making the Indians feel uneasy
and a lot of false prophets are springing up now, roaming around and
taking advantage of some Indians. That's another sign of bad times
coming!

Peoples To Take a Lesson From

I want to end up this talk about what we might do in our home
settlements out in the country by talking about places we might look at
to find out how to survive and get back to God's Law. I guess you have
already figured out that I look at the old-time Jews a lot for ideas.
But there are a people here in North America that could give us some
pointers. They are Amish, the Plain People. There are several hundred
thousand Amish in the U.S. and they are increasing. They came into the
U.S. in 1715, mostly to Pennsylvania. They keep to themselves and
attend to their own business. They still speak their language and keep up their religion. Most Americans think they are "quaint" or cute because the men have beards, wear old-timey clothes, and drive buggies. But that is just the outward appearances. They have strong families and they take care of their own. No one is on welfare. They raise their own food and are self-sufficient. They've got no "hooks" in them.

The Amish don't give an inch. War is against their religion so they don't register for the draft. Their young men just go to prison because they won't take the conscientious objector status. When those young men are in prison, they won't dress themselves in prison garb because their religion dictates the kind of clothes they wear, so the prison guards have to dress them. Not one inch! If an Amish man or woman marries an outsider, they usually have to leave the community.

The Amish don't get involved with outsiders. They just live their own lives. There are small school houses in their settlements with Amish teachers, so the kids can learn enough English and arithmetic to get along in the world. But they are taught Amish values in school, not what outsiders think is good for them. Their children rarely go on to high school. And the Supreme Court has backed them up on their stand on education. The Amish don't think they are the "Amish problem," they think they are God's own.

The Amish are wary about outside influences. If they decide to take on a certain kind of farm machinery, the whole community has to agree on that. They don't take over what they think is frivolous or worldly, like T.V. And they won't take over any machinery that would push their old people or kids off to the side in their farming.
Everybody pitches in and helps a young married couple build their house, next to their folks. They keep their eye on what's important and won't endanger the strength of their family.

A friend of mine told me that recently the Amish, in some communities, wanted to have telephones, but they didn't want to have them in the house. They said that they didn't want the phones interrupting when the family was eating together, or praying, or conferring about something important. So in Pennsylvania, they had Pennsylvania Bell put a pay telephone booth every mile in their area. They can use the phone that way and their family life isn't weakened. In Ohio, the telephone company wouldn't put in pay telephones, so each Amish family got a phone, but they had it installed in their barns. They use it in emergencies and the family is safe from it. The Amish are a strong and a smart people. They will survive as a people if anyone does here in North America. I keep my eye on them.

Now, of course, all the Indians aren't foolish. Every tribe has wise and strong elders; if they were just listened to. And there are some whole tribes here in North America who are worth watching. Take the Yaquis in Sonora, Mexico. The Mexican government tried to "pacify" them and wipe them out for a hundred years. The Yaquis just kept on whipping the Mexican army, hiding out in the mountains, and sneaking back to re-occupy their eight holy towns and keeping their religion strong. Finally, in the early 1900s the army captured most of the Yaqui families, loaded them on ships and in trains and took them a thousand miles from home. They scattered out these families, sold many of them as slaves, adopted kids out as servants, etc. In a few years the Yaquis
were right back in the Yaqui country in their eight holy towns on the Yaqui River. Lots of them, even little kids, escaped and walked 2000 miles to get back home. They are still in those eight holy towns, keeping up their ceremonies, and making the Mexicans nervous. The Mexican government cut off the irrigation water to two of their holy towns; this is desert country. But the Yaquis just hang in there and won't leave those two towns. They get by as best they can and people in the other towns help them out. The army keeps an eye on the Yaquis, but they are their own boss. And they keep up their religion. They are a hospitable people and you are welcome at their ceremonies, but you better keep your cameras in your car. Yaqui visitors at ceremonies can drink if they want to, but one foot onto the holy ground and they are in very big trouble. Those Yaquis are some kind of Indians. I really admire them.

One branch of Kickapoos is that kind of Indian. They live about one hundred miles below the border in old Mexico. They went down there to get away from Americans and live their own lives. They still live in those old-time round wickiups, garden and hunt, and keep up their language and religion. When you walk into their little village it is almost like walking into an Indian village in Wisconsin around 1700. They are another people who don't give an inch.

There are a few tribes in the U.S. and Canada like the Kickapoos, but not too many. A lot of tribes have been sucked in and brainwashed. I have a lot of admiration for those Lumbee Indians in North Carolina. You hear some Indians bad-mouth the Lumbees, but that's just jealousy. The Lumbees have lost their language and a lot of their culture, but
they sure hang together. They fuss a lot among themselves, but when the chips are down they close ranks and help one another, and other tribes too. The Lumbees send their kids to school. Then those young Lumbees get good jobs in New York and Washington. When they get established they try to help the Lumbees at home. The Lumbees are the only Indians I know of who can make use of their educated people like that. They keep those educated Lumbees in the fold and make use of them. They should tell the rest of us their secret. We could learn something from those Lumbees.

When I was down in the south of Mexico I got acquainted with another people we could take a lesson from, the Mayas. In ancient times they built great religious monuments and had developed mathematics and astronomy to a point way ahead of other people in the world. Now, there are about a million of them living in little villages out in the country in Yucatan in the south of Mexico. They all speak their language and keep up their religion and medicine. If you want to live in Yucatan and do business, you had better learn Maya. Those Indians expect that. And I have seen young Maya girls going to high school with Spanish speaking people and wearing their native dress. Those girls don't do that because they are playing Indian. They just wear what a Maya girl wears. And most of the Maya villages in eastern Yucatan weren't "pacified" by the Mexican government until the 1930s. The Mayas still act like that is their country and consider Spanish speakers foreigners. The Mexican government keeps an eye on them like they do the Yaquis. The Mexicans are developing that area for tourists now. The Mayas don't like it and
are getting a little restless. If I was the Mexicans I would tread a little easy. Those Mayas are strong people and not to be trifled with.

A friend of mine tells me we should get in contact with the Zapotec Indians in Oaxaca, Mexico. That's where the Pope went to speak when he was in Mexico. My friend says that the Zapotec are reviving their old Law and are about ready to run up their flag and become their own boss. I wish them luck.

As I said, there are a few tribes here in the center of North America worth learning from. One tribe I think knows something are those Mississippi Choctaws. They all speak Choctaw and have strong medicine. They don't take the white people too seriously. They just smile a lot. One time I asked a Choctaw friend of mine how the Choctaws were making out these days. He said, "Well, you know the Choctaws, we just hang loose."

My friend Vine Deloria, Jr. told me, "The Indian situation will improve when tribal governments learn to say no to whites and mean it, and when the grass roots Indians step forward to back them up and echo that no!" That is what the Amish, the Yaquis, and these other peoples know--how to say no and mean it. Vine says that is what real sovereignty is, and no outside force can give you or allow you real sovereignty; not the courts, nor the federal government, nor anybody. Real sovereignty is a feeling, an attitude, a resolve inside of a people; according to Vine.

There are other strong Indian peoples besides the ones I have mentioned. I just picked out the ones I am acquainted with. These tribes are strong. They will make it. The rest of us can draw some
strength by knowing they are around. We can learn from them. I guess if we can survive the glaciers we ought to be able to survive the white man. We just need to use our heads and live by God’s Law here in North America.

An Apology to our White Brother and Educated Indians

Now, I hope the people who read this essay won’t think that I’ve been too harsh on them or too unkind. There’s a lot of things that I’ve said that are hard for me to say, that I don’t like to face. And they are hard for me to say publicly like I’m doing now. I wish that they weren’t so. But I think these are hard times and we have to face where we are at. I know some people might think that I’ve said a lot of unkind things about whites, and that I don’t like whites. But that isn’t the case; I live among whites and most of the people I work with are whites. A lot of my associations and some of the people that are closest to me in the world are whites, friends of mine. And I’m sorry white society is in such bad shape. I hope that prophecy about God selecting his good seed applies to whites, too. I hope that the majority of white people, who are good people, are going to be saved by God when He selects out His good seed and starts all over again. I hope that’s the case with all nationalities. But it’s true that as a whole whites are in a mess. And it is true that the white way of life is contradictory to our own. It is true that whites are full of self-doubts and pressure us toward assimilation. And it is true that white society is sick. My Momma always said that living in the U.S. in these days must be what it was like in the last days of Babylon. It is a dying civilization.
That's the reason I think that the Indians might just survive if we can hold on for just another 100 years, until this civilization that has overwhelmed us falls in on itself. Lots of smart people have tried to warn Americans of their decay, but they won't listen. Henry Kissinger told Congress that he thought the U.S. was losing out as a powerful country and declining. He said he thought of his job (when he was Secretary of State) as trying to make the best deal possible with the communists in a losing game. Some Congressmen would like to throttle him for saying the truth. A lot of Americans, especially the "conservatives," thought Solzhenitsyn was great because he wrote a book condemning the Soviet government. Then he made a speech at Harvard saying that he thought that morally and spiritually the U.S. was in bad shape. The American establishment had a squealing worm. Now they don't like Solzhenitsyn. He's too smart and honest for them.

It is true that regardless of how many good, decent white people there are (and there are a lot of good, decent white people) that the white man's rule and his way of life selects out the worst white people who come up to the top to run things. If you've got a way of life that puts a big premium on money, power, prestige, competition, and ambition, then you are going to have people turn on one another and the worst kind of white people are going to be the ones who get to the top, because their big thing is competition and ambition and making money.

I used to feel sorry for the average American taxpayer, especially in the northeast quarter of the country and on the West Coast. These people supported the rest of the country. I know that a state like Oklahoma used to get back from the federal government about five dollars
for every dollar of tax it paid in; that money was just to run services, roads, and the like. That doesn't count all the other federal money that goes into business subsidy, dams, military bases, and so on just to keep the economy rolling along in a poor state. As I say, I used to feel sorry for those people in Pennsylvania and California, but I don't anymore. That money either goes directly to fat cats in Indian areas or is controlled by the fat cats. They use it to exploit us and control us. I don't hear anybody in the northern suburbs protesting that fact. And the same thing happens overseas. No wonder Americans are disliked around the world.

It is plainly clear as you look over American history that early American thinkers were concerned with holding the power of government at arm's length and increasing the freedom of the individual person. They just took for granted that there would always be strong families and communities. They worked out a legal and political system so that the community and the individual were in some kind of balance. As time went on and the U.S. became an industrial nation communities began to weaken and individual freedom just turned into greed. Then government was made stronger to control the greedy. But what happened in the process was that American families and communities went down the slide along with individual freedom. And the greedy took over the government.

Ruthless people get to the top in white society; the people who are competitive and believe in the power of money. These are the people who determine how white society relates to us, not the decent white people who are the majority. So I don't want people to think that I'm against whites. I just think that we have to face our situation. I've had
several of my white friends who know the Indians situation read over what I've written and they agree with me. They say that those are some of the things that have to be said.

As a matter of fact, I would have liked to have been able to write this essay without hardly mentioning whites. I hope very few whites read this manuscript for I am afraid it might upset some of them. Whites are getting in such shaky shape lately that you can't talk about what's real without making them feel like you don't like them and are rejecting them. And they sure don't need anybody else hollering on them. They've already had too much of that, so much that they can hardly face reality. But it makes it hard to write something and face facts and call a spade a spade. As I say, I would have liked to have written this essay and not mention whites at all. But I couldn't. They are too important in our situation—the situation of a small minority, overrun, and who they have the say over. So I have to say how they are contributing to mashing up and exploiting our tribes. That is the truth. But most of all, I had to say to young Indians how much, in these times, we are simply a creation of their whims and we don't even know it!

I used to know a lot of those old white pioneers when I was a boy. I had a lot of admiration for those men. They were a strong people in those times. I hate to see their grandsons look to be so weak and decadent. Whites were a great people at one time. Their ideals about life and government were truly great ideals. And many of their writers and poets have something valuable to say. (My mother never agreed with me on that point. She said that if the American Constitution had been
in line with God's Law you wouldn't see America in the shape it is in today.) It is too bad they were never able to attain those ideals and that the whole operation went sour. But our old people predicted their decay. This is what the old men told me when I was a young man.

After the Civil War the Cherokees were in a bad shape. There wasn't a house standing in the whole Cherokee Nation. They had all been burned down in the fighting. All the livestock had been driven off by the different armies. Most of the young men had been killed in the War. There were many widows in the Nation and half the whole population had died in the fighting, or had died of disease, or had starved. For the first time in Cherokee history, the land was filled with orphan children traveling here and there over the countryside looking for their relatives and begging shelter and food. Many old people were by themselves without anyone to care for them. Food was scarce and outlaws were roaming around robbing and stealing. Life was cheap. And the people were just like a swarm of bees without their queen, going this way and then that way, confused and troubled.

The Cherokee leaders called a big meeting at an old council grounds near a big salt spring. They asked the medicine men to make medicine to see if they could probe what lay in the future for the Cherokee people. The medicine men prayed and fasted and then came back and told the people what they were looking for, a prophecy. They said that soon the people would come together, times would get better, and the people would begin to prosper. The medicine men said, however, that in two generations from then the Cherokees would come to their time of greatest trouble. At that time the son of one of the leaders there at the
meeting, Pig Smith, would come forward to lead the people during that
time of darkness. The Cherokees would have a hard time then, but they
would come through that time of darkness. Then, they would live as a
captive people. In two generations from then, in four from the time of
the meeting, a great snake would awaken in the West, turn over, and
begin to swallow the world. That was the answer to the Cherokee future
that those medicine men received.

On the basis of that prophecy the old men appointed a teacher for
the small son of Pig Smith, Redbird Smith. His name was Creek Sam, a
man well known to be an expert in Cherokee tradition and religion and a
man reputed to know a lot of powerful medicine. Creek Sam remained
Redbird Smith's tutor until his death.

As the medicine men predicted, the people came together and began
to prosper and increase. As they predicted, in two generations, we
entered our time of greatest trouble—whites invaded our country, our
Nation was done away with, we were placed under white laws of the State
of Oklahoma, we were robbed of our property and sank into poverty and
despair. As the predicted, Pig's son, Redbird, stepped forward to lead
us in that time of darkness. We did survive that troubled time. And,
as the medicine men predicted, we have lived as a captive people since
that time of darkness.

Now it is the time of the fourth generation and the medicine men
predicted that in our day the great snake will awaken in the west, turn
over, and swallow the world.

I have talked to a lot of old men about the meaning of the great
snake swallowing the world. I used to think that the great snake was
the atomic bomb, which, as you know, was developed in the western part of our Island. Later I thought it must refer to Red China—China's symbol is the dragon; people say that China is now waking up after a long sleep; China is growing stronger all the time, and some people say she will finally take over the whole rest of the world.

Andrew Dreadfulwater says that the prophecy means that there will be no rules to go by. People will just do anything, no standards at all—all nationalities will intermarry, people will marry close relatives, sexual perversions will be accepted as normal, people will desert their young and old people, and so on. If he is right, that prophecy is close to being fulfilled. In fact, it looks like that great snake has already swallowed California.

You know, Americans were never able to live up to their ideals of democracy, equality, and social justice, but at least when I was a kid they gave it a good try. Then after Americans became cream rich and a "superpower" in the world it seems like they just gave up trying, about 1950. And they just have been going further downhill since then. Now, in these days America is in trouble economically, and is even losing power on the world scene. This might be the best thing that could happen to Americans. Maybe if they lose out in the "Empire business" then they will turn their attention to the American ideals again.

There are still some wise people among whites, if only someone would listen to them. One of the wisest men I ever met was just an ordinary working white man. I just talked to him for a few minutes, but he taught me something very important about American society. A few years ago I was riding in a taxicab from the airport to downtown
Chicago. We were on the freeway at rush hour. I commented on the heavy traffic. The driver said, "Yes, and if you will notice there is just one person in each car. That's the reason for the heavy traffic. Twenty years ago we used to have neighbors and friends we would ride to work with. Cars were full and there were fewer on the streets. But all that has changed. We don't have friends and neighbors where we work. We don't even have many friends and neighbors at all any more. Each person gets in a car by themselves and drives. They think that car gives them freedom, but all they are is lonesome." I was almost bowled over. I thought on that a long, long time. That cab driver was a wise man and had something to say, if only people would listen. He really understands how Americans came to the place they are.

I'll say this for whites; they may be devious people, but they are the hardest working people I've ever seen and the best organized and the most disciplined. They are hard to stand against. I have a lot of respect for their good qualities. They are a worthwhile enemy.

As I say, I can remember those old pioneers. They were some kind of people. There was one man I knew who brought his family into the Cherokee nation in the 1890s and settled right in the most thickly populated part of the Nation, and in a section where the Cherokees were the most old-timey. I asked him one time if they were scared with all those Indians around. He said, "Sure, at first, we were scared to sleep at night." I asked him why they didn't go home. He looked at me sharp and said, "There are worse things in the world than being scared, like not having any land of your own and being beholden to them who own the
land you work. I don't have to take off my hat to any man on my own land."

I knew another old-timer who came into the Indian Territory as a hide hunter in the 1880s. He lived for two years in the Kiamichi mountains. He never ate a thoroughly cooked meal for two years, didn't want the Indians to see the smoke. You know, hide hunters were not too popular with the old Indians. He came back into the Indian Territory, with the settlers around 1900. He had worn out three farms and three women, and raised three families by the time I knew him. I knew him well when he was in his 80s. He was an active man of 80 and finally married a beautiful girl in her early twenties. He was tough as old hickory. My grandfather said that the Indians would have had about as much chance of stopping those settlers as we would have of stopping the tide from coming in. But those old pioneers never held on to the golden fleece of freedom that they were searching for. Their man-made rule soon created the same conditions around them that they had fled from. Some of them used to say, "This country was better when it was the Indian Territory, when the Indians ran it. There was more freedom and more game too, then." But they never asked why that was so. And the Indian Territory was the last frontier. There's no place now to run to anymore after you've fouled your own nest. In the sixties I used to hear Americans talk about how space was the new frontier. I thought--Here they go again, looking for a way to keep from facing up to the mess they've made.

Two years ago I went to visit Jamestown, Virginia, the site of the first English settlement in North America. It is all restored now. I
took a look at the replicas of those two ships they came across in. Why, those ships are hardly any bigger than an oversized life boat, and a friend who was with me told me that they were half full of rum kegs as well. Those people must have been awfully dissatisfied with their homes and awfully brave to leave their kinfalows and cross the north Atlantic in those boats.

We walked around their old fort that is now restored. And after a while I just burst out laughing. Can you imagine landing your boat on the shore of another country, not contacting the local people, and starting to build a fort right away? The old Indians must have been just bowled over. Those settlers must have had more crust than a bread truck. No wonder a lot of the old Indians thought the first whites were gods or crazy people.

Rolland Najiwon, a Potowatomie friend, said that when he was younger he used to notice that there were a lot of whites who lived on a certain island. They worked in town and they had to take a ferry and drive a long way to work. He wondered why they lived out there. It sure was a lot of trouble and expense for them. Finally, he said he figured out that they had just decided that that was where they wanted to live, whatever the cost, come hell or high water. They just hung on and now they have a road and a bridge over to their island home. He said that is the kind of people the Indians are up against. Rolland says that the British square as a military tactic, where the English soldiers formed a square, tells him more about whites than anything else. The soldiers stood right up there in the open and shot, and if one got killed another stepped up and took his place. How about that!
Rolland says you've got to take your hat off to that kind of discipline. And there are a lot of whites still like that. They aren't all weak and decadent yet.

I wasn't surprised by this Watergate business. That was bound to happen. But I was discouraged afterwards. Americans were shocked and angered, but they didn't try to fact the issue. And Canadians just acted more smug than usual. But I guess you can lay anything on Americans and Canadians and they won't do anything—CIA scandals, poison in milk in Michigan, and so on. The list is endless. And those oil companies in Texas don't have a gun to rob the public. It disheartens you to see people that submissive. And I hate to see people unwilling to face life and living. This Jonesville mass suicide in Guyana should have made people start to examine American society. But no, it is going to be blamed on brainwashing again or on "cults" (whatever that means)! Nobody will look at their own part in the decay. And North American whites have a lot to offer the world nevertheless.

Joe Mackinaw and I were driving to Vancouver one time and went through the Rockies. We passed by a long railroad tunnel and Joe said, "My, what a powerful people whites are! They don't go around the mountain. They just go straight on through, punch a hole in it." And they are a powerful people. Nobody has the drive they have, and nobody in the world works as hard as they do. They may not be very good in the arts, sciences, or politics; but nobody has anywhere near the talent North American whites have in technology and organization. They are a talented people and they should stop all this moaning around about how corrupt they are or how bad American society is. Some Americans want to
shut their eyes altogether and keep repeating "Everything's O.K., Jack!" Others want to blame the communists or people on welfare. They should take things in hand instead of making a spectacle of themselves. That doesn't look good. If they would just throw away that man-made rule that is causing their decline and put that talent for technology and organization in the context of their constitution and the Bible, they would be a great people. Then they would have a rule that would be close to the Law God ordained for North America. They could make the Peace in the world then.

You know, there are some places in New England and the South, especially in Virginia, where whites have some sense of history and family ties. They are trying to put down roots in this Island. They might if they were not hindered by "development" and were encouraged a little. Those older southern country people that I knew when I was a little chap in Oklahoma had learned a lot about this land from the Indians. They knew the ways of the wild game and the herbs for curing. All that's about gone now. They told me some things about this land that I had never heard from the old Indians. They told me that there is a valley in the old Virginia mountains called Fairystone Valley. (I understand it is a park now.) They said the Little People assembled there and wept when they heard Jesus was crucified then their tears became little stone crosses that you can still see there. They told me Jesus was crucified on a cross made out of the wood of a tree which was kin of the dogwood over here. When the dogwood heard about that it asked to be stunted so that it could never be used for such a purpose. God granted its request and caused the edge of the leaves to show
something like a nail hold with red color around it. I know educated white people call those stories "folklore." No! That's not it. Those old white people were trying to put down roots in this land, to make it their own and part of them. That's the stuff that human wisdom is made out of. Americans should encourage that country tradition instead of trying to wipe it out in the schools. They could finally become truly North Americans.

Now I know also, it may seem like I'm a little hard on educated Indians and maybe I am, but if I am it's because I'm an educated Indian myself and it takes one to know one. I still believe that most educated Indians could be useful to our communities. It's just that we've got to be put in the right situation. We've got to be given the direction necessary from our elders to be productive.

I guess I have been pretty hard on my own generation of Indians, too. I guess I really am being hard on myself. I have been the worst offender. I didn't listen to my elders enough. I have almost lost my language. I let our religion slide. I let things get out of control in my own community. I let the schools capture my children. I got sucked in by whites. Most Indians my age have done a sight better than me. Many of them have done a service dealing with whites as tribal leaders, or as spokesmen for us to whites. I don't want to be the kind of guy who knocks his friends all the time. We don't need all this loose talk. And we sure don't need to criticize each other in public before outsiders; no other nationality does that. We ought to make a strong rule against that. Nobody is perfect, especially me. I guess I just want to say to my friends that those past strategies were needed at one time,
but now we need to look over our situation, take stock, and go in a new direction. It seems to me that the time for talk is long past. We need some action now.

**A Need for White Allies**

We need to avoid entanglements with white society, but we certainly need white allies, and we need whatever money and influence that these white allies, our friends, can give us. A friend of mine, who used or live in Ghana in west Africa, told me a story about Malcolm X. He said that when Malcolm X was in Ghana he wanted to talk to Kwami Nkruma, the great African revolutionary, the George Washington of Ghana. Nkruma granted him an interview. Nkruma was interested in the Black Muslim movement in the U.S. so he had Malcolm X tell him all about it. When Malcolm X got through talking Nkruma asked him how many white allies the Black Muslims had in the American establishment. Malcolm X was surprised and answered that the Black Muslims avoided **all** whites. Nkruma looked at him a long time and said, "Well, young man, when you decide to become a serious revolutionary come back and see me again." Now I am not preaching revolution. I mean we don’t have to be as foolish as the Black Muslims were on that point.

I do think we have to be very selective about who we are going to deal with among whites because different kinds of whites have different kinds of motives for the help that they give. I think that we already got some very good friends among whites and certainly we can benefit by having all the friends among whites that we can get.

The whites who I get along with best and like to recruit as allies are few. They are usually people who are sure of themselves and have a
strong sense of being white Americans. They are proud of the American democratic tradition and constitutional law. They want to improve the country and work toward the fulfillment of the American ideals. They vary in political persuasion, but they do what they say they are going to do. You can depend on them. Many of them are old stock American solid establishment types or hard-headed business men of immigrant parents.

But I have to admit that I am tired of going to powerful whites with my hand out, and I am sick to death of explaining Indians to whites all the time; repeating the same thing over and over again. I feel like I am trapped in a rerun movie.

I have a hard time working with most white liberals or "do-gooders;" not because they are bad people but because many of them have a certain style of thinking about the world that is foreign to me.

Let me give you an example of what I mean. A few years ago I spoke at a university at a conference on capital punishment. Most of the people there were church people. I don't know why they asked me to attend. I'm not any expert on capital punishment. But I spoke on the subject as best I could and then I spent the rest of my time listening. I got awfully nervous listening to them talk. Most of them just talked about whether capital punishment was right or wrong. They never mentioned any people or conditions of life, just that moral principle. Most were against capital punishment on strictly moral grounds, because it wasn't humane. I finally got up and made a comment. I said I couldn't imagine anyone being in favor of capital punishment as such unless they were some kind of vengeful nut. But people are different in
different places and different times in history. I don't believe the
Indian Territory could have been "cleaned up" unless Judge Parker had
hung forty some odd outlaws and put the fear of God in the rest. I
don't reckon he enjoyed doing it. It had to be done. I told them I
thought the issue in modern America wasn't punishment. Is life impris-
onment any more humane than electrocuting somebody? I doubt it. And
both modes of punishment are an indignity. I said that the issue is how
people are treated in this country. If you are going to pen people like
blacks up in city ghettos, starve them, push them around, ignore their
humanity, and hold them at arm's length, then you are going to have
trouble. If you treat people like animals, then some of them are
finally going to start acting like and responding like animals. Most
young blacks maintain their humanness under impossible conditions, but a
few are just wild people. I said that if you are going to maintain law
and order under those conditions, you should draw and quarter young
blacks and hang one every several blocks in the ghetto. Golly, those
people didn't like what I said. They want it both ways. They want to
have their cake and eat it too. The main trouble I have is that way of
thinking where every issue is devoid of real people, out of any context,
out of life and history, a strictly moral or logical matter. I just
offend those kind of people. I sure don't recruit any white allies
among them. Maybe the Indians can't get any help from that source or
maybe I am just too heavy handed. I don't know. But I do know we need
as many dependable white allies as we can get.
IV

What We Can Do In The City

Now, after we get our country settlements into shape, I think we can then turn our attention to the city. Almost half our people now live in the cities. I think our first priority are the country settlements because those are our base. Those are the well springs of our life-way. So they are our first priority. But in the meantime, while we are getting those country settlements in shape, I think that people in cities can go ahead and try to help themselves until we get to the point where we can turn to helping in the cities.

One of the things that city people can do is try to maintain their contacts with their relatives out in the country and get back home as much as possible and particularly go to ceremonies back in the home settlements. Now I know that most people in the cities do that anyway, so I guess that all I'm asking of them is that they continue that process of visiting back and forth and maintaining contact with their home even more. People might think about sending their children home in the summer to live with their kinfolks if they have them with them in the city where they are working. I know it's a custom in the Cherokee tribe to leave children back home with grandparents. But for the people who have their children with them in the cities, they might think about sending them home at least for the summer.

Now another thing that we might think of doing, and I'm concerned with this—I live in the city myself—is that we ought to have summer workshops for young Indians. We had a summer workshop up near Sault Ste. Marie one summer. We had it sixty miles out from town on a lake
and young Indians came there and stayed for about two months. They cooked their own food and had the responsibility for their own living conditions. I was there with Stanley Smith, who is a Creek Indian doctor, to talk to them. That experience had a big effect on these young people. Some of them were from country communities, but quite a few of them were from cities. And I think we managed to pass along some kind of notion about what the Indian life was all about and what our destiny as a People is.

And I think they got a lot out of that workshop, just as human beings. Also, I think they got a real commitment to their own people from that experience.

These Indian language courses in schools are one colossal flop. The kids barely learn to count and say a few words in those classes. A lot of older people are really getting discouraged because of that. But that is our fault. We let it get that way and we will have to try to remedy that lack. The schools have shown that they can't do it. But you can't tell me that the average Indian couldn't take a few youngsters for the summer and give them, at least, a good foundation in an Indian language.

However, I don't think we can do everything for them that they would like, in workshops and schools. We are not going to be able to teach them all their language in workshops or in courses. They are going to have to do most of that on their own. We can give them a start, but they are going to have to go on from there themselves. We can't make up for the experience they lack in their relationship to God and nature. It's true that their situation is mostly the fault of
people our age. We let it happen. We let things get out of control. But we can't go back and live our lives over again and do right by young people. It is already done, already tore up. We can't make up for all of it. At their age, we can give them what we can, but the rest is up to them.

One winter I was at a big meeting where there was a lot of young Indians. Most of them came from a part of the country where they have almost lost their language and these youngsters were concerned that they didn't know their language and their culture. They kept asking the older people there to do something about that, just like white students holler on schools to make up for a lack of firm identity. I got up and told them, I said, "You know, your parents are good people but they are too trusting. They listened to bad advice from well-meaning whites. They didn't teach you your language because they didn't want you to be handicapped in school. Now you are in a mess. And we can't do much to help. It's going to be up to you, and it is going to be a hard road for you to get back what you were deprived of. If you really want to learn your language you are going to have to take two or three years out of your life and go to a community where they still talk your language; go to a family which doesn't speak much English, make friends, and ask them to take you in. That way in a few years you might have your language again."

I said, "If you want to learn about your culture you will have to go to a place where that culture is still alive and stay for a long while, or go to the old people around your home and visit them and talk to them. Most of them will be glad to tell you about the old ways. If
you want to learn about your religion, after you know your language, approach some older person who knows something; take him some tobacco and ask him for instruction, stay with him a while if he consents. Help him out some and he will probably be glad to teach you and have you stay with him."

I said, "And use that pipe. Go out in the woods and smoke and fast and pray, and ask for guidance and knowledge. God will hear you and notice you."

"But," I said, "it is going to take a long time for you to get back what has been denied you. It will be a long, hard road. But it will be worth it. You will finally feel whole and an Indian. We can give you a start, but most of that journey you will have to make on your own."

We need to advise young people not to get diverted from their goals by useless activities. It makes me feel good to see young Indians dress like our fathers and wear long hair as God intended. But that is what you do after you find your way back. Then it is a true expression of our Way. Having long hair will help God notice you when you pray. But it won't do the job by itself. In that case, it is just a diversion if you think it is enough by itself to make you a true Indian.

And all this running around in youth organizations and protesting is another such diversion. A friend of mine has a son who is big in Indian youth affairs. He wears his hair long and goes all around the country to pow-wows and youth gatherings. My friend said, "He is too busy being an Indian to sit down and learn his language." And she could easily teach him. She is an expert in her language. We will have to
advise young Indians how to go and what to avoid if they are going to get on that long, hard road back to our Law.

Another thing we might think about doing in the city is to have a school on Saturday morning. Most kids in the cities have to go to school five days a week and they don't get to see their parents much. And even if their parents have time, a lot of parents are not old enough to explain much to them about the Indian Way. So we might think about organizing some kind of school for Indian kids on Saturday mornings around Indian centers or churches or places like that. We could bring in older people to teach the kids the Indian tradition. Now, I'm not suggesting that this would be part of the public school. I don't think that would work. I think that knowledge will have to be taught in small groups. I think that people would have to get to know each other, these young kids and these older people who would teach them, before anything could work. But there have been other nationalities which have had their own school on Saturday. One of the reasons for Sunday schools at Christian churches was to be able to teach young kids what they don't get in public school. So I think we are going to have to think about doing something like that ourselves in the cities.

We also might think about some kind of community school. I know in the city where I live Indian kids are scattered about. They are a handful in this school and a handful in that school. And they are pushed around by other nationalities. The school system doesn't take them into account at all. So we might even think about having community schools in the cities.
Another thing, we've got Indian centers and places like that. But I think we need to live closer together. That's hard to do in the city, but in some of the cities I notice that Indians are beginning to bunch up in one area. Now, if we can get together in one section of the city, people can help one another and they can raise their kids together and kids can grow up and play together. The big problem we got, I think, in raising our children in the city is that all their associations through most of the week are with whites or blacks or some other national group. We may go down to the Indian centers on weekends or some nights during the week where we see other Indians, but most of the time our children are playing with non-Indian children. I think we are going to have to bunch up together so our children can see each other and play together.

We could all learn something from some of the Yaqui tribe who fled northern Mexico for southern Arizona. When the Yaquis migrate to a city the first thing they do is to organize their ceremonial societies and build a dance ground and church. You know, a friend told me that when the Yaquis first went to the National Congress of American Indians conventions that some of the Indians there didn't think the Yaquis were real Indians or had any Indian culture. I almost died laughing. I thought everybody knew about the Yaquis. In fact, I think every priest and minister with an Indian congregation should be required to attend the great Yaqui Easter ceremonies, and see a real Indian Christian service. Those Yaquis are some kind of Indians and they'll be around forever.

One of the things that is happening in the cities which worries me, and it's also happening in our country settlements, is that there's a
lot of out-marriage. Young Indians are marrying other nationalities. Now, this wasn't so bad in the old days because if a white man married an Indian woman in those days he would learn how to speak the language of the people he married into. He would raise his kids there and they would grow up and be one of the people. Now, this wasn't the case with all the tribes. In some of the tribes where the white man married an Indian woman, he took his children off to the side and raised them. But in a lot of tribes, that white man married into the tribe so we didn't lose those children. Nowadays, that's not possible. If a white man marries one of our women, you know those kids are going to grow up speaking English and not speaking their own language. Their mother already understands English so they'll settle on speaking English in the home. So we are going to lose our language that way. The kids will associate with whites and we will just lose those children. We not only lose the adult who marries out, but we lose those children too.

When you are a strong people and equal to other peoples, you can absorb a few foreigners and take in some foreign blood. But we are spiritually weak now. In fact, that's one of the reasons we are weak now. The Shawnee prophet warned us against out-marriage 150 years ago. But we didn't listen again!

Andrew Dreadfulwater spoke on this when he was up to the Indian Ecumenical Conference. He said, "If you want to do something for the Indians, marry another Indian and raise an Indian family." And I know he told me privately that we are going to have to watch out, that there is so much out-marriage that we might just play out if we're not careful. Andrew says that there are four things that make us Indians—
our blood, our language, our relation to the land, and our medicine and religion. He says that our blood is the base for all the rest. If we marry out too much we won't be able to maintain the other three, we will be too watered down or just gone altogether. The Cherokees have a prophecy which says one time there were four little Indians playing by the sea. They saw a big turtle there on the beach and they started playing on top of his shell. An old man saw them and told them to get down from there, but they wouldn't heed him. They just kept playing on that big turtle. Pretty soon that big turtle started to move toward the water. Those Indian kids tried to jump off his back but their hands and feet had stuck to their shell; so he slowly carried them out to sea. Andrew says that the prophecy is a warning against out-marriage. We will get stuck to another people and get carried away.

I think a little marriage between tribes is a good thing. It is good to have relatives across tribal lines. It binds us together. But too much of it could be harmful. We could end up with our grandchildren belonging nowhere, having no place to stand.

I think we are going to have to be very careful about out-marriage and we are going to have to counsel our young people about what they are buying into when they marry another nationality. I think a lot of kids don't understand. They don't know that they are committing themselves and their children. They don't know that they might be cutting themselves off from the Indians. So I think we are going to have to counsel our children about what's happening to them in the cities and what the consequences are when you marry out like that. I am for being friendly and helpful to all peoples. I am just suggesting we watch our
involvement with all the other nationalities, not just whites. I hear a lot of funny talk along that line these days. I used to hear that the Indians were a "minority group." Well, I always thought you had to be a part of something to be a minority of it. So far as I know the Indians are not yet part of American society. That's as silly as saying the Basques are a minority of the Spanish. The Indians are first and foremost a people.

Then I heard we were part of "The Poor," like all the poor folks were the same. Well, I have heard the old Cherokees say that the white pioneers were so poor that the Cherokee ladies used to almost cry when they saw what condition they were in. And those ladies used to sneak food at night for the kids down where those settlers were camped. Now they own the country and they don't feel a bit sorry for us. We are the ones they robbed, but they say that we are poor because we "just don't want to work." Being poor like those pioneers doesn't make you holy.

Now it's the Third World. I kind of smile because us old "non-whites" haven't always been too friendly to each other. The Mexicans are the same blood as we are, but they have a bad habit of grabbing our land just like the whites. And those leaders in Africa and Asia are working hard to break up those tribes over there and make their people "modern."

Now I hear about the Fourth World—all us tribals over the earth. I'll have to think about that one.

My point is that I am for making friends or allies with poor whites, or Mexicans, or anybody who can help us. But our main job is to maintain our own Peoplehood.
Now, there's a lot of other things happening in the cities to the Indians. And some of them are pretty bad. You know, there's a lot of Indians on dope and drinking. And there's getting to be some Indians who sell dope to other Indians. There's a few Indians in Detroit and Vancouver and places like that who just hang around bars there and mug and roll other Indians. Now, that's a bad thing and I think that people in the cities are going to have to get together and do something about that. I hate to say it but if we have to get hard, then we are going to have to get hard. We can't have Indians selling dope to other Indians and mugging other Indians. We don't need these kinds of Indians around us at all. They're just making whatever troubles we have worse. They're just helping flush Indians down the drain. I think we are going to have to take stern measures. I know there have been other nationalities who found themselves in foreign cities, in the ghetto, and that's what they had to do. They just had to take stern measures to save their people from absolutely falling to pieces. In the '50s, the Arabs living in the ghetto of Algiers, a French-controlled city, found themselves in that fix. They organized an underground organization. The first thing they had to do was kick all the dope dealers, mostly fellow Arabs, out of the ghetto.

I keep hoping the blacks in cities will do something like that. Dope and crime are just cutting them to pieces. And, of course, their own are the worst offenders. But I've almost given up on them. I hope they shed that plantation mentality, that looking to Mr. Charlie for everything. They are good people. They deserve better. In the
meantime, I hope the Indians can do something together about their life together in the ghetto.

**Prophecies about Indians in the City**

Sometimes I think we are just going to die off if we don't get out of these cities. Our life is fragmented in the city. We live one kind of life on the job, another life at home, something else on weekends. None of it is whole, complete, and satisfying, and we are always with strangers. And city life teaches you to screen out lots of things, so much is going on you just have to. It makes you not able to look nor listen, not able to grab the whole of anything. One time up at Morley we were putting on a ceremony. People were all around but there was an empty lane out toward the east. The singers were looking down that lane toward the east, praying. And I'll be danged if some young city kids, coming to the ceremony late, didn't sit right down in that lane. We had to stop, ask them to move, and start over again. That's what I mean about not looking and listening, not seeing wholes.

You can't have any personal spiritual power or medicine if you live in the city. Walking Buffalo, a Stoney elder, said one time "Living in the city is an artificial existence." And, "When people live far from the scenes of the Great Spirit's making, it is easy for them to forget His Laws." You are not only cut off from the things of the Earth, but there is so much bad feeling around that it sours your medicine. It is hard to even have public ceremonies for the people. You can feel all that hate, and frustration, and pain hovering in the air everywhere. The white man's disease is at its height in the cities nowadays. Most cities are just like in the time of Sodom and Gomorrah in early
Palestine. And we are like the Jews, tribal people from out of the desert, who were corrupted in those places. We are like Lot who was a drunkard and fought with his sons and laid with his daughters. Maybe we had better save ourselves, like Lot and his family, and get out before they destroy us and are destroyed by the hand of the Creator.

At one time there was a great Indian city near St. Louis, but the Indians abandoned it about 1400. Archaeologists can’t figure out why. Well, I can make a good guess. We weren’t intended to live in cities! In July of 1982, I attended a spiritual meeting in northern Michigan. All of those elders there advised the Chippewas to move out of these cities. They said city life is just killing the Indians.

The old Cherokees tell a prophecy that the time would come when a small, white snake would come to live around the Indians. The young people would begin to feed that little white snake. The elders would advise them not to feed it but they would not heed those words. The young people would keep on feeding it until it grew bigger and bigger. In time it would get so big that the people would be afraid not to feed it. Finally, the white snake would get so big that it would completely encircle the people. The people would be trapped inside the circle of the snake and they would run around looking for a way out, crying for their freedom. Finally, one man would see what he thought was light, a break in the coils. And the people would run toward the spot of light. The medicine men would cry out for them to wait until they had investigated the matter by medicine. But the people wouldn’t listen and would just keep running toward the light. The medicine men would discern, by medicine, that that spot of light was really the white snake’s open
mouth. And they would stop the people, telling them about the danger. But it would be too late for many of the Indians. They would already be in the white snake's belly.

I think that prophecy is fulfilled. That is the story of the Indians going to the city. And I think that is where city Indians are now—in the belly of that huge white snake.

I have a good job in the city, but as I said earlier, I am thinking of quitting and moving back to Oklahoma and getting by any way I can. I know my family would be better off even if we are dirt poor. At least we could have a decent social and spiritual life. It was prophesied that Indians would move into the cities and then leave them after a while and return home to the people and the land. Some people say that the prophecy will be fulfilled soon, and that Indians are just about ready to go back home. What with the way the American economy is going downhill we may have to go back home whether we want to or not. I guess in the meantime we'll just hang on if we live in the city and do the best we can.

The Prophecy of Carrying our Fire in our Hands

Now, there is a prophecy that the Cherokees have that one of these days were are going to have to carry our Fire in our hands. Our elders are saying that we are right at that time now when we are going to have to carry our Fire in our hands. I think that means a couple of things. One thing it means is that our older people are going to have to show more concern about what's happening to us in these cities. Maybe some old men should come and go into these skid rows and just sit there with
their pipes, just to show the Indians and remind them what's happening to us in these cities. Maybe we are going to have to use our medicine to make these skid rows an unhealthy place so Indians will stop going around there.

I know a lot of people in different cities are trying to do something to help themselves. Like in the city where I live we've tried to revive some of our ceremonies. And we have a ceremony in the spring—a planting ceremony to give thanks for the earth greening and then in the fall we have our thanksgiving ceremony. And one year on the Indian Day of Prayer, June 21, we had a special ceremony. We took one of the days of a summer pow-wow and set it aside just for worship. We had a sweat bath and a tobacco burning ceremony and different things on that day. So a lot of people in cities are trying to help themselves. Where I live, like in other cities, we have language and culture courses of our own going. So people can help themselves in this way. That's what it means to carry our Fire in our hands.

In the cities, we are a long way from our country settlements, but we can do more than we have been doing. Even just an individual, wherever he's at, can carry the Fire in his hands. Like that young man who wrote the piece that I put in the first part of this paper here. He said that he wanted his elders to speak out and he wanted to know what to do. Well, part of my advice to that young man is to carry the Fire in his hands. Even if you are in a dungeon, if you got a window you can see out of, you can see the sun once in a while and you can give thanks. You can reach down and pick up a handful of dirt and you will be holding your Mother's hand. You can feel her power while you pray. Before you
eat, you can thank the Creator for the blessings you are about to receive. People can have tobacco burning ceremonies by themselves or just maybe with their own family if they got their family around them. We can, in these days, carry our Fire in our own hands. A lot of these boys, now in these prisons, are trying to do that. They are trying to do it as a group; but you can do it as an individual, wherever you are and no matter what the circumstances.

If you use the pipe that the Creator gave to us, then you are indeed carrying the Fire in your hands. That pipe is a holy Fire. When you turn the pipe stem around in a circle you trace the outline of the Earth with the holy Fire in the center, and that Fire connects with the sun. The tobacco is a sacrifice to the Fire and the smoke takes your prayers up to the Creator. The smoking makes peace among the people and between all things in the universe.

And you hold that Fire right in your hands. You can have a pipe smoking out in the country with all your community or just your family in a city apartment or all by yourself in an army barrack. That is my advice to that young man who asked for guidance—use the pipe and seek some guidance from the Creator. I used war medicine for protection of myself overseas and I know that God will hear you even over there. He gave me protection. And that pipe is one of our most important medicines. The southwest tribes used corn shuck-wrapped cigarettes, but it is the same principle.

An old Cherokee, John Smith, told me something one time. After the Cherokees had re-established our Rule in the early 1900s, we were still in a bad way. The State of Oklahoma came into the union and we were
placed under harsh state law. We were being robbed of our land and the food right out of the children's mouths. The people were frightened and confused. It looked like we were still lacking in following God's Law. The chiefs called the people together and asked the medicine men to pick out seven men to ask God a question. John Smith was one of the seven who were picked. They prayed and fasted and asked God for guidance. But no answer came. The finally gave it up after they had fasted for seven days. They came back and went to report their failure to the head chief. As they started up the steps onto the porch of the chief's house, John looked up. While their spokesman was reporting that they had received no answer, John saw a cloud right above them in the shape of an Indian pipe. He pointed up to it and the chief came out to look at the sign from God. The chief said, "There is our answer. We need to use our pipes more to make Peace." That is what John Smith told me.

John Smith was a straight man. He didn't lie; especially in religious matter he was careful to be exact. I know he told the truth and that pipe is important to us. It is one of our most important links to the Creator and we need to use it in the cities or when we are away in strange places. We carry the Fire in our hands, according to the prophecy, when we use the pipe.

Now, when our country settlements are strong spiritually, then we can really come into the cities with our Fire in our hands. That is, our country leaders can come in and help us. And maybe in that time, and I don't think that will be very many years from now, we can ask our elders to come into these cities and put a Fire down for us; that is, build us a religious center. It wouldn't have to be separate, it could
be a part of these Indian centers. We could all get together among ourselves and have our elders come in from the country and help us as much as possible.

I know that many of our elders are concerned with what is happening to our people who are away from home, especially the young people. Not long ago, Will Bolin, the oldest medicine man in the Cherokee tribe, said he wanted to say something to young Cherokees who lived in town and did not speak good Cherokee. He also said he wanted his words sent around to the other tribes. A friend of his put his words on tape, had them translated into English, and written down. I will put his words in at this place.

Four Talks about the Indians

from the

Keetoowah Society

of the

Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma

I

This is about Indians
Today they are held down. They are a poor and sorrowful people.
They can't get out of it.

They are educated Indians who talk English.
These have forgotten the way that is really their own;
The Law that God gave them is forgotten.
What our forefathers left for us is the laws of the seven clans.
There are lots of seven clans people who know nothing about these things today.
They don't seem to care about the laws of the seven clan.

This is the way they are:
1. Be peaceful and loving, they say.
2. Have a white, a pure and cleansed heart, they say.
3. Do not falsely judge another, they say.
4. Do not kill, they say.
5. Do not steal, they say.

At a Keetoowah meeting, please do not bring any deadly weapon.
Do not steal.
Do not bring liquor.

Another thing;
When people make demands upon you, fulfill them.
Love thy neighbor as thyself.

The seven clans law says many more things than just this.
I believe this is enough so people can understand.

II

This is more of what Keetoowah is teaching:
The way of Peace.

It would seem that someday the Indian could get out from under
the harsh laws of the state of Oklahoma.
Our forefathers said this can be done.

For God said, if the Cherokees be destroyed and become extinct,
Then that will be the destruction of the whole world.
This is the word of the forefathers of our own land.

People don't look that far.
The young people don't know what might come tomorrow.
For they don't know what is happening in this country.

III

The Lord Himself entrusted the Keetoowah people with His
commandments. In the beginning, He
laid down the seven clans commandments.

His commandments were placed within the thoughts of men at first.
For a long, time the people knew their laws only in this form.
They could obey them.

After a time, older people gathered to think over all the laws
entrusted to them.
They resolved to put together all their knowledge of these
commandments, and
They resolved to make something men could look at, to remember
what they had heard.

The Keetoowah made these seven laws known on seven belts of
deerskin, with pictures written of
beads to symbolize the way of Keetoowah.
Right there is the beginning of the way Keetoowah people
follow now.

The only thing left to do now is follow those seven laws, and
look to the Lord.
Have love for all people, that's what it means to follow those
commandments.

That's the way I think for myself.

Once Indians were all one.
Now there are all kinds of Indians living in this world.
The Cherokee people are scattered, and their way of life is
tangled up.

The Keetoowah people were made Chief for these many Cherokees.
The Keetoowah people have full authority to teach their command-
ments to other tribes.
No other Cherokees have authority for this, only the Keetoowah.

Now is the time to teach these laws.
Now is the time to follow the seven clans laws of the Keetowah,
to set things straight and live right.
That is the way I understand it.

IV

When we lived by the waters of the ocean in the east,
We had our first laws to live by,
The Four Mothers' Laws that protected us.
So long as we kept together and honored them,
Then the Lord kept all evil from us.
Right in that place,
Our own people fought among themselves.
That fighting left them open to worse things.
The Laws of the Four Mothers were broken up.
So their killing grew into a war so awful that
The trails ran with blood.
They brought this on themselves.

The older people gathered to think,
Knowing this could not go on,
That they had to find their way back to peacefulness.

To search for a way that permits life,
One man went to the top of a mountain
And when he got to the top,
The Lord told him to build fire.
When that fire blazed,
The Lord told him to carry that fire in a great circle,
Then to replace it within itself.
That mountain top was made clean for peace.  
That was protection, so nothing could bother him.  
That is just what he did.

On the next night another person went to that mountain,  
And on the following night another until  
In seven nights, seven people went,  
To follow the Lord's instructions.  
The first of these was given the way of the Wolf Clan.  
The second of these was given the way of the Blue Clan.  
The third of these was given the way of the Twister Clan  
(Some call it Savannah).  
The fourth of these was given the way of the Red Paint Clan.  
The fifth of these was given the way of the Bird Clan.  
The sixth of these was given the way of the Deer Clan.  
The seventh of these was given the way of the Wild Potato Clan.

Altogether these seven laws were entrusted to the people.  
For the second time they were given a way to help themselves,  
If they would use it right.

The people were taught the right way to use these laws.  
It is up to them to follow this way of love and hope  
To greatness.

If people cannot follow the laws the seven clans were given,  
Their punishment will be more severe.  
They will be worse off than when  
The Trails Ran with blood.  
This is what will happen.

That is all I have to say.

The message that that old man is sending to other tribes and to  
Indians in the city is a true fulfillment of what it means in that  
prophecy "that we will carry the Fire in our hands." He is sending us  
some Fire to carry in our hands.

In the meantime there are a lot of things that we can do in the  
cities to help ourselves until the time comes that our spiritual leaders  
from the country can come in personally and help us further.

Looking Far Into the Future

My friends, we are going to have to lay plans now that won't come  
to fruition until long after we've passed on. I think we have to start
working now so that by the time our great grandchildren are born or by the time our descendents are born a hundred years from now, that they will be able to step in and take over the resposibility of God's Rule so they can have a decent life. We are going to have to work towards that time. And I think that it's going to be a long hard road. It's taken us a long time to get to this place where we are at. As I say, we broke God's Rule long before the white man came; according to what I understand that our old people tell us. And after the white man came, we went downhill faster. So it's been a thousand years, at least, that we've been going on this road down hill. The last hundred, I think, we just picked up speed until we're right now at the bottom. We will have to claw our way out of the bottom of this dark canyon and work for the time when we will be a spiritually strong people again. Now, I think that when we become a spiritually strong people again, things will be better on this Island, and at the time, maybe we can have some kind of basis to negotiate with whites. At that time, we won't have to avoid whites. We will be able to negotiate with them on an equal basis because we will be a spiritually strong people.

Right now, I think we are in a Babylonian captivity. We are like the Jews in the Old Testament times, a captive people. I don't know how other Indians feel about it, but I feel like the invisible man here in North America, even in Oklahoma. I look around me and I am a foreigner in my own land. There is nothing of me expressed anywhere around. I live under the laws of another people. The schools and the courts are run by them and their notions of what's right and in their language. I am the outsider, the intruder. They just have to be themselves, but I
have to bend my being around to suit their convenience. Am I supposed
to feel grateful for this way I am ignored? I don't enjoy being a
captive and being discounted. And we are ruled with an iron hand in a
velvet glove. And just ponder for a minute the indignity of being an
Indian in the U.S. and Canada. We are enrolled by the government, as if
they created Indians. We have Indian cards "proving" we are an Indian.
Our blood degree is kept track of in detail by the government like we
were prize steers or show dogs. We are paid for the lives of our
forefathers and our holy land with "blood money" called claims payments.
The list is endless.

The worst indignity is that our children have just become a crea-
tion of the school system and the T.V. That T.V. defines everything for
them. It tells them who they are, what an Indian is, who the Indian
"leaders" are, how to deal with these issues, what values the Indians
hold dear, and so on. It makes you want to cry just to think about it.

But that doesn't mean that we should just lay down. I think that
we can work to rebuild our spiritual strength and then maybe we can
think about our freedom. I think that we have to, one of these days,
get free of the white man's rule in order to really follow God's Rule.
Because I think that the harsh law we live under now in the United
States and Canada is not a law that was made for this Island, was not
made for the Indians. They work against the Rule that God laid down for
us. So I think one of these days, maybe when we are a strong people, we
are going to have to get out from under the white man's law and the
captivity that we are held in so that we can really follow God's Rule.
And maybe in that time whites will be able to hear what we say and maybe
they will modify their own law—more in keeping with what God had in mind here on this Island. And we can really have equality and peace between us and live in harmony.

Our great teacher among the Cherokees, Redbird Smith, said that Indians were God’s Chosen People on this Island here. He said that the Creator told us in the Beginning that the day that our life as our People ended, on the next day the world would end. Further, the Redbird said that God must be saving us for some purpose He has in mind, otherwise we couldn’t have survived all the trouble we’ve gone through in the last two hundred years. Redbird said that when the time comes the Creator will use us for some great benefit. At times I think that the mission for us will be to teach God’s Law to the newcomers in this land sometime in the future. When the whites first came over here they saw the Indians having a ceremony and a feast after the harvest. They tried to follow that rule in their own way and called it Thanksgiving Day. As I mentioned before, they listend to the advice of our chiefs when they made the U.S. Constitution. So they already have a little bit of our Law.

Some Indians think we have been purified by our conquest and all our persecution and that we are fit now to be teachers of the Law to the newcomers on this Island.

Calvin Rube, a medicine man out among the Yurok in northern California, thinks we should start teaching the Indian Law to whites now. In fact, he has already started. Several years ago he went into court to help defend an Indian boy charged with dodging the draft. He explained God’s Law as it pertains to North America, especially in
regards to the Indians. And the judge turned that boy loose. We ought
to keep an eye on Calvin Rube and see how well the whites do in under-
standing his teaching. Maybe he is right and the time is now.

In the spring of 1977 something like a miracle happened. An
Italian television film crew came to the United States and took quite a
few shots of Mt. Rushmore where sculptors have carved those heads of
four American presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore
Roosevelt. When they got back to Italy and were looking at their films
they thought they kept seeing something else besides those four heads on
that mountain. It appeared to be the head and face of an Indian in full
profile. These Italian television people thought that maybe something
was wrong with their film, so they had American television filmers
check. Sure enough, just to the left of Washington's head is a great
big head of an Indian, in side view, that has just naturally weathered
out in recent years. My daughter said, "We don't have to have any
sculptors. God is our sculptor."

The appearance of that Indian head on Mt. Rushmore, bigger than the
other four and facing toward them, must be some kind of a sign. I have
been giving that sign a lot of thought. And I have finally come to the
conclusion that before long the old Indian Law will prevail in our land
again.

Now by Indian Law I don't mean the man-made law of tribal
governments. In the last few years or so the courts in the United
States have given a lot of power to tribal governments. But I think the
upshot of all this will be a "white backlash" and Congress and the
states are going to come down hard on us. Maybe then we will realize
that we can't get any justice going that route and turn back to our religion, as we should be doing right now. But I am convinced that that head means that the old Indian Law, God's Law, will soon be reinstated here on our Island, and whites may have to live under it too.

About 30 years ago John Collier wrote a book called 'Indians of the Americas.' In it Collier said that the Indians have a great gift to offer to the world—the knowledge of how to tend the sacred fire of community life and communion with nature. My friend, Bob Rietz, said that Americans didn't understand what Collier meant then, because they hadn't seen the complete breakdown of their community life and the disintegration of nature in North America. But Bob Rietz said they sure get the message now. Rietz always said that we were one of the last peoples on earth who understood how to live with our fellows and the Earth. And he felt that we had something important to give the rest of humanity. I get annoyed that schools teach kids that the Indians "contributed" corn, potatoes, snowshoes, and all those material things to the world. Our real worth as a people is what Collier and Rietz were talking about. That could be a real contribution.

I have always thought that the real contribution educated Indians could make would be to help figure out what the general North American Indian Law is. Our elders know the specific Law for their particular tribe, and they sense that there are many general features of God's Law that cross-cut tribal lines. But nobody is quite sure how that works. If you read the speeches of chiefs in eastern North America in the 1700s and the early 1800s, you can see these thinkers grappling with that idea. Native American church leaders give a lot of thought to the
notion of a general Indian Law. Some speakers at the Indian Ecumenical Conference, as well, try to work out this general Law. But it will take a lot of work and thought to look at all the particular Laws of every tribe and then distill out of all of these specifics our general Law, without distorting the Law of any particular tribe. Young educated Indian intellectuals should sit down with our tribal elders, over many years, and then tell us the basis of our Indian civilization. They could write something for us and to us that would be worth reading. We could use that writing as a guide then. We would know our place among all the peoples of the world. We would be a truly great people then, many peoples and one people both at the same time. We would have a mission and a contribution to make to the rest of the world.

Cornstalk, the prophet that I spoke about earlier in this essay, he lived at the time of Christ. He prophesied that there was plenty for all in this land if we just acted right. That last part of his prophecy was that even if those foreign people came here, if they learned to live by God's Law, there would be plenty for Indians and plenty for them, too—if we could live in peace and live according to God's Law. So I'm not worried that there's not room enough for other people on this Island. But I think we are going to have to become spiritually strong, the Indians, because we are the carriers of God's law. We need to get back to the place where we can speak as a spiritually strong people, then we will be listened to and then we'll get our freedom and then we might be able to help whites learn how to live in harmony with this land and with us. But in the meantime, we have to survive as a People. We have to keep our covenant with God. We have to be responsible for this
land, so we can pass that legacy on to the Indians that are not born yet. They are the real "owners" of this land; not only just us that's alive but all those that are dead, and the ones that are alive, and the ones that are coming. They are all caretakers of this land. I don't think that the ones that are alive now, the Indians, that we can default on that responsibility. We can't default before the unborn have a chance to come into this world and try to continue God's Rule. We can't just sell those Indians short, the ones that are not born yet. We have to pass that torch along to them. We will then survive as a People and prosper on this Island.

My Final Thoughts

Well, that winds up what I got to say. I am going to attach three documents to this essay that you might want to read in order to understand a little more what I'm trying to say.

The first document is the Cree prophecy I mentioned several times before. I didn't want to cut it up and scatter it through this manuscript. It is a whole viewpoint and I wanted you to get the full impact of it. So I put it here in the back of the book.

The second document is a statement by Thomas Banyaca, a spokesman for one of the Hopi traditional chiefs. It is also a whole viewpoint and important just in and of itself. So I put this one here in the back of the book, too.

The third document is my evaluation of some of the books about Indians that young Indians are reading these days. I thought maybe I
could give them a little guidance in regard to those books about the old Indian religion.

At this point I want to acknowledge my debt to my teachers, my elders; and list them here for you.

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<td>Ernest Tootoosis</td>
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<td>Harvey Twins</td>
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There have been many Indians who have taught me and influenced my life—all my close relatives when I was a kid; my grandfather, my uncles, and my older cousins. I have also learned from just being around such great Indian wise men as Albert Lightning of Alberta; Jensen Jack of Utah; Huron Miller of New York; Albert Whitebird of Wisconsin; Peter Mitten of Ontario; Peter Blaine, Francis Vavages, and Tom Banyaca of Arizona; and many others. But the above listed men sat down and took time to instruct me when I was old enough to really benefit from their wisdom.
Huron Miller, an Iroquois religious leader, said in a speech one time that "if you hear a man say, 'You ought to do this' or 'You have to do that,' just don't heed that kind of talk." I hope to God that nobody thinks that is what I am trying to do in this "talk." I don't know what is good for anybody else. I can hardly get by myself. I am just trying to pass along what I was told, to give you something to think about.

That's all I have to say, my friends. I know it isn't much. I am not old enough yet to have any knowledge or wisdom of my own to pass along to the people. But I've given you all I have to give, for what it is worth. I thought, however, if I wrote down what my elders have told me as clearly as I could, it might be a benefit to some of the people, especially the young people who haven't heard these things. I hope I have done right by all my teachers and haven't misinformed you. They, the elders, can tell us if I have. Maybe some of them will try writing something now for those of us who can't be there to listen to their words. Maybe if I live twenty or thirty years more I may know something my own self that would be worth passing on to you. I shake hands in my heart and mind with you. And I smoke with you here in my heart and mind so that the smoke from our pipes intertwine and make our souls one.

I have said all that is in my heart at this time, my friends.
DOCUMENT I

A Cree Prophecy

I am going to tell you a story, the way it happened to me, that has to do with education. I was very young at the time, very small. My father was invited to a meeting one day. The elders were going to speak. This is what the visitor came and told my father.

They had pitched a tent off a little ways from camp, in an open spot with clean ground. It was a big tent where the ground was clean. The elders were going to speak, prophesying about the future. My father was told, 'you are invited to come and smoke the pipe' by that visitor who came. When I heard my father was going, I cried, wanting to go with him. My mother said, "Kids are not allowed." My father said, "Kids are not wanted. You cannot go!" Just the same I followed him when he left. He never said anything, just glanced at me. When we got there by the doorway of the tent, my father said, "Do not go anywhere! Stay here! You can run home later." Then he went inside. I was alone, standing outside.

I believe it was the head speaker who said, "That one who is outside. Have him come in." He knew I was outside, standing there. He said again, "Have him come in. For it is natural that all of mankind, part of the creation, should listen to something." That is what he said. The elder's name was Mootonoo. Once again he said, "As part of creation, mankind, he is expected to listen. Have him come in!" The attendant that was performing duties for the elders came outside. When he came out he saw only me standing there. Then he said, "You are requested to come in." So I went in and sat down behind where my father
was sitting. I was rather scared of the elders—the way they dressed, the paints on their faces and body, along with their figures of dolls. This is where I was to hear their talks.

Before they proceeded, they started off with an offering of sweetgrass which was burned on a hot coal. The pipe was passed through the offering of sweetgrass smoke, lighted, and a prayer was said; a song was chanted afterward. When this was done, the speaker, if he was medicine man, brave warrior, pound maker, or prophet, would speak on the subject of prophecy. This ritual was repeated in the same manner by every person attending the sacred gathering. I listened one by one to the speakers after each was through with their pipe offering, smoke, prayer, and songs. They all spoke about what would take place in the future, predictions.

All that was said in the gathering I have experienced and seen things happen that way in my lifetime. In those days this kind of ritual used to be conducted now and then to predict and foretell what was to happen in the future. Like I said, I have seen things happen the way it was said, the changing conditions; all that was foretold about the future. It seems they had the power to actually see the future, the way they spoke of it.

I was about two years at the time of that gathering. I already had a younger sister. That was the very first time I participated in their gathering and listened to them. Later on I listened to them again. About four times I participated in such gatherings and listened. Whenever my father was invited to come and smoke, I always followed him. He never said anything when they came to him and smoked the pipe with him
as an invitation to this kind of occasion. Whenever there was a big gathering they always made a point to hold this kind of sacred meeting for the purpose of holding talks, sharing their knowledge of prophecies, and so on. This is where I heard one person speak on education.

This is what he said about education. "You are going to be requested that your child receive an education. You are going to be approached and asked that your child attend school, to have knowledge, and thus be intelligent. When it starts, that is when you are asked that your child be taught; this is the beginning in the making of one language, only one language to be applicable to all. He [whites] wants his language, his own language, to be used by everyone." This is what he said, the one I was listening to, "If you say yes, he will be very glad and happy and willing to help you. If your answer is no, he will tell you that he will never again help you in any way. He will even go as far as to take up a gun. He will even go as far as to say, "If you will not let me teach your child education, if your answer is no, I will shoot you in the head with this gun." This is the threat he will make. Do not forget our Creator and our Mother at this moment. Remember to do this because then he will not be able to pull that trigger and shoot. You will come out the winner and beat him. He will only be trying to scare you and your child." This is what the elder had to say about this, that it was going to be that way; all of those that were sitting in that gathering.

"He is also going to interfere with your livelihood; interfere with the way you were given by the Great Spirit when He put you on this earth; try to prevent you from hunting the animals that you rely on for
your food. He is even going to be bothering you about the pelts. He will be very bothersome. He will even issue a written permit specifying the kind of game you should kill for your food. You will be required to carry it at all times in order for you to kill the game. If you do not have or carry one, he will make you pay and the result will be a loss to you." Even that one; how could they foretell about that? Well, they were gifted with knowledge, spiritual power from above, to foretell about all that. Because the way they spoke about it, it seems as though they saw it right there in front of them. Very remarkable!

They went on to say this too, "It will be soon. You will not be able to stop any place you please when you are going someplace with a team. There will be iron rope strung up all over the countryside." When I stop to think about this one, it makes me think about fence wire, the way it is being used now. "They will even say a road has to be used. After that, they will say we have to have a main road." The elders even went on to foretell that "The time will come when horses will no longer be used. Instead, there will be self-moving wagons going by on the main roads. That will claim lives! You will also be the victims of this one too because you will use it even though you are not supposed to. It was never intended for you." This is what they said on this one. When I think about this, I am always worried about the way the young generation are victims and are losing their lives in these automobiles. They are the major cause of death among our youth, of course; the self-moving wagons.

Now the elders went on to shift their attention to education. This is what they had to say. "The student who will be educated will be our
very own relative. He will be the one who will be responsible for breaking you up. It will be your own Indian student relative who will do this; even when you are not willing to say 'no' to him. He will join partnership with the whites because they have already masterminded a plan together. Besides, he is being taught by him [the whites] how to go about matters of this nature. He has the knowledge from him already, how to deal with you." This is what they say on this too. When I stop to think about it, it is true, very true. Many of us already are on that side of life.

They went on to talk about big towns and cities, "That is where your child will eventually go to continue with his education, to be more intelligent in the field of education. I see there it will be more complicated. The system will be dangerous." This is what they had to say about this one, as I listened to them.

I have experienced just about everything that the elders talked about at that time. They wanted me to listen to them. All those things, when I stop to think about them, I am concerned, worried, and scared for the young generation. "The Indian student will pursue his education in the city to the point where he will love city life because he will be taught new ways of life, so that his only ambition will be to achieve these new goals. He will even have a house to stay in. The white will be his only friend because he will be the one to show him everything; how to go about life so as to come out a winner." This is what they said about this one.

"Out here in the meantime, he [the whites] will be looking after you but even that he will not always continue to do so. Just think
about it and take a good look at it. There will be a time to come when he will love his little dog better than you. The time will come when you will be hungry. Mind you, you will think to yourself, 'He is my friend. He will feed me.' But no, he will rather feed his dog a nice meal than to give you a meal. You will not be worth it. His dog will mean more to him. The time will come too when he will think of you as bothersome; you do not belong in your land; you will be in his way when he starts multiplying and populating this land. He will rather look after his dog than look after you. He will not always look after you and help you." This is what they said. True, very true, it is going to be that way.

"They will twist the facts because it is the only way they can to break away from their responsibilities to us. They will make new statements about the treaties, refuges to hide in, so they can break their commitments." This is what they talked about, what I am telling you now. They talked about it one by one. When the next person was to speak, he smoked the pipe first, along with an opening prayer and a song, then he would speak. They would always burn the sweetgrass as an offering. Nobody wasted time. Everyone of them came to say something.

One speaker even talked about the squirrels. He said, "Just wait and see! The squirrels' furbearing skin will be in demand as a pelt. You will be selling that pelt. I do not think any one of you here ever thought that you will be selling the skins of those animals in the future." It was not very long ago that we started selling them, the squirrel pelts!
Whenever I am alone, I think about all of this. I have not told you everything yet. I have to stop here for now to think of some more that I will tell next time.

Account by a Cree elder from

north central Saskatchewan, 1975
DOCUMENT II

A Message to the Education for Mankind Conference

We, the Hopi people, are an old and ancient people. We are a traditional people. In the beginning of the world we received our Life Plan from the Great Spirit. We have preserved this Life Plan down through the ages. The basis of this Life Plan rests on peace, brotherhood, and harmony among all men and that same peace, brotherhood and harmony between men and the natural and supernatural world. We know that all peoples received such a Life Plan from God in the beginning. These Life Plans may vary in content and custom from one people to another but they all come from the Great Spirit and they are all rooted in the principle of peace and brotherhood between man and man, and man and the total universe. These basic Life Plans express our common humanity and our common human nature. By this basic Life Plan man is supposed to regulate his life. In this way he can most be a human being.

We, the Hopi people, know that when man has deviated from these basic principles he has cast himself into the pit of unhappiness, despair, and confusion. Many times great religious leaders have appeared in the world's history, like Jesus, Mohamet, Buddha, etc., to remind man of these basic principles of God's Plan.

We, the Hopi people, have held God's Life Plan sacred from the beginning, unchanged. In recent years we have undergone great hardships to preserve these sacred principles of peace, brotherhood, and harmony. But we deem it our duty to ourselves and to other peoples to guide our lives by these God-given principles.
We, the Hopi people, further deem it our duty to remind all people of this sacred Life Plan which belongs, in differing forms, to all humanity and to remind them that man's only salvation is strict adherence to the Ways of Peace, Brotherhood, and Harmony.

Our wise men and prophets long ago predicted the events and conditions of these times. They have prophesied a Day of Purification in this time of trouble after which God's Life Plan will be fully re-established among all the peoples of the Earth.

This conference is just such an indication in these troubled times of the fulfillment of those prophecies when all men will united in peace and brotherhood.

We, the Hopi people, deem it our duty as prophets and steadfast believers in God's Life Plan to once again remind you of these basic spiritual natures and urge you not to neglect these religious principles and our spiritual natures even amidst necessary secular activity. We must focus our eyes on what is most important and our real goal—the fulfillment of the basic principles of God's Life Plan which will fulfill the hopes of all the peoples of the Earth and once again unite us into one under His Law.

Thomas Banyacya, Spokesman for Traditional Chief David Manongye
Chicago, April, 1968
DOCUMENT III

Book Evaluation

I debated with myself for a long time before I undertook to write this section. There are a lot of popular books nowadays about Indians that are read by both young whites and young Indians, especially Indian students. Most of these books are harmless. They may not inform students too much and they may not be very authentic, but they don't hurt anything. The most popular books on Indians today are the worst, as you might know. Some of these books could really influence young Indians the wrong way, mislead and confuse them, and get them into things that might harm them. I've been worried about that here lately. And I have been waiting for somebody to speak out and warn these Indian students. But nobody has; and I don't reckon I will have to.

I don't like to put myself in the position of being a "book burner." I am not a Nazi or Communist. And I don't like people who go around burning books just because they disagree with them. And I am not a censor, nor a vice cop, nor a Spanish Inquisition judge. I think people ought to be able to read anything they please. But I want to warn young Indians about some of these books so they can be prepared to make a sound judgement when they read them.

The first kind of books I want to talk about are those which are completely untrue and have no basis on fact at all. They are just pure fantasies. I think the people who write them must be a little off upstairs.

For instance, there are a series of books written by Carlos Castenada, starting off with one called "The Teachings of Don Juan" and
ending up with one called "Tales of Power." I have read all four. I enjoyed the first one. I could hardly put it down. Castenada can really write well. But I was kind of bored by the second one.

The third one scared me. It seemed to me to be a handbook on how to become a living dead man and enjoy it. I kept thinking about Adolph Eichmann as I read it. The fourth book read like the author had gone right off the edge.

These books are supposed to be about an old Yaqui Indian in Arizona, Don Juan Matus, who teaches Castenada how to gain spiritual knowledge by the use of three herbs—peyote, sacred mushroom, and jimson weed; but especially peyote. Now, I lived in southern Arizona for many years and I married a girl from one of the tribes out there. Peyote does not grow in southern Arizona nor further south in Yaqui country either. The sacred mushroom grows way down in southern Mexico. (The jimson weed does grow in that section.) For the Yaquis to get peyote they would have had to travel a thousand miles east, over the Sierra Madre mountains, through some of the roughest mountains and hardest deserts in the world. I have been around the Yaquis a lot and so far as I know they have never heard of the peyote, much less the sacred mushroom. They know about the jimson weed, but if they use it at all I don't think it is very important to them.

The Yaquis are a very formal people, like the Pueblos. They put a great store on correct ritual. They have a formal, organized priesthood. I can't imagine them using they peyote, much less as it is presented in those books. If Don Juan is a Yaqui, he sure doesn't follow Yaqui tradition.
Don Juan deals with his student, Castenada, just like a Zen master. He talks like a city man; his stories are never located in any particular countryside anywhere. And his notions of how to gain knowledge don't sound like any Indian way I ever heard of. They sound like European or Asiatic notions. And Don Juan is the most prideful and arrogant Indian doctor I ever heard of. Most good doctors are humble and thankful men. That is why they have power. And that power makes them like that. In fact, if you get arrogant, you'll lose that power.

Further, I never heard of any Indians using peyote as a way to get individual spiritual power. Most tribes I know of use the peyote in a group ceremony. The Native American Church people use it as a sacrament at their meetings.

Also, there is no such thing as personal knowledge just as an end in itself among the Indians, except among evil doctors. A real Indian doctor works for the people. He takes on a pupil who he feels will become a settled man and who will also try to help the people. That kind of power is a heavy responsibility. The personal restrictions are a heavy load to bear. It is not just for a thrill.

To tell you the truth, I think Castenada just made the whole thing up. Since the Native American Church and the Yaquis haven't spoken up I guess I will just have to myself. I have a lot of respect for the Yaqui people and it angers me that someone would use their name and tradition to promote a pretty sick philosophy of life. And the Native American Church people are a good people. They have had to suffer enough persecution for their religion without having it further perverted in the public mind.
Another book like the above one is called "Tell Them They Lied: The Sequoya Myth" by Traveler Bird. Bird says he is a direct descendant of Sequoya, and that he has met with all Sequoya's descendants at a special meeting and that he has all kinds of documents in Cherokee to prove his case. He presents Sequoya as a tall, fierce warrior who fights against whites and the "progressive" Cherokees.

Well, I heard a lot of stories about Sequoya when I was growing up. The old Cherokees all told me that he was a small man who had a "big knee" and walked with a limp. They said he came from a family of chiefs and medicine men, and was a man of peace. All the racists in Oklahoma try to make out that Sequoya was half white and now Bird wants to make him out to be a militant.

Worse, Bird says that Sequoya didn't develop the Cherokee alphabet; that it came from a tribe called the Taliwa who merged into the Cherokees; and that Sequoya was the last of this tribe which had become a secret society of scribes. Sequoya just made the alphabet public, according to Bird.

You know, the greatest thing that the Cherokee tribe probably ever did was produce a man like Sequoya. And the Creator's greatest gift to us was probably that alphabet as it was revealed to Sequoya. It was one of God's miracles. The Cherokees, we are pretty far down these days, but we still have the memory of our great man, Sequoya, in our time of trouble. And we still have the alphabet that tells us we were once a great people and maybe could be again. Now some lunatic wants to take that away from us, too.
Now the second kind of books that I want to talk about are those written by whites who can't understand much, get a lot of things wrong, and are really writing about and trying to justify their own lives. A good example of this kind is "The Death of the Great Spirit," by Earl Shorris. This man makes a hop, skip, and a jump around through the Indian Country and comes to the conclusion that the old Indian religion is all played out; a hollow shell or a little bit of a fake. He concludes that Indians ought to give it up, stop kidding ourselves, and melt into American society like everyone else.

I find this book a little hard to believe. Anybody who thinks that they can whip into a tribe and find out all about their religion right away must be crazy. He would have to stay a few years, learn the language, and even then he would have a hard time understanding and getting into the real religious leaders. No wonder he tended to meet all the phony medicine men.

But it didn't take me very long reading this book to figure out his "pitch." You know, a lot of American Jewish writers are always writing about Indians. But some are really not writing about us. They are trying to show how bad the American Jews are because they "finked out," or else how American Jews have done the right thing by becoming a prosperous part of American society. Shorris is trying to prove the second point. I wish he would just go ahead, like Chaim Potak, and write about American Jews instead of using us to hide behind when he wants to say something about or to Jews.

In all fairness to Shorris, he did see crystal clear through all the phony "Indian spirituality" on the Indian scene. And he is a
The last few paragraphs in his last chapter are worth the price of the book. It is too bad he never got to see the real stuff. But then, he couldn't, I guess; because then he wouldn't have been able to justify his own life.

The third kind of books I want to talk about are the ones which have stirred up a lot of controversy in the tribes they have been written about. One such book is "Seven Arrows," about the Cheyenne religion and written, I understand, by a young man who is a little bit Cheyenne. There may be a kernel of truth in this book, but most of it is just hippie nonsense. And the northern Cheyenne are mad as hornets that such nonsense is being passed off as Cheyenne religious thought. They don't need young Indians being misinformed about Cheyenne traditions.

Some books written by second-rate Indian medicine men don't present their authors as very responsible men, either. I wouldn't want to see young Indians pattern their lives after some of these "elders." I have a friend, Bernard Second, who is young and well educated, and an Apache medicine man as well. He says, "Young Indians have enough difficulty with drinking and getting into trouble all the time. We don't need any books that encourage that kind of behavior."

I guess my best advice to young Indians on this subject is to check out these popular books about Indians with your elders. Seek their guidance in these matter. That's their job and most of them will be more than glad to talk these things over with you.