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America's Lost People

Mike Mansfield 1903-2001

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AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, on my own behalf, and under the 3-minute limitation, I now seek recognition.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Senator from Montana is recognized.

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, on occasion I have addressed the Senate regarding what I consider to be the deplorable conditions which exist on the Indian reservations in Montana and elsewhere in the West. I have felt, and I continue to feel, that a great deal of this situation is due to the inflexible policies and attitude of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. My opinion has not been altered, and I continue to feel that there is a very serious need for alteration of our Federal Indian policy.

One of the finest things that has been done in the field of journalism, insofar as the Indians are concerned, is a series of 12 articles that have been published in the Denver Post. They were written by Robert W. Fenwick. He has done an extremely fine job, and the articles show a tremendous insight into this problem.

I wish to call to my colleagues' attention two paragraphs from a letter I received from Mr. Fenwick; they give an example of his grasp of the situation:

First, there is a vivid need for a uniform policy in the handling of Indian welfare and general assistance. Second, but not less important by any measure, I'm convinced that we should halt the sale of allotted lands at least long enough to appraise the long-range effects of such sales.

I'd also recommend that we stop talking about termination of Federal trusteeship, and concentrate on the problems which we hope will be resolved simply by ignoring them.

I am especially interested in these articles because they are devoted largely to the Indians of Montana. In our State, we have seven different reservations, each with its many and different problems. I commend this series of articles to my colleagues here in the Senate; and I wish to say to my good friends the Senators from Colorado (Mr. CARROLL and Mr. ALLOTT), that in Robert W. Fenwick they have an extremely talented journalist serving the Denver area.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that this series of 12 articles published in the Denver Post between January 3 and January 15, be printed at the conclusion of my remarks in the body of the RECORD.

There being no objection, the articles were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 3, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—"PLACE OF SORROWS" REVEALS A STORY OF MISERY FOR INDIANS

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

"In Billings, Mont., there is a hill. In Sioux it is called 'Place of Many Sorrows.' There a child dies every week. A wife dies too young. A man—he is old and sad at 30, and the sick are too many."

Thus did the letter and the story begin. That was 5 weeks and 3,500 miles ago.

Laboriously printed in ink on the back side of a Government form, the letter was eloquent in its very simplicity, a classic of sincerity enhanced by its scrambled grammar and misspelled words.

The author was obviously an Indian. Of the Place of Many Sorrows, he continued:

"The dead songs are singed there till a tall man runs from his shack, from all his family and he drinks to not hear. Now he sits, drunk so much he cannot walk and too sad to not sing them same hard songs.

"He cannot get away. There is no place to go. These men, these people, all are Indians who have sold there land."

He was writing about America's dispossessed, the confused and ill-advised Indians who sold their birthright when they sold their land, often for a pittance. Deprived of their only means of making a living, deprived even of a place to live, they have moved to the cities. There they have found shelter, of sorts, in festering shacktown slums.

"Now the Indians sit on the White Man neck and the White Man is sadden because of this," the letter went on. "We are both sad for only grief has come to us both because of sale.

"Soon, if this goes on, all Indians must come to town. What town want one more Place of Many Sorrows? Who will fight this thing? What man is so brave?

"If all Indians come to town it costs town plenty of money each year. It costs for schools and the relief money and for more public hospitals. I think maybe for more police and bigger jails, too, and teachers.

"Now something must be done. Who will do it?"

That anonymous letterwriter's prayer became my assignment 5 weeks ago. I traveled Wyoming, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Montana. I covered reservations, the poverty-ridden "pup towns" on the reservations and the sordid, gaudy, blood-and-wine-soaked skid rows of border towns.

I interviewed scores of Indians and their tribal leaders, Government officials, priests and ministers at missions, hospitals and community centers for Indians; talked to Congressmen, ranchers, businessmen, law-enforcement officers, social workers and ordinary citizens exposed to Indian influences.

I was shocked by what I heard and saw: Unbelievable drunken orgies paid for with relief moneys; poverty, disease, filth and overcrowding; uninhibited lovemaking in public; young Indian girls in prostitution; widespread illegitimacy subsidized by welfare funds; degeneracy, lawlessness, murder.

I found not one, but three "Places of Many Sorrows," poverty pits where a tall man watches helplessly as his last hope flickers and turns to ashes of lifelong despair.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 3, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—VAST LANDS DISSIPATED, SIOUX INDIANS EXIST IN SQUALOR

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Land is a precious thing. It gains in value with each and every birth in this 20th century population explosion.

You think of this and ponder its meaning as you drive eastward along U.S. Highway 20 through the northwestern rim of Nebraska's panhandle.

Here the land billows and swells in ocean-like expanse as far as the eye can see. Your car whisks you through comfortable little towns and communities built upon and prospering from the vast, unending wheatfields and grass-rich rangelands.

Along the way you see spacious, well-kept homes, bright and smiling under fresh coats of paint. There are small but efficient markets, shops, the machinery-jumbled lots of farm implement dealers, sturdy little banks dealing in the commerce of the area.

Just north of this highway, in South Dakota, lie the sprawling Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations of the populous Sioux. The reservations contribute generously to the business life of many communities along U.S. 20. But strangely, most of business comes from non-Indians—whites who have purchased Indian lands within the reservation and have consolidated them into highly productive ranches.

Once the Sioux Nation owned all this land. During the first half of the 19th century the Sioux occupied a tremendous acreage including all of what became Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

Sioux occupancy and use of the land was contested, however, by the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Crow, Assiniboine, Gros-Ventre, Mandan, and Arrickaras Tribes. Indian wars ensued.

NATION DIVIDED

In 1851 the United States negotiated a treaty and the Sioux Tribe was granted the territory ranging from the Black Hills of South Dakota eastward over an area extending from the Platte to the Missouri Rivers.

By successive Executive orders this great empire was whittled down through the years and eventually, by order of March 2, 1889, the great Sioux Nation was divided into separate reservations—the Rosebud, Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Lower Brule, and Crow Creek.

The story of the Sioux is typical of what happened to many other reservations of the West. Additional lands were ceded to the Government in 1901. In all, 382,000 acres were cut from the Rosebud Reservation.

LANDS ALLOTTED

Then in 1889, allotments of land were made to individual Indians. Heads of families were allotted 320 acres each of agricultural land, orphans and adults over 18, each received 160 acres and each child 80 acres.

If the land was grazing land, twice as much was allotted. In all, 8,602 allotments were made covering 1,869,463 acres of Rosebud Reservation land.

Government records show that as of June 30, 1959, the Rosebud Sioux had only 575,486 acres of allotted land remaining. The rest, 1,293,977 acres, had been patented, sold, exchanged, donated, or otherwise disposed of.

Of unallotted land or land owned by the tribe, there were 374,648 acres this year. The Government owns an additional 39,245 acres. The total reservation stands at 989,279 acres, quite comedown from the original bulk of the mighty Sioux Nation.

MONEY SQUANDERED

What becomes of Indians who sell their allotted land?

Many have taken the money and gone to other parts of the country to work at the white man's jobs.

Others, however, have dropped their sale money in one wild spree and settled down as squatters wherever they could. That's the scene on the north side of Highway 20—up into South Dakota.

There, in contrast to the evidences of productivity on lands formerly owend by the Sioux, the Indian lives in abject poverty.

There is little difference in the land. Indeed, much of the land to the north is better for grazing because it is just outside the sand hill country characteristic of northwestern Nebraska.

SQUALID HUTS

But the scene is different—and repetitious. The former landlords exist in squalid huts strewn around and about with an amazing miscellany of junk that may include everything from tin cans, rusted automobile parts and cast-off clothing to pieces of rotting lumber and old fence wire.

Out in back stands the universal privy, teetering in the wind, door banging and seldom used if there are no strangers around.

Over this dismal terrain there usually ranges a pack of a half dozen or more hungry dogs, scavengers, which must at least be credited with maintaining a modest degree of sanitation about the premises.

Two or more families may occupy one of these tar paper shacks. Here is an atmosphere redolent with foul odors, the family or families sleep, cook, eat, treat their many illnesses and multiply in numbers.

Some members of the family may work when there is seasonal employment. Not infrequently the sole support for all occupants of the hut is the unmarried mother of numerous illegitimate children who receives a bounty from the Government for each of her offspring in the form of a check from Aid to Dependent Children.

ONE WILD NIGHT

Also not infrequently, this check is cashed at the skid row bar of a nearby, off-reservation town and the sum blown in one glorious night of drinking and fighting. The spree most often ends in the local jail and, upon release, the drinkers return to their shack, empty handed and sick, hoping to receive some sort of additional welfare assistance.

It isn't a pretty scene from any angle. And if you drive far enough north off U.S. 20 you'll soon come to a conclusion that the once great American Indian whom we had hoped to transform into the great Indian American, is no longer a heroic figure posed in tribal regalia against a western skyline and idolized by Boy Scouts all over the world.

There are exceptions, and we'll meet them along the way, but by and large the Indian who remains in our northern areas has become a wretched figure, stripped of pride, steeped in poverty, beset by disease and motivated by ambition only to acquire the most fundamental necessities of life plus heaps of firewater.

He poses a serious community problem in many towns not far from the reservations. He goes there seeking work and a new way of life. All too often he finds only disillusionment, joblessness without welfare assistance, and housing frequently worse than his pitiful shack on the reservation.

But after all, when he sells his land he must go somewhere.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 4, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—ODD PERSONALITY OF INJUN JOE NOT EASILY UNDERSTOOD

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

By your standards, Injun Joe appears to be a rather odd individual. He may be an improvident soul and a poor judge of values. But he possesses an earthy sense of humor despite his stoicism. He loves a good joke even if it's on him. And by his standards, you appear to be an oddity, too.

Perhaps that's why he loves to put his family in the old battered pickup, if he has a pickup, throw some blankets and some jerky (dried deer) in the back end and drive to town. Valentine, Nebr., is one of his favorite haunts.

Sometimes all he wants to do is stand around. He'll lean for hours against a street lamp support and watch the strange doings of his white brothers. Maybe he'll get drunk if he has the money.

You wonder what goes on in his mind. Does he wonder, perhaps, that much of Valentine's prosperity is a joke on him? Or does he regard it as a joke on you? Injun Joe may suffer from myriad ails, but ulcers is not one of them.

Valentine, on U.S. 20 in the northern part of Nebraska's panhandle, is a bustling, modern cowtown of 3,000-plus population. It boasts one of the biggest and most active livestock markets in the region.

Does Injun Joe ever ponder the fact that much of the plump stock sold in Valentine's sales rings comes from ranches built by non-Indians on lands that the Indians practically gave away?

Perhaps he does, and perhaps that's why he gets lousy drunk and perhaps that's why Sheriff George Welker estimates that 80 percent of his jail and law enforcement costs are attributable to Indians.

Injun Joe is a problem to Valentine. The problem is worse now, says Sheriff Welker, because Injun Joe can legally buy liquor. And the white man's firewater is bad medicine for Injun Joe.

A few years ago Valentine had another problem. It had a "teepee town." It was another of those "Places of Many Sorrows" referred to by the anonyymous letterwriter who sparked this series of articles.

Destitute Sioux tribesmen from the Rosebud and other reservations of South Dakota came to Valentine. Some sought employment. Some were content to exist on public handouts or the prosperity of their Indian brothers.

This willingness to share is one of the most frequently overlooked complexes in the Indian personality. Failure to understand this one fundamental fact in the Indian makeup has caused more than a file full of well-intended programs to fall flat.

Almost universally, the Indian believes that he is obligated to share whatever he has with any other member of the tribe, particularly if that tribesman is related to him.

Thus it is understandable that when one one Indian makes some financial gains and builds a better house, his destitute relatives may move in on him with their youngsters and dogs. This custom could hardly be considered conducive to greater initiative. It explains why 32 persons spent the winter of 1958–59 in one house in Great Falls, Mont.

FRIENDS, RELATIVES MOVE IN

So Injun Joe had moved to Valentine and was living it up in a tent? The word got around. His friends and relatives came to Valentine to share their brother's new-found contentment and good fortune. Valentine's teepee town grew.

Valentine bought the property out from under the Indians, told them to seek other quarters and offered to help them relocate. This constituted charity, however, and it perhaps offended the Indian's strange sense of pride.

He'll accept welfare handouts—because the Government treaties promised him rations and other benefits. That's not considered charity. Those treaties were made long ago, but, while he may deny it, the Indian remembers promises made and he expects them to be kept.

He may deny this, too, but until recent times the great majority of Indians were hamstrung in their efforts to get ahead by a feeling that they still were defeated prisoners of war, free to move about, but prisoners nevertheless.

These complexes in the Indian personality must be understood before any program for their betterment can be undertaken with assurance of success.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 4, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—CASH PRODS INDIAN LAND SALES

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

From Valentine, Nebr., a good surfaced highway leads northward 33 miles to Mission, S.Dak., a town within the Rosebud Indian Reservation.

The highway traverses fine grazing lands dotted by impressive ranch buildings. Although this is "Indian country," most of the prospering ranchers are non-Indians or persons with little Indian blood.

These fertile acres were parceled out to individual Sioux tribesmen when the Rosebud Indian Reservation first was founded. Little of it remains in their hands.

Originally all Indian lands were held in trust by the Government because the Indians were considered incompetent to handle their own affairs But the General Allotment Act of 1887 destroyed the trusteeship and permitted the issuance of fee patents to Indians considered able to administer their own affairs.

In the years following, American Indians lost 88 million acres of their most valuable lands. The Sioux were no exceptions. Land hungry settlers with ready cash and now and then a jug of firewater to smooth the deal, bought Indian land at bargain prices. The Indian was the loser.

Congress restored trusteeship in 1934 with the Indian Reorganization Act. But in 1953 a House concurrent resolution expressed the desire not only to end trusteeship but to withdraw from all Indian affairs.

It soon appeared that the Federal Government was going to rush to the nearest exit

and get out of the Indian business entirely. The Red Man would be left to shift for himself as best he could. But termination of trusteeship meant also the end of tax exemptions for Indian lands, and that could spell ruin.

POLITICAL BRAKES

It was this one aspect of the problem that caused Indians and their friends to apply political brakes on the trend.

After you've traveled the road to Mission and have seen the flourishing ranches operated by non-Indians, you wonder why it is that the Indians would want to sell their property.

It's a complex problem and it extends from the Sioux to the Northern Cheyenne and beyond to the Blackfeet and on throughout the Rocky Mountain Empire to every Indian reservation with allotted lands.

To understand it, you have to back up a bit. First, it must be realized that we actually don't know what an Indian is. He's never been defined legally. He's been described for one purpose or another, but even Webster seems evasive, content to call the Indian an aboriginal of the continent.

Because of this, allotted lands may be owned by many heirs, descendants of varying Indian blood content. Each, however, holds title to whatever allotted lands may remain in possession of the family. The share may be fractional, but it is there just the same.

Most of the tracts allotted to Indians are so small that they won't support one family, much less a dozen or two. So the lands are usually rented to one big operator, usually a non-Indian, and the rent collected by the Government which distributes it to the respective owners.

MAY RECEIVE PENNIES

It is not uncommon for an Indian landlord to receive a check for a few pennies as his share of rental income. At best, the average income check is insufficient to support a family.

Untrained for most kinds of work, the Indian finds himself forced to depend on welfare assistance, or seasonal work at meager pay, for subsistence.

Under these circumstances, the offer of cash payment for his land seems like an inviting proposition. So he sells, quickly dissipates the money, and finds himself worse off than before.

You wonder why an Indian gets drunk?

Once he owned a continent. He was run into a corner, and the corner gets smaller and smaller with each inevitable land sale. Where does he go from here? To bigger and bigger relief rolls, more shacks, deeper poverty.

Oh, we've tried to do something for the people whose land we took. Down through the years we've spent something more than $2 billion on them. We've provided health service, given rations, launched innumerable programs.

But a look at the life on reservations today—and off them—seems to indicate we've made precious little progress during our 100 years of stewardship over the affairs of our aboriginals.

WATER FACTOR

There is another reason Indians sell their land. One purchaser may acquire a key tract and thus break up a ranch unit by becoming the owner of the only water. The property that remains becomes worthless. He can then buy that land for a song.

He may make a purchase that hampers access to an Indian's property. That, too, becomes worthless. He can then acquire that.

Sometimes an Indian landowner of considerable holdings will sell the entire place. He's the one you hear about who blows his wad in one grand ball that may last from a weekend to a month or two.

When he goes broke, he "goes back to the blanket," asks his tribe to help him. You'll meet an instance of this in a subsequent article.

Not all Indians are failures, however. You'll hear it said around the reservations that when an Indian's blood is diluted by more than one-half, he becomes aggressive, competitive, energetic, and he forges ahead.

One of these is Claude Lamoureaux, whose ranch is just outside the town of Mission.

Lamoureaux had a crew spraying some of his Hereford cattle when I drove onto his place. Incidentally, he doesn't rent a sprayer. He owns it.

He dropped his work at once, shook hands, and said, "Come into the house. I want you to meet the wife—Hattie."

On the way through the spacious and well-constructed corrals, Lamoureaux pointed out some of his splendid quarter horses. Just beyond the horse corral was a fine barn and a roomy, comfortable house for Lamoureaux's foreman and ranch hands.

MODEL RANCH

It was a model ranch and a model home surrounded by lawn, shaded by trees. Inside, after introductions, Lamoureaux whipped off his left boot, sat down to his electric organ and exclaimed, "You're going to listen to me play if I have to lock the door. I'm trying to get over bashfulness. Had this organ only 6 months, but I love it."

We toured the Lamoureaux ranch, saw hundreds of fat cattle and calves lazing around windmill well pumps surrounded by rich, tall grass. Lamoureaux was proud of his lifestock, proud of his wells, proud of his sheds, and proud of his hay.

Before we left with a promise to meet again at the National Western Stock Show in January, Lamoureaux confided that he was one-eighth Sioux Indian.

"And I never in my life bought an acre of land from a squaw," he said with a laugh.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 5, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—"GRIPE SESSIONS" FOR INDIANS OFFER LITTLE AID HOPE

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Although the results are sometimes questionable, at least one policy in our dealings with the Indian has remained unchanged down through history. Congress sees to it that the Indian has occasional opportunity to voice his complaints.

One of these congressional gripe sessions took place a few weeks ago at the headquarters of the Rosebud, S.D., Indian Reservation. The meetings was held in the American Legion Hall and the crowd, both inside the small frame building and out, resembled any other gathering of ranch people from Wagon Mound, N. Mex., to Cut Bank, Mont.

Representative JAMES HALEY, Democrat, of Florida, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, presided. One by one, members of the Sioux tribe stood and uttered the same timeworn expressions of dissatisfaction with their plight.

Outside, a pickup drove up. An Indian rolled down the cab window, stuck his head out and shouted, "What's going on in there?"

"Congress has moved from Washington to Rosebud," someone yelled back.

When the laughter subsided, an elder tribesman in black hat observed gravely, "You can always tell when an election year is coming up."

These were sincere tribesmen, soberly and intelligently concerned with the problems of their people. Many spoke eloquently to the committee of visiting Congressmen.

Their words underscored a report of the Indian Health Division of the Public Health Service that "the poorest, sickest, and least educated" of all American racial groups are the Indians.

It was obvious, however, that the Sioux had little confidence any good would come from their appeals for a program of assistance. There may be good reason, too. For one thing, no one seemed able to agree on what form such assistance should take.

But the pattern for a program of self-help could be found on the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation farther north. Here there is a glimmer of hope for the Indian.

William Red Bird, tribal council vice chairman, reported on it recently before the fifth annual conference on Indian affairs sponsored by the Institute of Indian Studies at the University of South Dakota.

Red Bird said the program began in 1956 with a $10 million fund realized from flood-damage payments. Half the money was set aside by the tribal council for rehabilitation.

Thirty-two students were sent to college last year. An adult education program was established. Fifty-seven Indians participated. Some were set up in cattle raising. Each of the participating families started with 100 head of cattle and a $10,000 cash loan.

Seventy-two modern homes were built on the Cheyenne River Reservation. Thirty more were built at Eagle Butte, S. Dak., for elderly Indians. Five business enterprises were financed for tribesmen.

"We [the tribe] are rich in lands," said Red Bird, "but we are poor in money. So we are trying our best to get our people to support themselves. Sometimes we think we cannot solve our problems, but sometimes we do."

In all, the tribal council has issued 4,156 head of cattle to individuals, and there now are 22,000 head of Indian-owned cattle on the reservation, compared with 13,771 non-Indian-owned cattle.

Vernon G. Collins, of Gregory, S. Dak., a fullblood Sioux employed as a special officer for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, summed up the Indian problem in this fashion:

"Indian people must quit being dependent upon somebody else for everything. They must learn to live in this modern world and to do things for themselves. They must learn to use their lands and to work with their white neighbors in towns and cities.

"If they work hard, try to improve themselves, and learn to mingle with whites, they will be accepted. And the best way to bring these things about is to put Indian children in schools with white children. Then they'll learn to compete. Then they'll get ahead."

Geography circumvents this intermingling, however, and the fact remains that the Indian is not getting ahead.

To what extent he is lagging behind and what causes this backwardness will be developed later in this series of articles. To understand it, you may have to be able to read some at times indistinct smoke signals on the Indian horizon.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 5, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—INDIAN HOPES TO SURVIVE WHITE "FOLLY"

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

The unreconstructed reservation Sioux believes his paleface brother is not long for this earth. Long before perfection of nuclear weapons, the strangely gifted Uwipi medicine men of the Sioux tribe were telling their followers that the white transgressors would destroy themselves by some act of folly.

After that, the buffalo is to return. The Indian will then be free to resume his normal way of life.

Graham Holmes, superintendent of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, theorizes that this belief may explain the widely prevalent attitude of resignation among many Indian tribes.

The Indian knows, according to Holmes, that his "powers of survival" are greater

than those of the white man and that they would carry him through disaster that might wipe out more civilized races. So he's content to sit and wait.

Then, too, there is something in the Indian's ancient religions that tells him this life is only a transitional period between the beginning and the final life in the Happy Hunting Ground. This mundane existence, the creed contends, is so fleeting it is foolish to try for more than a bare existence.

MANY CONVERSIONS

It is true that a great many solid and lasting conversions have been made among Indians to Christian faiths. It is equally true that a great many of these so-called converts hedge their religious bets by playing along with both sides—the ancient beliefs and the white man's church.

Thus the supine posture of so many American Indians. Thus the halfhearted plodding along behind their more aggressive leaders who sit in the tribal councils and formulate plans for the advancement of their people.

Does the increased tempo of sales of allotted Indian lands to non-Indians work to the disadvantage of the Indians?

Holmes says there are two answers to the question, "Yes" and "No."

Some allotted tracts are too small to be of value. However, many of these tracts can be bought at government-supervised land sales by the tribe and put to work for the best interests of the entire tribe.

A great many Indians wouldn't improve their land or try to wrench an existence out of their acres if they owned the best soil in the Nation. Again the attitude of resignation which so closely resembles sheer shiftlessness, comes into focus.

Whatever the cause, the distressing fact remains that the Nation is spending somewhere in the neighborhood of $425,000 a day of State and Federal funds in direct services to Indians and getting extremely poor long-range results.

Moreover, there is an abundance of evidence on every hand that this sum is woefully inadequate insofar as welfare assistance is concerned. And there is equally abundant indication that the need and the cost will mount with each passing year.

OUTLAY FOR INDIANS

The total annual outlay for services to Indians as reported to the House Insular Affairs Committee a year ago was in excess of $154 million. It is undoubtedly greater this year and it undoubtedly will be greater next year.

Progress has passed the Indian by—left him standing in his mocassins 50 years behind the rest of the Nation. He has little hope of ever catching up unless some new approach to his problem is devised.

The story of his backwardness, as contained in official reports, is nothing less than appalling.

While a decrease was noted in welfare requirements on the Cheyenne River Reservation during the report period 1949–56, the superintendent there said, "There is a continuation of lack of general education and failure to assimilate modern culture due to isolation and racial culture. Dependency has become traditional."

Elsewhere in South Dakota, where 30,000 Indians live, the Lower Brule Reservation reported the failure several years ago of a tribal cattle enterprise because of a price drop. Since World War II "there has been a gradual increase, both of general and public assistance."

From the Crow Creek Reservation came a report that there is a "hard core" of relief cases who are "poor credit risks."

Invocation of the vagrancy provision in the law-and-order code of the reservation was being considered for persons "who can work and will not leave the reservation to do so."

The Sisseton Indian Reservation of North Dakota and South Dakota reported wide fluctuations in relief caseloads. A Government report observed:

"The men are unable to support their families because they can do only unskilled labor and often are not interested in steady employment or cannot keep a steady job because of personal inadequacy, irresponsibility, or alcoholism. There is also a lack of employment opportunities."

SURPLUS FOOD

On the Rosebud Reservation practically all residents depend to some extent upon surplus food commodities during the winter months:

"In the past 20 years there has been a gradual increase in public assistance and a decrease in Bureau of Indian Affairs general assistance. There is a lack of realization by the Indians that personal and social problems can be solved more by them than by anybody else. They do not seem to realize that things can be changed. Rural slums, the defeatist attitude, lack of job opportunities, and lack of effective local government could be improved if they were methodically attacked."

On the Pine Ridge and Standing Rock Indian Reservations, figures compiled for the House Insular Affairs Committee's Subcommittee on Indian Affairs showed increases in welfare requirements.

At Pine Ridge, where there are 1,900 families, 925 were reported dependent upon general assistance in varying degrees from one-quarter to complete dependency.

Standing Rock reported 608 families with 528 of them dependent upon assistance. Four hundred of these were in the three-quarter to complete dependency category.

It's the same picture of poverty, malnutrition, overcrowding, broken homes, illegitimacy and sickness throughout most of the Indian country. With it all goes a higher crime rate, juvenile delinquency, degeneracy.

Within recent months a survey group made up of church and Government people in South Dakota studied the impact on communities and reservations of the existing trend in Indian sociology, and it came up with this one statement on law and order:

"In this field we find serious developments giving rise to grave concern on the part of Indians and non-Indians in many communities. Due to the very complicated regulations governing the jurisdiction of county, State, and tribal law-enforcement officers, some very serious problems are growing.

LAW BREAKDOWN

"In some instances communities are facing all but complete breakdown in law and order. In some instances county and city law enforcement officers are without jurisdiction, and many of the Indians involved are expressing strong convictions that such situations should be rectified."

This conceivably could account for the unofficial report that within recent months there have been five unsolved murders either on or near the Sioux Reservation country of southern South Dakota.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 7, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—TIME AND PROGRESS PASS THESE INDIANS BY

(By Mr. Robert W. Fenwick)

Westward out of Mission, S. Dak., you speed along U.S. 18, past the turnoff to the Rosebud Indian Reservation headquarters, into the pine-grown ridges of low mountain country, then suddenly downhill to the crossing of the Little White River.

A red cross on the map at this point indicates a change from central standard time to mountain standard time. Actually the change in time here is very significant.

For the several score ill-clad, ill-housed, and ill-fed people who live here, it is still 50 years ago. Time and progress have passed them by. They are among the poorest Sioux tribesmen on the reservation.

These are a shy people who suffer in silence, resent intrusion by strangers, flinch at the sight of a camera and largely refuse to talk on less than a weeks-long acquaintance.

Many of them find escape from their miseries in the peyote rites of the Native American Church or, when they can afford it, in the white man's firewater.

Peyote makes a man's dreams come alive in vivid technicolor. For one night at least, he who drinks deeply of peyote tea experiences the tingling joys of release to another world of heavenly visions and unimaginable pleasure far beyond the Indian's lot on earth.

Firewater makes a man forget. Unfortunately, both have much the same aftereffects if indulged in too generously.

If you stop at the tiny By-the-Way store operated just across the river fork by Harry Berogan and his wife, Lizzie, you may meet a tall, handsome youth named Black Lance.

He will not talk to you. He will only grin good naturedly, accept the candy you offer him and make a stuttering sound with his mouth. Black Lance has a speech impediment.

Another boy in another community might be spared a lifetime of embarrassment in a case of this nature. Speech impediments can be corrected by trained technicians. But not Black Lance.

He is condemned by circumstance, isolation, and a compounded lack of self-confidence to live out his days hiding from strangers or standing in painful silence, one foot planted on the other in awkward withdrawal.

If you talk long enough with Berogan you may meet—let us call her Bethel.

It was cold and windy the day I met her. She was carrying her baby boy, a warmly dressed little fellow about 16 or 18 months old. Bethel wore a thin cotton dress and a light sweater. She obviously was pregnant.

At first she regarded me coldly but warmed when Berogan introduced us, and I handed her youngster a fistful of candy which he eagerly accepted. He withdrew and let out a tearful bawl, however, when I sought to pat him on the shoulder.

Bethel's brown parchment face cracked into a smile that revealed a yellow set of broken teeth in need of repair.

I wondered how the woman could chew her food. But Berogan assured me that mush and beans and Government surplus cheese and dry milk could be managed without teeth.

This, then, was the picture at the Little White River. Off in the distance from Berogan's store were the modest homes and the little shacks of the Sioux.

In back of one, a family wash fluttered on the line. At another, a woman swept the yard. At yet another, a woman chopped kindling for a fire.

Atop the roof of the house nearest to the store stood a towering television aerial. Contradiction is the story of the Indian.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 6, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—PROGRAM OF SELF-HELP CAN EASE SIOUX HARDSHIPS

(By Robert Fenwick)

From the crossing of the Little White River on the Rosebud Indian Reservation of South Dakota, you continue westward on U.S. 18 and soon cross into the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, second largest in the Nation.

The Oglala Sioux who live here number 12,300. Their average monthly income is less than $100 per family. And most of that is in the form of public assistance.

The scene is monotonously repetitious of what you saw on the Rosebud—grassy hills in great swales and bulges, little ranch

homes, some fairly prosperous, some extremely modest. And the wind—always the wind—the wind that pushes and jerks you around and hurls sand in your face and sends tumbleweeds dancing across the road.

It's a cold, hard, unrelenting winter wind that punishes the Sioux country. It rips and tears at the flimsy huts and whips snow through the cracks. Its companion is familiar to the Sioux—hardship.

SELF-HELP PROGRAM

Yet here you'll find something heart warming. It is a projected program of self-help.

Tribal leaders have done the groundwork for a tepee village with which to bid for the tourist trade. It would be authentic, from the handmade Indian goods in the "trading post" to the genuine Indians themselves. In time, the project would include motels, Indian ceremonial dances for entertainment of visitors, good restaurants, possibly a museum.

Back in the late 1940's when the Navajos were in possibly more desperate circumstances than the Sioux, they sat in council, discussed their plight and subsequently entered the motel and store business, set up a sawmill and other tribal projects. Today those projects are paying dividends in both profits and tribal employment.

JOB FOR DELINQUENTS

The Sioux project would be Indian owned, Indian operated. Properly managed, it should prove to be a beneficial investment.

Initial construction work would be done by impressed crews of the reservation's plentiful juvenile delinquents. The tribe would help finance the undertaking with tribal funds. Private investment may be considered.

The Oglala Sioux wisely reason that if cowboys can capitalize on being cowboys, Indians can capitalize on being Indians.

Goodness knows it is high time the Oglala Sioux did something to help themselves. Their once vast Pine Ridge Indian Reservation is rapidly diminishing. Thousands of acres of individually owned allotted land are being sold to non-Indians each year.

In the 12-month period ending April 30, 1958, South Dakota's Department of Revenue reported alienation of 24,324 acres of Pine Ridge land in 137 tracts. (That's an area one-half the size of Denver.)

This, of course, makes South Dakota happy. Once Indian title to the land is removed, it becomes taxable.

Pine Ridge Superintendent Towle initiated a study a year ago, of the cause and effects of Indian land sales. It was learned that "much of the individual allotted interests (in the lands) are in the hands of the older generations," Towle's preliminary report stated.

"These older people are more interested in making use of the land-sale proceeds while they are alive rather than to have the benefits pass on to their heirs."

FOR CONSUMER GOODS

The study also disclosed that funds realized by Indians from the sale of their lands were being spent on consumer goods, such as food, clothing, and used cars.

"Only a small portion of land-sale funds are being used for permanent betterment, such as building new homes, purchasing more suitable lands, or in the establishment of an enterprise that might result in a livelihood or a better standard of living," the report added.

The report could have added that much of the money is squandered even more frivolously in the border town skidrows.

So much for the effect. What prompts Indians to rush into the market with their allotted lands when fee patents are granted? Towle largely blames old-age assistance liens.

In a report prepared in response to a questionnaire sent out by Senator JAMES E. MURRAY, Democrat, of Montana, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, Towle appended a detailed and revealing explanation of "the effects of old-age assistance on the Indian's desire to sell trust lands."

TREATY RECALLED

To paraphrase the report, Towle said it originally agreed with the Indians through treaty, that the United States would provide for all elderly Indians in perpetuity, with no strings attached. But under social security, the Government can now take their lands in repayment.

For years, Congress recognized the treaty promises as a special obligation on the Government. Appropriations were made regularly to assist States which had programs for caring for Indian aged.

At first, grants were made to aged Indians in the form of provisions. Later, financial assistance was substituted.

Then in 1935, Congress passed the Social Security Act and the Bureau of Indian Affairs no longer doled out Federal aid to old Indians. Social security took over care of the Indian aged.

But the act contained a provision that enabled the administering States to recover the amount of aid extended from the estates of beneficiaries of old age assistance. Liens could be placed against all income from such estates and, in many Indian cases, would be in force 20 years or more.

The Indians objected that this collection system was in violation of their treaties. It naturally followed in Indian logic that if a man had no estate which the Government could tap for repayment—if he sold his allotted land—he could spend both the land sale proceeds and the old age assistance.

Thus began the boom in sales of individually owned Indian allotted land.

It was either resort to this practice or simply forgo desperately needed assistance. The Indian took the former course.

GAINING SUPPORT

You won't be in Indian country very long, and you won't talk to many Indians about it until you'll hear over and over again that this "repayment of treaty grants" is the most cruel device yet employed to wrest Indian lands from the Indians.

It should be noted, too, that the Indian is winning considerable support for his contention.

Towle's report showed how land sales can snowball to avalanche proportions.

It was estimated that 149 "key tracts" totaling 32,519 acres of Pine Ridge land had been sold in years past. One effect of the sale of these key tracts, the report said, "has been to handicap Indian cattle operators to such an extent that these operators either have had to liquidate their holdings or go to the expense of moving their entire ranches to other areas.

"Another effect has been to reduce values of surrounding or adjacent lands by lessening competition where key tracts control use of adjacent land."

It might be observed that the final effect well may be destruction of the reservation's usefulness to the Indians. In that event, Rapid City, S. Dak., and other towns in the reservation country can expect their "Place of Many Sorrows" to gain population.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 7, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—INDIAN SLUM POSES BIG PROBLEM TO RAPID CITY

(By Robert W. Penwick)

Just outside the handsomely modern metropolis of Rapid City, S. Dak., there is a junk-strewn, shack-grown hill. You'll find it strangely silent.

In the words of Indians who may tell you about it, the hill is another "Place of Many Sorrows."

It has its counterpart in many other regions inhabited by Indians. Here are the ever-present ills, disease and want. This is Rapid City's Indian slum area euphemistically known as the "Sioux addition."

Here, in neglect that is sometimes criminal, are raised succeeding generations of the hill's inhabitants. Here a father too often drinks up the family's relief check. Here it often happens that a young Indian girl is introduced into prostitution.

This is a dump heap where we dispose of the reminders of our tragic failure in the management of Indian affairs.

A few years ago a similar Indian village flourished in the very heart of Rapid City on the marshy banks of a small stream below the railroad tracks, almost in the shadow of the sumptuous hotel that recently became the Sheraton-Johnson.

Indians came to Rapid City to revel in the bright lights and sometimes to seek jobs. Too frequently, however, the jobs were abandoned after the first pay check and a round of drunken nights.

Some were Indians who had sold their allotted lands and had become homeless. Some were just wanderers. Population of the slum area varied then as it does now, from a few dozen families to several hundread individuals. Eventually the settlement was moved to the hill.

Police Chief W. K. Armstrong, a vigorous administrator, estimates that Rapid City's Indian population is from 4,000 to 6,000 at all times and he shudders at what it could be under a Government policy of reservation termination.

The problem is big enough already. Detective Capt. Ralph Johnson says 75 percent of the city jail's drunks are Indians. Although they are responsible for comparatively few felonies, Indians—a fraction of the city's population of around 40,000—comprise the biggest law enforcement problem.

Johnson says the city's troubles with Indians have been compounded by legalizing firewater for them and by the recent influx of a minority that has been preying on young Indian girls.

Most of this new group, Johnson says, are transient males, young men looking for opportunities and a new way of life after release from military service.

Some gravitate to the poverty rows, both within and outside the city and are thus brought into contact with impressionable and easily swayed young Indian girls with no means of support. Introducing them into prostitution is easily accomplished.

"We've even found cases where these men talk unmarried Indian mothers into sharing their Aid to Dependent Children checks with them," Johnson says. "We've had cases where they've taken the whole checks away from these young unmarried mothers and have forced them into postitution.

"We work hard on these cases. We catch most of them before they get too far along. But it is shocking—especially when you remember that not many years ago Indian morals were high and Indian women were respected for it. Liquor, bad influences and their poor economic lot are responsible.

"I don't know what could be done about it on a big scale."

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 7, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—AID CENTERS OFFER INDIAN HEALTH, CRAFT COUNSELING PROGRAMS

(By Robert W. Penwick)

There still are those who believe the only good Indian is a dead one. There are also the "do-gooders" who cry "Lo, the poor red

man," and who would cater to his every whimsical fancy.

In other wigwams there are those who fold their hands and hope the Indian problem will resolve itself or simply go away. Then there are those realistic souls who continue to chip away at the flinty edges of the problem and at the same time minister modestly to the most urgent cases.

Fortunately, for both the Indian and non-Indian, Rapid City, S. Dak., had a wealth of humanitarians. Two of the most outstanding are Rev. Father Peter Price, a Jesuit priest, director of the Mother Butler Center, and the Reverend Percy J. Tibbets, a Congregational minister who runs the Community Service Center.

Asked jokingly if the two denominations worked in competition to help Indians, the Reverend Mr. Tibbets smiled and said: "No, we work in cooperation."

Reservation-born and reared, the Reverend Mr. Tibbets is a fullblood Sioux. His wife, Emma, is also a fullblood Sioux.

He came to Rapid City to help rehabilitate Indians there. He found the problem quicker than he bargained for. No one would rent him a house. Finally he managed to rent a small place and began a community center from which he could operate.

RECREATION PROGRAMS

Now, 10 years later, he has a fairly spacious, two-story cement-block building where he lives, conducts religious services, operates a small clinic, and counsels with his clients.

He has 18 young Indians enrolled in a typing class; 15 studying leathercraft; 18 in cooking and sewing classes; 120 in the 4-H Club, and 250 signed up in the Black Hills Council of American Indians.

Both Rev. M. Tibbets and Father Price conduct youth recreation programs, and frequent rummage sales to help finance their projects. Businessmen and civic and religious groups in Rapid City help generously.

Father Price has a more elaborate layout and Tibbets envies him his gymnasium. The Mother Butler Center, named for a nun famous for her charity and for founding the Mary Mount College, New York, maintains a program of activities comparable to that of the other center and, in addition, runs a modern, well-appointed home for Indian girls.

The place is spotless, offers private rooms for $1 a night, and board and room for $16 a week. A girl staying there can study typing, cooking, sewing, all-around housekeeping, and receive other aids and advantages under the guidance of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, one of the few civilian orders of nuns.

The home can accommodate 16 girls. But it is strangely devoid of customers. Father Price attributes the lack of patronage to objection by the girls to a requirement that they be in by 10 p.m.

Over in the main building, separate from the girls' home, Sister Nora Mulhern runs a clinic stocked liberally with serums, antibiotics, and other pharmaceutical needs.

BROGUE A HELP

Sister Nora is straight from the heather hills and perhaps it is her persuasive Scotch brogue that accounts for her success in wheedling medical supplies from laboratories and other sources.

She's a graduate nurse from both Scotch and American colleges and also a member of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Last year she dispensed 3 polio shots each to 106 Indians, two shots to an additional 74, and 1 shot each to another 40. She'd given antirabies to 5 Indian youngsters bitten by dogs and cared for 2,500 patients, one-third of them children.

She's called upon to treat all sorts of ills from the contagious to the invited.

One sentence in her report to Bishop William T. McCarthy, founder of the Mother Butler Center, is revealing. It dealt with the wide variety of cases. It said:

"Sometimes I'm called upon to treat lacerations which I suspect were received in a fracas in a bar. And a guy (so being treated) can't understand why a nurse can't suture."

Father Price, a tall, shy individual, originally from Nebraska, has instituted another phase of help to the Indians. It is a credit union which now boasts $4,000 operating capital. Although the collector, George Iron Cloud, is optimistic about recoveries on loans, Father Price is skeptical.

"Indians," he said, "are notoriously poor credit risks. They like to get it when they need it, but they hate to pay it back."

It was a chilly Sunday afternoon when I interviewed Father Price and the Reverend Mr. Tibbets. All the Indians had vanished after services—all except a boy with an infected eye and an older man who had fallen from his cot and had struck his head a sharp blow on the base of a stove. Each received treatment at one or the other of the two centers.

The Reverend Mr. Tibbets delayed his departure on a trip to one of the reservations so he could talk for the interview. He rubbed his face in deep reflection.

"How would I sum up the problem of the Indian? I think, frankly, it is one of overdependence upon the Government.

"The Indian must be taught to help himself. He must build self-reliance. He must have a place to call home. Home is very important to the Indian. When he has none, he develops a strong inferiority complex.

"He hasn't had the advantages of environment to help him in his need to learn to live the white man's way. The Negro copied from the environment into which he was born—or thrust. But it was essentially a white man's environment.

"An Indian says, 'I'm an Indian, so I can't do what the white man does.'

"The Indian must be taught to think for himself. He needs closer association with the white influence. And he must make up his mind about what he wants to do. When he does, we should help him.

CAN'T STAND DRINK

"Until that time the Indian will continue to have an inferiority complex and he will seek to drown it in alcohol. And he can't drink."

Why can't an Indian drink and handle it like most whites? I wondered too, and I asked a doctor.

Later on I asked a former Navy pharmacist who is part Alaskan Indian and part Filipino and now is working in Great Falls, Mont. You'll meet him later on and you'll like him.

The doctor explained that there is no reason, organic or chemical, why an Indian gets lousy drunk when he drinks. It's simply that he has fewer inhibitions and fewer restraints. When he drinks, he goes at it with a warwhoop.

The pharmacist had a good answer, too. The average American has been conditioned to alcohol through centuries of European ancestry. His body has become accustomed to it through heredity. The Indian hasn't—and he can't take it.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 8, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—U.S. LAND MOVES CONFUSE, STYMIE CHEYENNES

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Shadows grow long and dense in the rolling plains country. And the shadow of need that darkens the land of the South Dakota Sioux extends finger-like westward to the hunting grounds of the Northern Cheyennes in Montana.

You leave the Black Hills of South Dakota with the rising sun and follow that shadow over a northwesterly course, cross a tiny corner of Wyoming, and within 3 hours you're in the low-lying, pine-grown mountains of the former allies of the Sioux.

It's like flying backward in time.

It was in this sector that is now the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation, that Lt. Col. George A. Custer and his cavalry command spent their last night on earth before riding to the Little Big Horn and death.

Compared with most other reservations, the Northern Cheyenne is small—roughly 28 square miles. Some 2,300 members of the tribe live here. Three hundred or more live off the reservation.

But the smallness of the reservation does not minimize its problems. Instead, they are multiplied and aggravated by geography, primitivism, the general rural economic squeeze of the mid-20th century, and some of the most deplorable official bullheadedness since the Custer debacle that fateful summer of 1876.

That date in history was the beginning of the Northern Cheyennes' lament. They joined the Sioux in the Custer massacre. It was their last victory.

In time they were cornered, subdued, and taken as prisoners of war to Fort Reno, Okla., where it was planned to colonize them with the Southern Cheyennes.

Then, even as now, the U.S. Government underestimated the fierce love of the Northern Cheyennes for their home country. The Indians rebelled. Many were killed trying to escape.

At last, however, about 60 of them, led by Little Wolf, broke away. In a stark and difficult terrain, they braved death by freezing, starvation, sickness, and constant attack, and they fought their way home.

Throughout this long and arduous ordeal, the Sutai medicine men of the tribe carried along a revered object—the "sacred hat" which remains enshrined Indian fashion to this day in the back country of the reservation.

Few white men have ever seen it. Custer was one who did, and he was warned by the Sutai seer against the fate which befell him.

By succession, the sacred hat and its shrine are in the custody now of another Sutai medicine man, Henry Little Coyote. Together, as you will see later, they provide a strange and interesting insight into the problems of the Indian.

Despite possession of their protective medicine, however, the Northern Cheyennes were recaptured upon returning home, and in 1884 the Government established their present reservation.

The Cheyennes developed a livestock economy owned in common. They never asked the Government to allot their lands. But in 1927, the Government did. It created a crazy-quilt patchwork of property holdings that defied successful operation, confused the Indians and opened the way to liquidation of some of the reservation's most valuable lands.

Thus far the tribe has slowed the liquidation by meeting the white buyers' top bids and acquiring the land for the tribe as a whole.

But there was one instance in which the Bureau of Indian Affairs tied up $40,000 of tribal money in red tape and thus prevented the tribe from bidding on key tracts.

Now there are new threats to security of the Northern Cheyennes. One key tract threatens to provoke more land sales, and there are two other factors—oil and firewater.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 10, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—NORTHERN CHEYENNES ENGAGED IN TWO "WARS"

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

From the time the buffalo dominated the Plains, the Northern Cheyenne Indian tribe

has been feared and respected as one of the most warlike in the West. They would fight at the drop of a feathered coup stick—and they are engaged in two "wars" right now.

One is on a broad field extending northward from Colorado's Arkansas River to the North Platte River of Wyoming and Nebraska, and westward from a point well inside western Kansas to the Continental Divide.

This vast area, which includes Denver, Colorado Springs, and other important towns and cities, was once the hunting ground of the Northern Cheyennes. For 8 years now, the Cheyennes have skirmished with the Indian Claims Commission seeking payment for these lands and minerals which were ceded to the whites by various treaties.

But in another "war" while they fight for millions of acres, the Northern Cheyennes are being flanked by an acre-by-acre conquest of their little reservation.

Headquarters for their "wars" is in the small agency town of Lame Deer, Mont., near the northern border of the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation.

Lame Deer's main street is bisected at one end by State Highway 8. At one end of the street are a couple of stores, a cafe, a hotel and service station. Across the highway, northward, are the Government buildings and the 1-story frame office of the tribe.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

The scene contrasts sharply with that of 50 years ago. No more do the squaws carry papooses on their backs. The men no longer pad along the street in moccasins. Indeed, it is difficult to find a woman who knows how to make moccasins.

Taste in women's clothing runs from the modern skirts or suits to a design copied from the dresses of the cavalry officers' wives of years ago. The men prefer cowboy boots, jeans and western hats.

Yet there is something primitive here, something reminiscent of the days when women chopped wood and men hunted or fought. Here as elsewhere in Indian country, there are many contradictions, much conflict.

Many women still do chop wood and carry water. But you'll also find some of them participating in a study of home sanitation and talking of forming a women's club similar to those on some other reservations.

In the tribal headquarters you'll find spirited leaders of the tribe working and planning to preserve their reservation and improve the lot of their fellow tribesmen.

SEVENTY-FIVE TO EIGHTY PERCENT

These leaders, members of the tribal council, were in session when I arrived at Lame Deer. The meeting was taking place in a room in the basement of the tribe's headquarters. Perhaps 75 or 80 were in attendance.

Save for the pronounced Indian features and skin coloring of the tribal representatives, the informal dress and here and there a handsome set of tied braids, the gathering resembled that of any other group of American councilmen.

At the rear of the room a tall young man was urging adoption of a resolution to approve a cooperative campaign for tuberculosis control with the State of Montana. He spoke eloquently in both English and the sonorous language of the Northern Cheyennes. The resolution was adopted with a chorus of assenting grunts.

During a lull in the meeting I introduced myself to the young man who had been talking. His name was musical, typical—Melvin Wounded Eye.

We shook hands and talked. Then he stood, addressed Tribal Vice Chairman Willy Hollow Breast who presided at a desk in the front of the room, and introduced me in both English and Cheyenne. Hollow Breast acknowledged the introduction with a raised hand "Hau." Then he invited me to tell the council the nature of my business.

As I spoke, the tribal secretary took notes. Wounded Eye interpreted. When I had finished, the council pledged its cooperation to see that I received the information I sought. We shook hands all around.

Next morning we held our first meeting in the tribal headquarters. Present were Council Chairman John Wooden Legs, Wounded Eye, Henry Coup Cane, Rufus Wallowing, and Hollow Breast, among others.

Wounded Eye and Coup Cane are veterans of the war in the South Pacific. Both are vigorous and effective leaders in the tribe's drive toward a better culture.

Thus far, they said, they have managed to hold their reservation fairly intact despite Government-supervised sales of allotted Indian lands. Of 445,736 acres, approximately 6,000 have been sold. In 1959, 2,399 acres went up for sale. The Cheyennes matched the bids of the whites and thus retained ownership in commonalty.

OTHER SALES

Other sales may be in the offing. There's talk of oil in the northwest corner of the reservation, and white men are seeking to buy in there, Hollow Breast said.

"With the cooperation of the reservation's Government officers and with the help of lots of liquor to help talk the Indians (landowners) into selling, they might get that land, too," Hollow Breast continued. "But we are hoping to stop them."

Their plan was contained in a letter to Miss LaVerne Madigan, executive director of the Association of American Indian Affairs, Inc., New York. The letter said in part:

"Our land is more than a reservation to us northern Cheyennes. Our land is the home of our people, and that is why our grandfathers broke out of prison in Oklahoma and died and starved and froze and fought all the way back to this good place.

WANT TO HOLD LAND

"We want to hold every foot of our land. We do not want one foot of it sold out of Northern Cheyenne ownership.

"Once our land belonged to the whole tribe and no Cheyenne could sell away a piece of it. That was good. Then the land was allotted. Every Cheyenne was given a piece of it. Today, we children of those Cheyennes are very poor, and God will forgive us for selling our pieces of our homeland to buy food and clothes.

"But it is not good for our people to do that. When they have eaten the food and worn out the clothes or spent the money childishly, they live right here among us on relief and a part of our community is gone forever.

"Soon * * * more acres will go up for sale, and other lands will follow, and we are asking the Bureau of Indian Affairs to lend us $500,000 from the Indian Revolving Loan Fund so that we can keep pace.

REVOLVING FUND

"The Revolving Fund will be empty until Congress appropriates money for it, and we Northern Cheyennes are only one of many tribes that have applied for land purchase loans.

"The loan we need may be a long time coming, and half our reservation may be sold while we wait. The borrowed money, even after we receive it, will not be enough to buy all of the allotted Cheyenne lands, and we may face a hard future in which we will be borrowing and repaying at interest for years to save our homeland, without a penny to help our people live better lives.

"We will do that if we have to. But there is a better way."

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 10, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—LAWS ENCROACH ON INDIAN'S LOVE OF HOMELAND

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

There are some things the white man does not share in common with many of his Redskin brothers, the Indians. Prominent among these are a taste for puppy soup and jerk meat; confidence in the curative powers of the medicine man, and a belief that tinkering with nature invites the wrath of the Great Spirit.

Conversely, an Indian wouldn't give a war whoop for hors d'oeuvres or a fingerbowl, and he wouldn't be caught scalped at a cocktail party.

He's a practical soul. When he eats, he eats to satisfy his hunger. When he drinks, he drinks to get drunk.

There are exceptions, of course, and there is much to be said in behalf of dried jerky made from deer meat. But on one common ground Indians and non-Indians meet in agreement—love of home country.

It is this love of homeland which inspired the Northern Cheyenne tribesmen to escape from Oklahoma in the late 1880's and fight their way back north. And it is the same devotion that motivates them today in advancement of a plan to stop the sale of allotted lands on their reservation in southern Montana.

Soon the Northern Cheyennes intend to present to Congress a petition asking for an "unallotment" program for the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation.

Government-supervised sales of individually owned alloted lands on the reservation have alarmed tribal leaders. They say the sellers too often squander money received from such sales, then return to the reservation to live on relief and become burdens.

The program the Northern Cheyenne propose would continue 50 years.

"During that time there would be a moratorium on all land sales except to the tribe," Tribal Chairman John Wooden Legs wrote in a letter of explanation to the Association on American Indian Affairs. "The tribe would be required to purchase all land offered for sale and at the appraised value at the time of sale.

"The land would be purchased by the tribe out of annual, unborrowed income (from land leases, minerals, and sales of timber or other tribal enterprises). The amount of land to be purchased each year would be on a 50-year basis.

"The right of Northern Cheyennes to sell their land out of Cheyenne ownership is not acknowledged by the tribe, but the right of the individual to sell would not be violated because the tribe would be obligated to buy."

It seems to be a fair proposal designed to keep the reservation intact and to preserve the security for all members of the tribe. It also is the hub of a contemplated program of resource development founded on coal, oil, and lumber.

But if the past is any criterion for the future, the Northern Cheyennes have little to hope for. A coal mining undertaking several years ago reportedly was halted on Government orders with no explanation.

Prior to one Government-supervised land sale, the tribe sold cattle to raise $40,000 with which to match the bids of the whites. The money was tied up in Washington for an "audit."

Representative LEE METCALF and Senator JAMES E. MURRAY, of Montana, asked the Bureau of Indian Affairs to release the money in time for the sale. Then the tribe requested that the sale be postponed. Neither request was honored.

An attempt by tribal leaders and a Catholic mission on the reservation to secure leases

for expansion of a small plastics industry at Lame Deer, Mont., has been snarled for months by "procedure."

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 10, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—400 INDIAN FAMILIES OUT OF 450 GET WELFARE RELIEF

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Except for his high cheekbones, the slight slant of his dark eyes and his black, sometimes matted hair, Robert Fighting Bear appears little different from any other American boy.

Robert is 2 years old now and he achieved that age against terrific odds. The odds against his living to be 1 year old were twice that of the average infant born in the United States. Should he survive babyhood, Robert Fighting Bear can look forward to a life expectancy of 40 years compared with 62 for the other children of the Nation.

Statistic Fighting Bear is a Northern Cheyenne Indian. He lives with his parents in a little log cabin in the reservation village of Birney, Mont., population about 125.

When he becomes older he may be a big help to his parents. He can then pack wood and he can carry water from the community's one source of supply, a trickling artesian well that runs from a pipe into an iron trough shared by Birney's dwellers and dogs alike.

If the Fighting Bear family is like most other residents of the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation, Robert's parents probably will spend some time this winter living on relief money.

Statistics show that of the reservation's 450 or more families, only 50 are entirely self-supporting. Of the 400 relief client families, 50 are one-fourth dependent on welfare assistance; 200 are one-half dependent, and 180 are dependent to the extent of three-quarters or more.

This is a sad state of affairs, indeed, for a tribe whose total assets are reckoned at more than $7½ million, with family assets averaging $6,200. It speaks strongly of underdevelopment.

Seriousness of the relief situation of the Northern Cheyennes was accented by the report several months ago by Supt. Don Y. Jensen. He said the Bureau of Indian Affairs took over administration of general assistance in 1940.

During the war years the case load dropped. But in the postwar period payments of social security aids and general assistance have quadrupled.

"This tribe," Jensen reported, "lives primarily in a relief economy and has over one-fourth million dollars each year in grants.

"These Indians are very conservative and belong to the Peyote organization which they call the Native American Church. The Peyote group members do not expect to seek employment or live primarily off the reservation.

RELOCATION SLOW

"Relocation has been proceeding at a snail's pace."

Tribal chairman John Wooden Legs will tell you the Government's effort to relocate Indians in cities around the Nation "has failed 100 percent so far as the Northern Cheyennes are concerned. All our people who have left to find jobs in the cities have returned to the reservation."

You wonder why anyone would elect to return to the poverty and squalor of the Northern Cheyenne Reservation as you drive through the little communities. Admittedly there is something attractive about the countryside and obviously it could be productive.

On the visit to Birney in company with Melvin Wounded Eye, Willy Hollow Breast, Henry Coup Cane and others of the Northern Cheyenne tribal council, we passed one small ranch home that bore every evidence of efficiency and a degree of prosperity.

The owner, I learned, was an Indian woman married to a white man who was managing to "whack" out a fairly good living off the land.

A few miles farther on we stopped in Birney, a typical Indian village dotted by outhouses and old automobiles. There is no store in the community. Shopping must be done in one of the other towns, several miles distant.

BLOOD AT THE WELL

A dark splotch of blood beside the little water well testified that hunting had been good recently. Women of the village were hanging jerk meat on poles to dry in the sun.

As we watched, a middleaged Indian woman emerged from one of the low-built log huts, walked to her outhouse but didn't enter. Instead, she sought a position to one side of the little facility and, with no show of embarrassment, relieved herself in plain sight of our group.

Then, without further ado, she stood and walked back to the log cabin.

The tribal council members shouted friendly greetings to the Birney residents, joked and laughed and wished there were a better water supply.

I wanted two children to pose in a photograph of the town's one water well. One of the men in our party persuaded a mother to allow two of her youngsters to serve as models.

Then she spent 30 minutes grooming and scrubbing them and changing their clothes.

The sun ball was dipping westward and the wind that blew had begun to take on a sharper edge when Hollow Breast decided to pay me one of the tribe's highest honors—a visit to the shrine of the "Sacred Hat."

It was only a short drive through dry washes and over hills and past the spot where a motion picture company shot a sequence for a western movie years ago. It was based on the Custer massacre, and many of the great-grandsons of the Cheyenne warriors who took part in it—some who were in our entourage—were in the movie.

They enjoyed their role, they said, but complained that they were required to sit for hours on horseback, dressed only in breechcloths, and they sunburned terribly.

Henry Little Coyote, the Sutai medicine man, and Sitting Man, his companion, had a good fire going when we arrived at the shrine of the "Sacred Hat." Sitting Man, 86 and blind, is revered as the tribe's oldest man, a mark of great respect among most Indians.

The tribal councilmen conferred briefly with Little Coyote, an emaciated, almost venerable figure. His Sutai forebears undoubtedly wore buckskins, but Little Coyote was dressed in moccasins, jeans and a western shirt. His head was wrapped in a cloth head band from the back of which hung two hair braids tied with colored cloth strips.

DECLINES CIGARETTE

He excused himself and walked down a path. Sitting Man conversed in the tongue of his people and declined a cigarette. An interpreter explained that Sitting Man believed in neither smoking nor drinking.

"When a man drinks, he becomes another man," he declared, emphasizing his statement with hand signs. "He goes crazy."

Presently we followed Little Coyote. The shrine proved to be a canvas tepee partly concealed from view by a low, encircling hillside. We tossed our hats on the tepee stakes and entered. No one spoke.

Hollow Breast knelt on one knee. We sat crosslegged on a strip of carpet on the ground, directly opposite Little Coyote who sat similarly on a couch also on the ground. At the head of the couch, apparently attached to a cross-like support, was the Sacred Hat. It was never revealed. It is shown only to tribal leaders once each 50 years.

History of the Sacred Hat, I was told, is lost in antiquity. Later I learned that the origin of the Sutai medicine men likewise is buried in the dim past and that they are a strange and gifted race of great honor.

We spoke in turn to Little Coyote who stared, trance-like, straight ahead. His translated words to me were that he hoped my mission was successful and that I could help bring about better understanding of the Indian's way of life and his problems. Then he said he was sure I'd have a pleasant trip.

That night I had my first flat tire of the entire junket.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 11, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—MISSION IN MONTANA PROVIDES JOBS, EDUCATION FOR INDIANS

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Ashland, Mont., once was described by an eastern writer as perhaps the only town in the United States that enjoys the unique distinction of having no law and a two-story privy.

Since then, however, time has wrought some changes in the tiny community on the eastern border of the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation. A deputy sheriff now enforces the law as best he can in Ashland, and the strange, offset structure which once was attached to the rear of a two-story frame hotel, has tumbled over. The hotel, itself, has long been deserted.

It stands today on Ashland's one street like a hollow shell, windows shattered, floors strewn with broken bottles, a rickety outside stairway clinging to one side.

One of Ashland's residents said the town had long considered tearing down the old building but ventured a guess it would "make the younger Indians mighty mad.

"When they come in here during the summer and get tanked up, they sometimes use that place for love-making. Some of the others don't care for that much privacy."

BAR CROWD SMALL

I saw what he meant that very night. It had been some time since welfare checks had been distributed among the Indians, and the crowd in the bar consequently was small.

A cluster of tribesmen held forth at the lower end of the bar. Some cowpunchers and a traveling salesman drank and talked at the other end. A jukebox blared.

On the dance floor at the rear of the tavern, a young Indian in soiled work shirt and blue jeans, and an Indian girl who was similarly dressed, were vigorously engaged in what passed for dancing.

With the girl clutched to him, the youth lurched and stomped about the dance floor with the ponderous movements of a grizzly. When the music stopped, they staggered out the back door and into the shadows.

It is a scene duplicated nightly in reservation border towns from one end of the Indian country to the other. When relief checks are received or when some lucky tribesman cashes a sizable land sale check, the boisterous bottle belting and lovemaking assume louder and even grander proportions.

FORTUNES SQUANDERED

Indians have squandered fortunes in a few days on the skid rows of some of the larger cities and in the smaller but no less sordid pup towns that rim the reservations with temptation.

A few miles from Ashland, however, the St. Labre Catholic Mission continues undismayed to whack away at the Indian problem through education of the young and by engaging in an unusual project for a religious institution—an industry.

The Reverend Father Emmett Hoffman, a Capuchin Franciscan monk, directs the 76-year-old mission. This year 266 Indian boys and girls are enrolled in the elementary and

high schools. Ten full-time teachers, seven of them nuns, are employed.

Also employed in fairly well paying jobs provided by the mission are 120 adults, 95 of them Indians. Most of them work in Father Hoffmann's "plastic doll plant," a moccasin-strap operation which not only makes jobs but gives the mission its principal source of income.

Five years ago Father Hoffmann conceived the idea for the industry. He contracted with an eastern plastics firm for unassembled, unpainted parts for a small Indian doll which he named "Johnny Walks Last."

Then he set up an assembly line, hired Indian men and women to put the pieces together and paint on the hair, eyes, and lips. He created a sort of boilerroom operation which produced a huge mailing list. Then he completed the circle by establishing a packaging and mailing department.

That first year one-half million dolls were mailed, each with a solicitation for a donation. Last year 1 million dolls of a new design were mailed.

The return mail 1 year ago brought in $250,000 above costs, in all more than $800,000.

Father Hoffmann expanded the mission's charity program of direct relief to the Northern Cheyennes. He established a trade school. It teaches adults welding, woodworking, typing and home economics.

Then, looking toward his dream of someday establishing an Indian college, he launched an ambitious construction program which includes a huge, modern cafeteria for his Indian boys and girls, a new dormitory and other facilities.

More jobs for Indians were created by the construction program and jobs for Indians is Father Hoffman's idea of a solution to the Indian problem.

"These Indians are skillful with their hands," he said. "They work fast and with dexterity. They enjoy working and when they earn their money instead of having it given to them, they appreciate it more. Also, a tired Indian is more likely to go home at night than he is to drop in at the bar and get drunk.

COULD LICK PROBLEM

"If we could get industry on the reservation, we could lick the Indian problem in one generation."

Another branch of the plastics operation is at Lame Deer, Mont., on the northern edge of the reservation. It is run by a nonprofit organization which has been at loggerheads for months with reservation superintendent Don Y. Jensen over a proposed lease for expansion of the project. Until the lease is approved, the plant must continue on a limited scale.

Jensen disclaims responsibility for holding up the lease and says the organization has been tardy in supplying information requested despite the exchange of numerous memoranda.

At Billings, Mont., it was learned from Percy E. Melis, area director for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, that the information desired concerned salaries and production costs which the nonprofit organization regards as confidential.

Officers of the organization and many members of the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council blame Jensen, whether justly or not, for most of the reservation's problems including the sales of allotted lands.

WORKS BY THE BOOK

Jensen, who came to the reservation from a similar assignment at Standing Rock Reservation in South Dakota 2 years ago, replies he is running the reservation "according to the book."

The job of reservation superintendent is not easy. For one thing the Indians are not schooled in modern business practices. Too, they are inclined to procrastinate.

Jensen explained the whys and wherefores of the single source of water for a community of about 125 Indians at Birney, Mont. He said the tribe received a donation of $1,000 for a well there several months ago from Arrow, Inc., a nonprofit, nationwide Indian welfare organization.

The tribe appropriated several thousand dollars for a well-drilling program but thus far his done little or nothing about it, he said.

Regardless of the Indian's wishes or his own, for that matter, Jensen must hew to policy set by higherups in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And almost without exception, persons interviewed on the reservation seem convinced that policy now is aimed at termination of trust protection now enjoyed by the Indians, to oppose establishment of industry on the reservations, and eventually to compel as many Indians as possible to leave the reservation.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 12, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—MISUNDERSTOOD INDIAN OFTEN A HARD WORKER

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Possibly we've treated the Indian too long as a mere statistic and not as the perplexed human he actually is. At least that was my impression as I left the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation to cross the land of the Crows and continue northward to Blackfoot country.

Could it be that we expect too much of these too-frequently-benighted tribesmen? Or don't we demand enough of them? You'll wonder about this after an extended visit with the Northern Cheyennes.

These are a simple, almost childish people for the most part, content to accept and live on the white man's gratuities, reluctant to interfere with nature, friendly and trusting, a people who love home, whether it has a dirt floor or not, and who see no good reason to leave it.

Although there are many outstanding exceptions among the Indians, ambition as the white man knows it is not a universal characteristic.

Yet they are restless, unhappy with their plight. They know something is wrong but they don't know what it is or what to do about it.

INDIANS WORK HARD

The Indian is a stranger in his own land. He's a hard worker when he has an assigned task, or a goal in mind. Maybe he wants to buy a horse, a saddle or a gun.

He'll slave until he saves enough money to get what he has in mind. Then he'll quit. The women seem to have a greater tenacity in this respect. One employer said the labor turnover rate for men runs as high as 1,000 percent. Women stay on the job.

Lyman Brewster, a rancher who used to lease grazing land from the Northern Cheyennes, told this anecdote to provide an insight into the thinking of some of the more backward Indians:

A few years ago an unusually heavy blizzard swept the reservation. Cattle were stranded without feed. So the Air Force put a haylift into operation and flew emergency feed to the livestock.

This hay-from-heaven was considered a truly great wonder by the Indians.

New year, Brewster continued, many Indian ranchers didn't bother to raise hay. They thought that surely the white man's airplanes would return if the stock needed feeding.

The complexities of leasing land when so many heirs are involved finally provoked Brewster into quitting ranching. He moved to Billings, Mont., and now is selling ranches.

Willy Hollow Breast, vice chairman of the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council and one of the best informed Indians in Montana, is aware of the shortcomings of his people. He favors holding the reservation intact, so the tribe can operate a corporate cattle raising enterprise.

Money from this venture, he believes, might enable the tribe to send many of their young children to white schools. According to Hollow Breast, an early association with whites is highly desirable. He knows that young impressions last a long time.

Proof of the value of such association can be found on the Crow Indian Reservation, which adjoins the Northern Cheyenne. The average Crow Indian is visibly more generally adapted to the white man's ways.

His reservation is on a main highway, just north of Sheridan, Wyo., and south of Billings, Mont. The thriving city of Hardin, Mont., is only a few minutes' drive from Crow Agency.

The Crows are related to the Sioux. But a Government booklet on them says they broke away from the ancestral group and settled in the valleys of the Yellowstone and Big Horn Rivers in northern Wyoming and southeastern Montana long before the coming of the white man.

At one time long ago they were an agricultural people, but with the change to the buffalo economy, greater stress was laid on military valor. Personal gain, the booklet says, and the accumulation of private wealth still means little to the Crows.

Yet the Crows are generally farther advanced than many of the northern tribes. They more frequently make good employees, enjoy vigorous and enlightened leadership and share to a degree in the general good fortunes of their region.

They are retarded in school, however, because most children speak no English when they enter school.

Approximately 3,000 Crows live on the reservation which is several times larger than that of the northern Cheyennes. About 800 live elsewhere. Years ago the Crows warred with many neighboring tribes over hunting grounds and readily joined U.S. military forces to fight the enemies of the Crows.

In return for this they were generously rewarded in the Laramie Treaty of 1851 with a reservation of 38,531,174 acres in Montana and Wyoming Territories. By 1868, however, the second Laramie Treaty was signed and the white man reneged on his original promise. The reservation was cut to 9 million acres.

Subsequent cessions to whites, the Government, the Northern Pacific Railroad, the State of Montana, and land sales reduced the reservation to 1,727,201 acres of trust land.

By and large, however, the Crows have done fairly well. They adapt readily to the agricultural and livestock economy but their living standards are still low.

Construction of Yellowtail Dam, for which the tribe was voted $2.5 million of Federal funds for 7,000 acres to be inundated by reservoir, may afford unequaled opportunities for employment.

Undoubtedly it will bring in considerably more wampum for the skid row bars of Billings' South Side, where the test of a man's sobriety frequently seems to be his ability to crawl to the bar, hoist himself up and offer cash.

In some of the noisier joints which advertise "Skid Row Champagne, two bits," there seem to be only one or two simple rules: All fights are quickly ended and no person is served if he or she is lying on the floor. It should be added that some of the establishments forfeit considerable trade because of this one restriction.

On the one night I toured the bars on Billings' South Side I counted eight drunks who fell to the floor at one time or another; was solicited by three fairly young Indian

girls and counted two dozen patrons who were helplessly drunk.

PLACE OF SORROWS

Early in this series of articles, a letter from an anonymous writer was printed. In it he told of a "Place of Many Sorrows" in Billings. I found no such place, unless it was the slum area on the south side of the tracks, inhabited by Indians and a mixture of bloods drawn together by the common bonds of poverty, depravity and companionship in misery.

No one knew of an all-Indian village such as the one at Great Falls, Mont., known as "Hill 57." That was the next destination. From there came the story of Heartbreak Hill, the end of the trail for many a once-proud Indian.

From there also came the story of a courageous group of civic-minded citizens and religious leaders, crusading for a better way of life for the Indian. It proved to be a story of hope and rescue.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 13, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—"HILL 57" TYPIFIES INDIAN SQUALOR AT GREAT FALLS

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

The towering smokestack of a sprawling smelter dominates the skyline of Montana's leading metropolis, Great Falls. Its crown commands a sweeping view. It looks over endless miles of rich agriculture, down into the city's bustling business streets and on hosts of handsome homes in expanding residential sections. It's a scene of prosperity in a growing western city.

If you could look from the top of the stack you'd see a big Air Force base, extensive railroad yards and the broad Missouri River.

In the middle of the river you probably would notice a small, uninhabited island. It was the site of the last sun dance put on by the Indians in the Great Falls area in 1914.

Yet this is still big Indian country. Southeast of Great Falls lies the Northern Cheyenne and Crow Indian Reservations on the Wyoming-Montana border. Northeast toward North Dakota are the Rocky Boy, Fort Belknap, and Fort Peck Reservations. Northwest, on the Canadian border, is the Blackfeet Reservation and to the west is the reservation of the Flatheads.

The on-reservation population of Montana is 27,500. But not all Indians live on reservations.

Three miles west of the smelter, almost at the edge of a modern housing development, is infamous "Hill 57." It's an Indian village. Its shocking filth, poverty, and degradation already have commanded national notice.

A short distance back toward the smelter plant and overlooking acres of new, modern homes, is "Mount Royal," another Indian village Its residents regard themselves a notch higher on the social scale than their Hill 57 neighbors, possibly because their homes have wood flooring

Of the two, Hill 57 is the more populous. It likewise is the more awesome trasherie. Its outstanding features are the frail huts, the battered hulks of abandoned cars, the ever-present outhouses, a hand pump which is the sole water supply for the entire community and an almost unbelievable sea of junk resembling a city rubbish disposal

Here in the two communities, in the midst of rusting and rotting discards, live 260 persons, 159 of whom are children under 17.

The census figure was obtained last spring by the Friends of Hill 57, a civic group of Great Falls citizens. Overcrowding is serious enough in spring and summer, but when winter comes and jobs are precious, the population rises above 350, and suffering becomes tragically acute.

The shacks are poor protection against the Arctic blasts of the Montana winter. Respiratory illnesses mount. The cry for relief grows louder.

Two winters ago, one family lived in a tiny log shed that had been used for years as a stable. Their floor was the dried accumulation of manure. A wood fire in a tub in the middle of the stable provided heat.

A spring thaw sent a small flood through the stable and down the hill through the house of a neighbor Indian family. Later, the water froze, turned the floors of both homes to ice. One Indian girl froze her feet. Another suffered leg injuries when she slipped on the ice, barefooted, and fell.

In one of the larger houses last winter, 32 persons shared accommodations and meager food supplies. On the Rocky Boy Reservation, one oldtimer was reported to be living in a chicken coop. Privation is not limited to off-reservation Indians.

The winter of 1957 brought tragedy. Some boys picked up old battery boxes and burned them for fuel. One died. The others were hospitalized for lead poisoning.

Violent death visited the hill early in the winter of 1959. An Indian whom officers said had been drinking, returned home and found his pregnant wife packing to leave him. He told officers he jabbed a broken bottle into her abdomen. She died on the littered floor of their shack in sight of her children.

Hospital attendants said she might have been saved had there been a telephone in the neighborhood.

A poignant sequel to the tragedy took place in Havre, Mont. An eye-witness told of being in a hotel some months ago when the hotel manager ran downstairs and exclaimed that a baby had just died upstairs. The man had called for a doctor, but he had not arrived in time.

It was an Indian baby, 4 to 5 months old. There were three other children in the room. They had been cold and hungry and the hotel man had given them shelter.

Their mother was the woman who died on the floor of the shack on Hill 57.

Grim and stark, indeed, is the picture of Indian life in Montana. Surprisingly, it grows worse the further you look. And you get a really good look through the findings of the friends of Hill 57.

Nucleus of the relief efforts of the good citizens of Great Falls is a self-appointed work force. Chief among these are Sister Providencia, Mrs. James Moriarty, Max Gubatayao, and Richard A. Charles. In one way or another they represent the Cascade County Community Council.

SISTER OF CHARITY

Sister Providencia, a member of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, is professor of sociology at the College of Great Falls. She calls her work with the Indians of Hill 57 and Mount Royal her "Dust Bin Project." She once was described by a Montana Congressman as one of the Nation's foremost authorities on the American Indian.

Mrs. Moriarty, wife of a prominent Great Falls businessman, can always be depended upon to find sources of emergency aid to the Indians. She once came to the rescue with a truck to haul wood after Hill 57 had been without fuel in winter weather for 2 weeks.

Gubatayao is a pharmacist at Columbus Hospital and a tireless worker for the Indians. His understanding runs deep. He is Filipino and part Alaska Tlingit Indian. Shortly after his discharge from the Navy, Gubatayao met Charles, a semiretired veteran of the Army and Air Force, at Seattle, Wash.

UNDER CLINICAL STUDY

They found a mutual interest in Indian problems. Gubatayao persuaded Charles to move to Great Falls. And their coworkers have put the residents of Hill 57 under a finely focused clinical study.

Most of the hill dwellers are Cree or Chippewa although there are a few Blackfeet and transients from other tribes. Some were chased out of Canada years ago. The Crees have been booted about from place to place for years, have been moved four times around Great Falls and burned out once by aggravated whites.

They make meager livings picking rocks off cultivated fields or work in crop harvests and at picking cans off the city dump for reprocessing.

The researchers learned that 7 families, totaling 36 persons, lived in 1-room shacks; 29 families of 172 persons lived in 2-room houses; only 4 families of 33 persons occupied 3-room houses, and 2 families totaling 19 persons resided in 4-room houses.

Seventy-six percent of Hill 57 residents had lived thusly 10 years or longer.

Some originally were on reservations. Some sold their land and became homeless. They've stayed homeless. They're not easily assimilated into the white culture. They don't fit and nobody wants them.

Once the Government bought land near Great Falls for an Indian housing project. When whites objected, the project fell through. The land was sold after 1950 and the money spent on the Rocky Boy Reservation.

They found 62 percent of the hill's people getting various types of government assistance, 24 men with seasonal work and only 8 employed the year around. One father of 13 children under the age 8, had no job, no relief, and no food.

Only 39 percent of the children attended school.

Some other statistics were even more appalling.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 14, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—U.S. BUREAU APPARENTLY WOULD END TRUSTEESHIP

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Every indication throughout Indian country points to an apparent determination of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to terminate Federal trusteeship in Indian matters and to scatter unprepared, near-primitive tribesmen upon the charities and institutions of American communities.

The attitude seems to be "We haven't been able to resolve the Indian problem in nearly 100 years of stewardship. So let the Indian take care of himself."

Alarmed observers close to the heart of the Indian problem in Montana say that Indians are being compelled by a combination of inadequate supervision, inadequate opportunity, inadequate relief and, the inadequacy of the Indian, himself to sell their land for food.

Sister Providencia, Catholic nun and professor of sociology at the College of Great Falls, Mont., recognized as one of the foremost authorities on Indians, says this wholesale dispersal of tribes threatens western communities with economic chaos and possible ruin.

In Montana, the Government-supervised sales of individually owned Indian allotted lands has reached enormous proportions. In January a year ago the Blackfeet Tribal Council asked the Government to halt the sale of lands because "within 5 years there won't be enough land left to organize economical grazing units or even for Indian-owned livestock on the reservation."

During the same month at Poplar, Mont., bids were opened for the eighth time on one parcel of Indian lands. This, according to a newspaper account, was because only 12 of 30 bids received were at or above the appraised value. The bids averaged $25.82 an acre. The acreage totaled 14,064.

Sister Providencia has figures to show that 80,000 acres have been sold on the Fort Peck Reservation alone "due to want."

A few months ago, Representative LEE METCALF, Democrat, of Montana, told the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs of the seriousness of removal of the Indian land base. He quoted from a report and memorandum from Senator JAMES E. MURRAY, Democrat, of Montana, one of the Indians' best friends.

The report said the Indian is losing his land at a potentially disastrous rate. During the period from 1953 to 1957, 1,790,649 acres went out of Indian trust status. This total was more than twice the amount (804,763 acres) which was removed from trust during the preceding 5-year period, from 1948 to 1952.

"A total of 3,307,217 acres was removed from individual Indian trust during the 10-year period from 1948 through 1957, including lands which were sold to the tribes and which presumably remained in trust status.

"Tribal trust land increased by 1,213,307 acres during the 10-year period. However, the study shows that neither sales to the tribes nor takings for public purposes were major causes for the loss of Indian trust land."

Again the question arises: What becomes of Indians who sell their lands?

One Blackfeet tribesman squandered $40,000 in a few months. He returned to the reservation with his family begging tribal assistance. Another reportedly went through $80,000 in similar fashion. These are exceptional cases—only so far as dollar volume is concerned. Most land sales net only a few dollars to a few thousand dollars.

Admittedly not all the Indians on Hill 57 in Great Falls, Mont., are tribesmen who have sold their land in recent years or months. But their circumstances, their confusion, their unwillingness or inability to adapt to modern culture are typical of the average.

Sister Providencia's intensive studies have revealed some arresting side effects of Indian displacement. Tops on the list are "an alarming number of young people who are manifesting personality disorganization—truancy, delinquency, alcoholism, paranoid or schizophrenic demonstrations."

She said there are instances where schoolchildren have reported to class in a drunken stupor because their fathers ordered the youngsters to drink wtih them. They didn't want to drink alone.

While there are encouraging exceptions, to be sure, the pattern of degeneration seems to recur too frequently to be denied. The Indian leaves the reservation for whatever reason. Eventually he gravitates to the skid rows and the slums, where living conditions are usually worse than the substandard levels of the reservation.

Principal product of these slum areas is a costly human waste, morally, physically, mentally, and taxwise, a waste of resources.

Representative METCALF and Sister Providencia have compiled separate charts in this area of thought which can be described as nothing less than startling.

ONE-FIFTIETH OF POPULATION

These show that while Montana's 27,400 Indians make up only one-fiftieth of the State's population, they comprise one-third of the inmates of the State Industrial School, one-fourth of the inmates of the Home of the Good Shepherd, one-third of the inmates of the Montana Orphans' Home, and almost two-thirds of the enrollment of the Vocational School for Girls.

The office of the warden of the Montana State Prison counts 18 percent of convicts as either all Indian or part Indian, and that doesn't include those of less than one-fourth Indian blood.

Indians account for more than 4 percent of old-age assistance, 26 percent of aid to dependent children, almost 14 percent of the aid to needy blind, and 8 percent of aid to the disabled.

In the child-welfare services field, 19.2 percent of the children on the rolls are Indians.

"If we are to measure the success of the Bureau's program by this yardstick," Representative METCALF said in a prepared statement to the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, "it is a complete and utter failure."

Yet, despite this lopsided Indian dependency one way or another upon the public purse, the cry is for even more assistance.

Sister Providencia obtained statistical material only a few days ago from agencies at the State capital in Helena, which disclosed that both tribal and county general assistance are cut off in some instances during periods of great need when the Federal Government distributes surplus foods to Indians.

During such periods the county or the tribe on the Blackfeet and Fort Peck reservations "have arrangements to provide a token welfare payment. The average payment per person, 1956–59, 75 cents a week."

SUPPLEMENT TO FOOD

The payment supplements surplus foods for some people from November 15 to April 15 or May 1. For September the surplus foods were as follows: 10 pounds of flour per person; 1 package of powdered milk; 1 package of powdered eggs, and 5 pounds of rice.

Of 1,200 Indians on the Rocky Boy Reservation, 842 were reported on surplus commodities during September.

Any attempt to report on the general assistance and other relief programs of the bureau, the counties, the States and whatever other agencies may be involved, is almost impossible. The Blackfeet tribal council, for instance, tries to help from tribal funds. Whoever else chips in is difficult to determine, so confused are reports on the subject.

However, Representative METCALF in his previously mentioned statement, brought out an interesting sidelight on assistance administration. He read into the report an exchange of letters between Iliff McKay, secretary of the Blackfeet Tribal Council, and various agencies of the Bureau of Indian Affairs concerning a reported $40,000 set aside for assistance on the Blackfeet.

At last, METCALF reported, "we finally traced $38,000" of it. Iliff's corespondence began apparently on November 18, 1958, with an inquiry to Reinholt Brust, assistant BIA area director, Billings, Mont. An accounting of the $38,000 expenditure for general assistance was requested.

Iliff was referred from one department within the agency to another. In the end his persistent inquiring brought a reply from Area Director Percy E. Melis, according to METCALF's copies of the correspondence, which gave this explanation of what happened to the $38,000:

"Branch of Welfare at the Blackfeet Agency had approximately $38,000 available in fiscal 1958 for salaries, operating expenses, and child welfare (mainly boarding home care). Because of two vacancies in the branch for nearly 6 months * * * expenditures totaled approximately $18,000 and are listed as follows:

"Equipment, $523.64; child welfare, $7,707.77; other welfare services, $69.01; salaries, $8,274.91; travel and motor expenses, $408.11; other expenses, $1,683.08."

Less than half the $18,000 went for assistance. More than half went for administrative expenses.

[From the Denver Post, Jan. 15, 1960]

AMERICA'S LOST PEOPLE—U.S. EFFORTS TO AID INDIAN CLUMSY AND COSTLY

(By Robert W. Fenwick)

Where do we stand today with relation to the so-called "Indian problem"? There's a simple answer to the question that seems to sum up effectively:

We stand mired in almost precisely the same moccasin tracks of nearly 75 years ago. Somewhere we missed the trail—and at overwhelming expense in wasted funds and both natural and human resources.

We have failed miserably to raise the economic and cultural standards of Indians generally, at least throughout most of the West.

SOME PROGRESS

Admittedly, some progress has been made. And there are encouraging indications that even more may be achieved. But even progress sometimes compounds the Indian problems which beset both the Red Man and our country. For example:

Some effective blows have been struck in the arena of health. In 1940, 115 of each 1,000 Indians born alive died in infancy. This has been cut to 58 deaths in each 1,000 births.

Death by tuberculosis have been reduced dramatically—by 40 percent. The tuberculosis incidence rate has been chopped 25 percent. All this in 4 years.

A grave disparity between health conditions for Indians and non-Indians still exists. Yet Indian health has improved measurably.

All this has added up to a population resurgence for our "vanishing race." The division of Indian health of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, reports that the Indian birth rate since 1950 is outstripping that for the rest of the U.S. population.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND IN 24 STATES

Census estimates are that there are now 350,000 Indians living in 24 States having Federal Indian reservations—most of them in the Rocky Mountain empire.

This increase in population amounts to 100,000 since 1890. It puts the Indian in the predicament of a man whose feet are swelling while his shoes shrink. As the Indian family grows bigger and bigger, the reservation home grows smaller and smaller. His land-based security is dwindling because of national policy and the vicissitudes of complex, modern economics which put the squeeze on the small landowner.

There are now more than 300 Indian-occupied land areas in the Nation (excluding Alaska) which are under Federal trusteeship. They range from a few acres to the great Navajo Reservation topping more than 15 million acres.

Before the allotment of 1887, Indian lands totaled 137,724,570 acres, all tribally owned. By 1934 that figure had shrunk to 52,142,935 acres of which 17,622,700 were individually owned.

Some lands were ceded to the Government, some disposed of for other reasons. Now today, the principal threat to the reservation is the mounting sales of individually owned allotted lands.

COST FANTASTIC

The entire situation adds up to more Indians on public assistance, more Indians who require greater numbers of Federal employees to help cope with their problems—at fantastic cost.

On June 30, 1959, the Bureau of Indian Affairs had 11,477 employees. A report by the U.S. Bureau of Health's Indian Division a year earlier listed 4,520 employees. The total Federal employees devoting their full

time to the Indians therefore adds up to just 3 short of 16,000—a figure undoubtedly surpassed by now.

This amounts to 1 Federal employee in just the 2 services for each 21 Indians. And on the Indian family pattern that would be 1 hired man for each 4 families.

On the same grand scale, a city the size of Denver conceivably would have in excess of 20,000 public employees.

It must be allowed in fairness, however, that the reservations are widely separated, their requirements considerably different, and that a few of the 11,477 BIA employees are occupied with Indian problems in Alaska which does not figure in the population figure used here. That may pull down the employee-per-Indian average a little—but only a little at best.

Nevertheless, to project the pattern of public dependency a bit further, it must be understood that the employees listed as working of the Health Service and the Bureau do not include another army of Federal workers engaged in other services.

These agencies also serving Indians run a long and expensive list. Included are the Indian Claims Commission; Lands Division of the Department of Justice which represents the government in civil litigation pertaining to Indians; the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution; the Indian unit, interior section, National Archives, and Records Services; Indian Claims Section of the General Accounting Office.

The Department of the Treasury handles Indian tribal funds and the Library of Congress does research on Indian matters for Congress.

Also not included on the visible payroll are untold numbers of other Federal and State employees administering Social Security and other public assistance, teachers not employed in BIA schools but whose salaries are paid at least in part by BIA funds, and undoubtedly others.

The cost of these services has never been ascertained because it would require more time than could be afforded by the House committee which reported on the question in 1958. That by the committee's own admission.

This much is on the record: In fiscal 1920 the appropriation for the Bureau of Indian Affairs was $11,286,000; 1930, $18,879,000; 1940, $42,609,000; 1950, $67,470,000; 1960, $115,467,000.

HEALTH BUDGET EXTRA

And it should be noted that the 1960 appropriation figure does not include a separate appropriation of $50,287,000 for the U.S. Public Health Service which assumed medical care of Indians July 1, 1955. Prior to that, health costs were included in the BIA appropriation.

Thus it would seem with even the simplest arithmetic that the Indian is a luxury we can hardly afford. It likewise would appear that we've not only lost the trail; we've forfeited considerable cash along the way.

This is not the end of the drain on the public purse. Wherever Indians accumulate in sizable numbers, new problems are born. In Great Falls, Mont., for example, Ben P. Broderick, credit manager of Columbus Hospital reported recently to the division of Indian health on an alarming increase in charity cases among Indians. He said it put a threatening burden on the hospital's resources.

Great Falls' two hospitals, Columbus and Deaconess, he said, learned from a study that 18 Indian patients currently were paying on their own bills; the Blackfeet Tribal Council had assumed responsibility for 24; the Polio Foundation and other private groups were sponsoring 11; Cascade County was paying for 18; and the Public Health Service for 23 patients from reservations. That's only one area far removed from the reservations.

Police Chief Anthony Coppens of Great Falls attributes 60 percent of the city's jail maintenace costs to Indians who don't live within Great Falls. The situation has grown gradually worse since Indians have been given the legal right to drink, he added.

GEOGRAPHY NO FACTOR

The pattern differs little with geography. In Gallup, N. Mex., a few weeks ago, the police committee issued a public appeal for support of a proposal to hire police sufficient for a city of 35,000. Gallup's actual population is around 13,000. The need for additional police is attributed to the large transient Indian population.

Cooperation with the Navajo Tribal Council, a new police code for offenses, and a special records section were urged to help curb drunkenness, reduce the slaughter on the highways, and make it possible for police to make adequate investigations of suspected murder cases.

"The practice of not thoroughly investigating the causes of various deaths," said a report by the Gallup Board of Trustees, "has caused Gallup considerable embarrassment."

Extra law-enforcement officers hired, and many of those already on the payrolls of scores of off-reservation communities, can also be added to the armies engaged in services either to or because of Indians.

There are other hosts of citizens in the service of the Indians—unrewarded workers in the free schools and missions of various religions, hundreds engaged in charitable enterprises everywhere, and the volunteer and salaried workers of such organizations as Arrow, Inc., and the Association of American Indian Affairs headed by inexhaustible Oliver LaFarge, the New Mexico champion of Indian betterment.

SOME BRIGHT SPOTS

There are bright spots in the picture, too. A proposed point 4 program of Federal, self-help assistance to Indians on a reservation-by-reservation basis adjusted to varying needs, holds excellent promise.

Various groups and prominent individuals in Montana and North Dakota are winning support for a plan to employ Indian youths in national forests on a program similar to the Civilian Conservation Corps of the depression era.

Indians in Nebraska have a program called "We Shake Hands" which is accomplishing great things with backing of the Association of American Indian Affairs.

Alcoholics Anonymous has won toeholds in some areas of wanton intoxication and is working hard in others.

There is evidence of rebellion among many Indian women against the backwardness of their people although at times this evidence takes a sordid turn as it did on Hill 57 at Great Falls, Mont., a few months ago. There, according to hospital officials, a wave of abortions broke out. Women induced the abortions by banging their bodies with automobile doors. In some reservation areas, however, women's clubs and study groups are being formed.

In many centers where the Relocation Service is trying to settle reservation Indians, such as Denver, considerable good influence is being exerted in the field of integration by local groups of Indians and their non-Indian friends. In Denver it's the White Buffalo Council.

EXPENSIVE EDUCATION

They are succeeding in wresting a measure of success from the relocation program which has not been a glittering triumph by any measure except that it provides a form of education, expensive education at that.

For instance it is a little farfetched for even a Government agency to expect an Indian hay hand to graduate to a factory job overnight. And it is too much to expect an Indian woman whose domestic experience has consisted of sweeping a dirt floor and curink jerk meat, to take a job as maid in a modern urban home.

By nature, by training, by intuition, by religion, by birth, the average fullblooded Indian is still largely primitive. He cannot be expected in a few generations to effect a transition from a buffalo-hunting culture to an atomic age economy. But until he does, he'll continue to be a public problem and an almost indisoluble one at that.

Right now there seems to be no unified plan of attack on that problem. Our national policy toward the Indian has vacillated from one of absolute Government paternalism to abrupt termination of all responsibility in Indian affairs.

CHAOTIC CONFUSION

Our approach to the Indian problem seems to change with each new national administration. The result has been confusion bordering on chaos in the handling of Indian matters from Washington down through the unwieldly area offices to the actual reservation site of policy execution.

I'm convinced that most Government workers in the Indian service are conscientiously striving to do the best they can and that they are devoted to the Government's declared purpose to improve the cultural and economic lot of the American Indian.

But the entire program obviously lacks direction. For one thing there is a lack of basic agricultural backgrounding on the part of the very officials who deal directly with these fundamentally agrarian peoples.

And we have lost sight of the simple fact that the human being with whom we are working must advance first from the primitive to rustic before he can be catapulted into the role of a strap-hanging commuter on a city transportation system.

In summation I'd like to use two quotations:

A commission charged with reporting on Indian conditions nearly 100 years ago concluded its report to the President with the words of Thomas Jefferson: "I fear for my country when I remember that God is just."

And Secretary of War Edwin McMasters Stanton, under President Lincoln:

"The Government never reforms an evil until the people demand it. Tell the good bishop that when he reaches the heart of the American people, the Indians will be saved."