

The 1830s and 1840s



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

March 19, 2009 White Men's Lies I am Chief Degotoga, or " Stands Together" in the White Man's tongue. I am part of a war council sent to meet with the White man's great chiefs in a far away place called Washington. We go to talk to the White men who are trying to force us from our land. They make us many promises, and break them all. We have been before, to this " supreme court" to state our case. We presented the written word that said we were rightfully on the land signed just three summers ago. The white man has again changed his mind; they no longer believe it is truth we are now what they call " tenants". The land is not ours, was not our father's but belongs to these white men because they say so. They make law saying no whites can live with us, and then want to move us out so white man can have our fields, our buffalo.

We presented our story, told the white fathers that we are our own tribe. The white fathers agreed, we should be led by ourselves and left alone. Once we got home, different white fathers told us we were not our own people, we had to listen to them. White fathers need to hold war council, make decision. Some of our warriors want to make a peace treaty, to move to new lands nearer to the sunset. I know the white man lies. They will move us from those lands too. They signed the treaty; we have 2 years to move. I will not go.

White men came riding into camp on horses. Screaming and shooting weapons in the air. They herded us like cattle into pens. I saw a baby get stepped on by a horse. His mother tried to pick him up, but was hit with the bottom of a rifle. They told us to march. We marched through snow and cold with old army blankets for warmth. We marched over icy rivers holding on to each other for warmth. Many died. Many could not march and sat down to

rest and were left. We marched until we reached Oklahoma where the white man wants us for now. We were left there, until the white man lies again.