

THE INDIAN CITIZEN

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Norma E. Smiser, Editor

LETTER OF L. W. OAKES TO GREEN McCURTAIN

Hugo, I. T., June 2, 1903.

Hon. Green McCurtain,  
San Bois, I. T.

My dear Sir:

Yours of the 27th ultimo to hand and contents noted.  
I fully understand the true meaning of section 24, but I  
don't read and interpret it in the sense that the Commission  
and Secretary can and must do with us just as they see fit,  
disregarding other treaty rights, just as sacred as this  
one, and I fail to see how the coal and asphalt can be the  
property of the people, when it has been cut out entirely  
from their use and is to be sold at public or private sale.  
I also can't see why the pine lands are the common property



of the people, when the land has been appraised and the timber also and this same treaty proves that any citizen has the right to file on any of this land that is not segregated by the government; and while I am living and there is no law or treaty against it, I shall always think that I ought to be allowed that privilege.

Now, on this line of protection, I will call your attention to the fact that there are hundreds of Indians that are being led up to the land office by white-men that are filing them on agricultural lands, paying them fifteen cents per acre, in advance, making a five year lease on his allotment, agreeing to give the Indian his homestead and the whiteman to retain the surplus as his pay for the improvements made on the homestead. Now, the commission knows all about these things. Now, what ought to be done in these cases? Some of our best citizens are acting as agents for these concerns. The commission are filing men on land that has cottonwood, ash, oak, and walnut that they claim has no commercial value and men are running sawmills on the land that they have filed on. What do you think about that? You can readily see just why I only want my pro rata share of this land. I have got all that I have worked for for the last 10 years tied up in machinery. Now I must let that stand still and take



the meat and bread from my children and start life a new  
because some poor Indian is being swindled in Wolf county.  
OH JUSTICE, WHERE ART THOU?

Yours truly,

L. W. OAKES.