

During the years that followed he returned annually to his people to spend the summer months with them, taking part in their ceremonies, or listening attentively to the tales of the old men as they sat around the lodge fire in the evening.

Not until last summer did he visit the northernmost tribe of the Confederacy, at Gleichen, 50 miles east of Calgary. Then how the old people gathered around him, those who had hunted buffalo with him; and how they exclaimed and laughed until the tears rolled down their withered old cheeks as one or another recounted incidents of their last great hunt on Crooked Creek. And real tears, too, as they told of the passing of all but a few of the then young buoyant warriors.

"Do you remember that spotted buffalo that Stabs -by-mistake got?" Old Rainy Face asked him, his face tense and shining.

"Ah!" Apikuni replied, in Blackfeet. "Down on lower Crooked Creek, it was. He separated it from the herd. Shot it straight through the heart. In the spring he brought it to our post, and Kipp and I gave him plenty for it."

And so, on and on, one thrilling reminiscence after another. Always the Blackfeet speak of Kipp and Apikuni as "The gentlemen traders" who ~~were~~ treated the Indians as real men, and were themselves a part of the tribal life. They spoke Blackfeet perfectly and were always ready to intercede in behalf of their Indian friends when the white man attempted, and generally succeeded in one or another of his depredations. But of that later

Because of the friendship that these northern Blackfeet bore James Willard Schultz, Old Bull, one of their foremost medicine men gave him in detail the ritual of the Planting of the Sacred Tobacco, the most ancient and most deeply revered ceremony of this tribe, lost long ago by the other tribes of the nation. <sup>Blackfeet</sup>

~~Of this and other ceremonies and customs of the Indians Willard Schultz is willing to talk, but of himself and the part that he played almost never.~~ In discussing that ceremony, Mr. Schultz expressed his views regarding the religious beliefs of these people. His view is the Indian view. He resents ~~bitterly~~ <sup>How</sup> the intrusion of gold seeking white people into the life of a people that he claims were happier in ~~their~~ the old days than any people he has ever known. "Plenty to eat, and of food superior to that of the whites, comfortable lodges ~~artistically~~ <sup>winter and summer, beautifully</sup> decorated, clothing easily procured, ~~and~~ comfortable, artistic. A reverence for sacred things, ~~and~~ <sup>for the Sun, the giver of life, of power.</sup> A faith that dominated every act of their lives that gave courage in ~~war~~ <sup>his sacred helper,</sup> war. Would not the little beaver tied securely to the warrior's body, under his war shirt, come to his assistance in time of danger? And would not Sun in return for a sacrifice that he might make carry him safely through, and give him horses and scalps? Thus was it that the Indian ~~warrior~~ had no fear. ~~Far different from the white man~~ Honor, yes. He stole only from his enemies of another tribe. Truthful he was, ~~and conscientious~~ until the white man showed him the advantages in deception. He had no ten commandments, nor any other written religious document, but he followed a code of ethics more diligently than 99 % of the white people I have known. And there was none of this fundamentalist rowing. Every man sought his own vision, himself created his own sacred helper and no one ~~considered~~ <sup>it was</sup> ~~this~~ affair how or what he believed.

If a man lost faith in tribal beliefs the ~~divine~~ Sun struck him down, punished him as he deserved. Thus was it with the Tobacco ceremony. ~~In the~~ <sup>Two</sup> deaths bear witness to the effectiveness of this method of punishment. When the people have completed the ceremonies

the inventor's relatives, but ~~certainly~~ it would incur the wrath  
engendered  
of Sun, whose malevolence is not to be ~~xxx~~ occasioned knowingly.

are we observing  
Not often ~~is~~ given ~~xx~~ the opportunity of ~~seeing~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~  
~~xxx~~ the working out of beliefs held by the natives of North Amer-  
aggressive  
ica. So ~~firm~~ have we been in inflicting our so-called superior  
white man's culture on our Indians that little remains of the  
Only the very aged  
real life of the Red Man. ~~The few remaining old people~~ remember  
the glorious freedom of their childhood, ~~xxxxxxx~~ In tribes  
living in remote places where the contact with the whites is not  
so insistent, however, the adherence to ancient customs is natural  
ly much more pronounced. The Canadian government has wisely pro-  
vided a protection for its Indians not to be found in ~~a~~ the United  
States. The Medicine Lodge ceremonials of the Canadian tribes  
may not be witnessed by the white people. During these annual  
religious gatherings, the Indians effect as nearly as possible  
the manner of dress, the tribal traditions of their ancestors. No  
scoffers, smug in the complacent belief that the white man is  
superior in all his ways, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ may attend.

Thus has it come about that the Canadian tribes of the  
Blackfeet Confederacy, ~~xxx~~ still tenacious of their ancient rights,  
resent the appropriation by the Stonie Indians of certain rites  
and insignia invented by the Blackfeet in the long ago; ~~xxx~~ not  
sold to the Stonies, but stolen by them.