

DIARY OF JOHN G. CARTER, APRIL 12, 1924, TO APRIL 26, 1924. FLATHEAD.

Saturday, April 12. Our office has received this week a telegram from the Superintendent of the Flathead Reservation, Mr. Coe, stating that Martin Charlot and the Flathead council desire the presence of Mr. Serven and myself at a general meeting of the Flathead Indians, to be held at St. Ignatius, Montana, April 19th. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss the execution of an Attorneys contract between the Flathead Indians and Serven and Carter. These Indians have a claim arising from the Treaties of Hell Gate and the Judith River in 1855 with the United States. An Act was approved by the President March 13, 1924, giving the Court of Claims jurisdiction to hear their claim, and give judgment. In 1923 Burton K. Wheeler, of Butte, Montana, representing the law firm of Wheeler and Baldwin, came to Washington representing these Indians. Eddie Booth, Solicitor of the Interior department, and from Baker, Montana, sent Mr. Wheeler to our office, and asked me to help him. We, at that time, had a jurisdictional bill for the Blackfoot and Gros Ventre Indians before the Congress, and Wheeler had the same kind of bill for the Flathead Indians. Our bill was much closer to enactment than the Flathead bill, and the Flatheads and Blackfoot and Gros Ventre had a claim in common under the Judith River Treaty. We therefore talked to Mr. Wheeler, and arranged with Assistant Indian Commissioner Merrit and the House Committee on Indian Affairs before whom the Blackfoot bill was pending, to have Wheeler's Flatheads put in our Blackfoot bill by amendment in the Committee. Wheeler then requested us to go on the Flathead contract with Wheeler and Baldwin, and that we represent the Flathead interests in Washington as to their claims under the Hell Gate and Judith treaties. The amendment was put into the Blackfoot bill, allowing the Flathead to sue the United States with the Blackfoot and Gros Ventre, and the bill in that shape was passed through the efforts of Mr. Serven and myself. Meantime a contract was executed by Wheeler and Baldwin, Serven and Carter and the Flatheads. The department delayed approving the contract, because they did not recognize the Tribal Council who executed the contract on behalf of the Flatheads, there being at the time two councils, each claiming to represent the Flatheads, and the department recognizing one council, and not recognizing the other. It could not recognize both. Serven and I performed many services for the Flatheads under this contract, notwithstanding the fact that the Department had not yet approved it. In the mean time Burton K. Wheeler, of the firm of Wheeler and Baldwin was elected to the United States Senate, and as he could not under those circumstances appear as attorney in a claim against the United States, Serven and I had all of the contracts called in, with Senator Wheeler's approval, and submitted new contracts to the Flatheads, leaving out the names of Wheeler and Baldwin, Baldwin still being Wheeler's law partner. These were the contracts then, concerning which Coe wired us. Serven and I wrote to Wheeler stating these facts, that the Flatheads wished us to go out to discuss a contract with them. We did this because Wheeler was originally their attorney, and had brought the case to us, and we thought that if he had any one else in mind to succeed him in the case, he should be informed of Coe's telegram, and given an opportunity to make known his wishes to us. No reply was received to Wheeler's letter. Serven telephoned his office three times and was not able to reach him by telephone. We left messages each time with Senator Wheeler's office, requesting that he call us back, and he did not do so. We made a final effort to get in touch with him today,

but failed to do so. Serven and I then discussed fully the advisability of going to the general meeting of the Flathead tribe, and resolved that we should do so. We reached the conclusion on the ground that the Flatheads were entitled to talk to the people that they considered making a contract with, and that it was only fair to them. We also considered that Wheeler having consented to our cancellation of the prior contracts, because neither he nor his partner could be on them, and having asked us to perform services for the Indians, and having asked us to be on the contract with him, before he became a senator, would be agreeable, and by writing and by telephone we had made every effort to contact him. The Congressional Record showed that he was in town, and attending the sessions of the Senate. His office also confirmed this. We wired Coe that we would be present at the meeting, and Serven and I made preparations to go to the Flathead reservation at our own expense.

Sunday, April 13. Packed, and read over all data on Flathead claims, taking all papers necessary and relevant to their claims with us.

Monday, April 14. Went over the Flathead matters with Serven at the office in the morning. Bought tickets and made reservations, and drew money necessary for the journey. Went to Union Station and took the afternoon train, Pennsylvania Railroad, to Chicago. Around three P.M. This gets us to Chicago in the morning, as Mr. Serven wants to see Mr. Dennis at the Illinois Athletic Club, and several friends of his there. Celina came down to the train to see us off. The remainder of the afternoon on the train was spent in reading the treaties, acts of Congress and Executive orders relating to the Flathead Indians to Mr. Serven, and discussing the case. Went to bed early.

Tuesday, April 15. Arrived in Chicago at 9:00 A.M. or thereabouts. Went to the Illinois Athletic Club, on Michigan Avenue, and saw Mr. Dennis. We had lunch there, and a very pleasant visit. Called also on an number of Mr. Serven's friends in Chicago, who are engaged in the Insurance business. Some of them went to Hamilton College with him. I josh Mr. Serven about Hamilton's two most prominent alumni. Elihu Root and Jim the Penman. We took the North Coast Limited out of Chicago, the Union Station, at 11:00 P.M. Boarded the train shortly before it left, and went to bed.

Wednesday, April 16. Arrived in St. Paul at 8:15 A.M. Throughout the day Serven and I went over the Flathead claims, and discussed the various treaties, acts of Congress and executive orders affecting the Flatheads. Left Mandan, North Dakota, at 7:55 P.M., or 6:55 P.M. Mountain Time. Arrive in Glendive, Montana, at 11:50 P.M. Go to bed.

Thursday, April 17. Got up and had breakfast with Mr. Serven. Arrived at Bozeman, Montana, at 9:20 A.M. Went over Flathead case some more. Met John S. M. Neil on train, and he gave us some very interesting information on early days in Helena. I remember him as a very particular foe of my father, but keep my mouth shut about who was my father, but Serven spills it, much to my disgust. I would much rather hear what the other fellow thinks. Time enough to get mad later on. Do not tell Serven what I know about Neils, nor do I let on to Neil that I know anything. A pair of ears are a man's best friends, and the Japs have a proverb that the mouth is the doorway to misfortune. I am sorry that Serven said anything, but he is always anxious that no one's feelings be hurt. I appreciate that feeling. Arrive in Butte, Montana, at 12:30 P.M. At 3:00 P.M. we arrive in Missoula, and go to a Hotel and get a room. Large double room, two beds and a bath. See Mr. Hutchins, an old schoolmate of Mr. Serven's at Hamilton, who is Editor of a newspaper in Missoula. Also look up Father Palladino, and find he is at the Sister's Hospital. Serven and I visit him. Go to bed.

When talking to Father Palladino at the Hospital Mr. Serven and I mentioned the Flathead Indians. Father Palladino shrugged his shoulders, laughed quietly, and said: "Ah, the poor Indians." He shrugged like he was passing them up, and laughed like he was thinking of something very funny, that he was keeping to himself. I would not have noted this, except for the fact that every missionary I have met, up to now, has done the same thing when the noble Red Man was mentioned. I think they realize that Mr. Indian is just about hopeless, and there is nothing any one can do about him.

Friday, April 18. Took Northern Pacific, Number 3, West bound, from Missoula at 10:45 A.M. Arrived at Dixon, Montana, at 12:15 P.M. This happens to be Good Friday. The train passes over some very high trestles in Baron O'Keefe's canyon. Baron O'Keefe, in actual life, Barney O'Keefe, was an old timer in these parts, and was the Defendant in the first civil law suit tried in Montana. This law suit occurred at Hell Gate, Montana, about the time of the Civil War. Hell Gate was near the present site of Missoula. The Baron was sued by a French Canadian for killing a horse, or burning his hay stack, I forget which. Court convened in a small log cabin at Hell Gate, with a jury, and all the trimmings. Granville Stewart, who was living near Deer Lodge at the time, remarked rather sarcastically at the time, that the country was getting civilized, having courts, and law suits, and all that sort of thing. The proceedings were opened by the Defendant, Baron O'Keefe, thus addressing the Judge: "Who in the hell ever made you a Judge. Everybody knows you are living with two squaws, and are only fit to populate the country with half-breed bastards." Thereupon the attorney for the Plaintiff tried to say a few words, but the Baron assumed such a warlike attitude that the Judge left the Court House by the back window, the jury by a side window, and the Plaintiff, his attorney and his witnesses by the door. Court, Plaintiff's attorney, Plaintiff, and jury then held an informal meeting under a nearby tree, and gave judgment against the Baron to the tune of one hundred dollars. But up to the day he died no one was found with guts enough to try to collect the judgment against the Baron. Superintendent Coe met us at the station at Dixon, and drove us to the Flathead Agency. We are quartered at the club house, and mess at the quarters of the Agency carpenter. The carpenter is also an artist, and shows us a painting of his. Mr. Serven and I have a meeting with Martin Charlot, grandson of Victor, and son of Charlot. Victor was called head chief of the Flathead Nation, in the treaty of Hell Gate, and Martin claims to be head chief of the Flatheads now. But some of the Flatheads seem to be disputing this claim. With Martin Charlot are Judge Magpie, judge of the Indian offense court, and others of his henchmen. Three Bears was also present. Matt, brother of Jim of Fort Belknap Reservation, is interpreter. Nim Matt was an old friend of mine in 1909. He was a scout under General Miles. This Matt is a linguist. He speaks Piegan, Selish, Kootenai, French and English. He is a large man. His brother, Jim, is a short man and a hunch back. From our interview with Martin Charlot, Judge Magpie and Three Bears, and Matt, it appears that the meeting tomorrow will be far from peaceful. Charlot, through Matt, asked Superintendent Coe if he could provide Indian police and Deputy Sheriffs to guard the meeting just in case bootleggers came in, and Indians got drunk, and there was trouble. Coe said that Deputy Sheriffs and police would be on hand.

I then addressed a question to Charlot in sign language. I made the primary sign for council, which is completed by a sign that makes it mean either council or battle. Then I made the sign for question. Charlot completed the sign by making the sign for battle, kill and scalp. Then all the Indians laughed. From all appearances we will have a lively meeting tomorrow. Charlot claims to be head chief of the so called Flathead Nation. There are two tribal councils. One is recognized by the Indian Office, and the other is not. Opposed to Charlot and his full blood bunch are the squaw men, the mixed bloods, the unrecognized tribal council, and the full bloods who are under the Kootenai chief, Kooskata. Also in opposition are the descendants of the Flathead chief Arlee. Arlee was war chief of the Flatheads. The Jesuit Fathers baptized him Henri, or Henry. The Flatheads pronounced Henri as Alee, as they cannot pronounce H, and do pronounce R as L in their language. The whites took the name as an Indian name, and for euphony pronounce Alee as Arlee. There is a feud between Charlot and Arlee's descendants, because Charlot's people say that Arlee deserted Charlot, Martin Charlot's father, by walking out from the Bitter Root Valley, and going to the present Flathead Reservation. The United States evicted Charlot from the Bitter Root on the basis of a treaty or agreement by which Charlot and his people were said to have ceded the Bitter Root Valley to the United States. The Commissioner who made the treaty on behalf of the United States admitted in a public document that he had forged Charlot's name to the treaty. With knowledge of this fact, because a copy of the letter containing the statement was sent to Congress, the senate and House ratified and confirmed the agreement. The name of the commissioner was James A. Garfield, who was later on President of the United States. This Attorneys contract of ours turns out to be the casus belli of a good old fashioned political scrap among the Flatheads. Charlot wants to be boss, and is using Serven and myself as an issue. Against Charlot are Angus MacLeod, squaw man, Max Barnaby, breed, and Mary Lemery, breed. Also a full blood, Kooskata, and Arlee's full blood and mixed blood descendants. On Charlot's side are a majority of the Flathead full bloods, it is said. Mr. Coe informs us that many of the squaw men hereabouts married Flathead women, or got into the tribe by bribing the council, for the same reason that titled foreigners marry girls from the states. Male ~~prostitutes~~ prostitutes, in other words. The set up does not look so good. Coe has ordered out the police, and a number of special officers, and we are all set to have a meeting at St. Ignatius Mission tomorrow morning. The show opens at 10:00 A.M., and the place is a theatre at St. Ignatius, which is a small town, and the place where the Mission of that name is located. Mr. Serven and I have dinner with the Agency Carpenter, and then go to the Club House, and go to bed. Saturday, April 19. This is written Sunday. Saturday was quite a day. Our heads are very bloody, but unbowed. We were licked to a fare you well. The forces of unrighteousness prevailed, and how they did prevail. The meeting occurred at St. Ignatius, which is the Jesuit Mission. At St. Ignatius is the church, a school for boys, and a sister's school for girls. The Jesuits run the church and the boy's school, and the Ursuline Sisters have charge of the girl's school. A small town has sprung up about the Mission, which is known as St. Ignatius. The town has a few stores and small eating places, and a large hall, with a regular stage at one end, fitted for meetings or theatrical performances. The hall will hold about five hundred people. Serven and I were driven over from the Agency after breakfast by one of the employees. Mr. Coe

came to the meeting later on in the day. We stopped first at a store where Mr. Serven purchased cigarettes and matches for the Indians at the meeting. We then drove on to the hall, which was slowly filling up with Indians, and near Indians. Charlot, Magpie, Three Bears and Matt came in. Also Kooskata, the Kootenai chief, and MacLead, Max Barnaby, Angus MacDonald, or rather Nuncan MacDonald, and others of the mixed bloods. Also Allard. As there are two tribal councils, each claiming to be the legal representatives of the tribe, and each claiming that the other is not, this is to be a general meeting of the whole tribe, or all persons of voting age of the tribe who wish to attend and vote. Two languages are spoken on this reservation, that of the Flathead and Pend D'Oreilles, which is Selish, and that of the Kootenai. At present the mixed bloods and squaw men are united in one faction, and the full bloods, or long hairs, and their supporters are split into three factions, those of Charlot, the faction of Kooskata, and his Kootenai supporters, and the descendants of Alee. This makes four factions, and two languages, for this meeting, and two tribal councils, and the real issue involved as to which tribal council will come out on top. The one backed by the breeds, or the one supported by the full bloods, and recognized and supported by the Indian Bureau. I forgot to mention another prominent mixed blood. Mary Lemery. She is with the Barnaby, Macleod faction, and her favorite enemy is Charlie Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Burke thinks as little of Mary, as she does of him. The real issue at this meeting is much deeper than an attorney's contract, or the recognition of one tribal council over another. The real issue is shall the old full blood, long haired Indian continue to exercise political authority and leadership, or shall that leadership swing over to the mixed bloods, short haired, educated full bloods, and the white hangers on who are married to Indian women of mixed or full blood. As usual the long haired, full bloods are divided and fighting each other in the face of an active and united opposition. This defect in the full blooded, long haired Indians is the defect that really lost them the ownership of the North American continent to the white man. Mr. Serven and I are given seat, directly in front of the stage, with our backs to the stage, and facing the audience. The meeting starts to get organized, and there is at the outset considerable dispute about the selection of interpreters, who shall be the official interpreters of the meeting. Each faction has two interpreters to propose, and does not accept the interpreters proposed by any other faction. The affair is finally concluded by appointing ~~eight~~ eight official interpreters for the meeting. Two for each faction, that is to say a Selish and a Kutenai interpreter for each faction. Matt is Charlot's choice for Flathead interpreter, and I do not recollect the names of the other seven interpreters. These interpreters are to act in rotation, and are to be free to check each other up, in event any of them believe that the other is not interpreting correctly. This business consumes some time. Next in order is the election of a chairman. Here Charlot's bunch lose out, due to the three way split among the long hairs, and the mixed blood choice for chairman is ~~approved~~ approved. First score for Barnabay, Lemery, MacLeod and company. Serven then makes a talk and I make a talk. Then a new man shows up. He is a lawyer from Helena, named Grorud. This is the first we know that there was another lawyer in the matter. Grorud pitches right into Serven and myself. His opening argument, that he did not

buy the cigarettes that the Indians were offered, and did not know who bought them, or with what purpose they were bought. Then he took up our contract, and implied that its legal wording was purposely made vague, and hard to understand. What was our motive in doing this. Then Mary Lemery wanted to know who paid the expenses of Serven and myself out here. We said we paid our own, and showed the telegram asking us to come out. Mary Lemery's contention is that Commissioner Burke paid our way here out of public funds, so that the Indians would hire us, and the United States would then pay us to throw the case of the Indians. At this point, about 1 P.M., the riot subsides and we adjourn for lunch. Serven, Martin Charlot, Matt, and I have lunch at a nearby restaurant. At 2:00 P.M. the meeting resumes. Back of my chair, but up on the stage, and partly concealed by the wings, is a man with a gun. He is doing some quiet lurking around. I judge he is one of the guards Charlot asked for. I understand that Indian police, and deputy marshalls are scattered about the hall, and at the entrances and exits. Later in the afternoon Mr. Coe comes in, and with him Hutchins. By this time everybody is taking a turn at speech making, and the interpreters are taking time out to contradict each other. It looks like we are on the losing end. From what Hutchins hears about us, he must think Serven, his old class mate and I are a pair of ambulance chasers. Because he asks me in a shocked aside whisper: "Are you and Mr. Serven out here soliciting business?" Tell him we are out here because ~~personals~~ we received a wire to come out from persons who said they represented the Indians. Hutchins wants to know if we care to ride back to Missoula with him this afternoon, but we tell him we are probably stuck here for the duration of this meeting. Toward mid afternoon Hutchins departs. Superintendent Coe remains. I am wondering how Mr. Serven and I can get out of the hall by the back door if things really start. Around 6:00 P.M. the meeting recesses for supper. Serven and I have supper at a small restaurant. Charlot does not go with us this time. I think he is beginning to think of changing sides. At about 7:00 P.M. The evening session starts. More speech making. Charlot is definitely getting on the breed band wagon. Do not blame him much. He has to live out here, after all, and we are just passing through. Put a call in to the station agent during the supper recess to have the train flagged at Dixon for us tomorrow morning. The row continues.

Sunday, April 20. They finally voted a contract of employment as attorney to A.A. Grorud of Helena, Montana. This about 1:00 A.M. Then MacLeoad and Barnaby asked us if we would help Grorud draft the contract, or loan him a copy of ours as a working model, as they did not have one to loan him. We said we could not spare our office copy, but Mr. Coe said he had a copy of the old contract, the Wheeler and Baldwin, Serven and Carter contract, in his office, and they could use that. Everyone then made speeches about Mr. Coe, and how they liked him. At 2:00 A.M. the meeting adjourned. Drove back to the Agency, and went to our quarters in the Club House. The employees had asked me to go to a dance they were giving Saturday night, but I was busy at the meeting. One of them came in from the dance, and sat up to tell me about it. Could hardly keep awake. Could not keep my eyes open as Coe was driving us back from the ~~Agency to~~ St. Ignatius to the Agency, but the Government man besides me mentioned casually that he understood that Grorud was a law associate of Senator Wheeler. That woke me up. Went to bed at 3:00 A.M. Was awakened at 4:00 A.M. and dressed. Coe drove us to Dixon, and we caught the east bound train at 4:35 A.M.

Everybody in the Pullman cars were still in their berths. Mr. Serven and I sat in the wash room of a sleeping car, and waited for the Dining Car to open up for breakfast. We had nothing much to say. Went back to the Dining Car at about 6:00 A.M. It is Easter Sunday, so there were Easter Lillies on each table. It is a bright clear morning. There is snow on the mountains to the east of us. We are headed south east, toward Missoula. The clean ~~linen~~ linens, and bright silver ware, and the breakfast all looked mighty good. Had a good breakfast. The west looks fine from a Dining Car window. Train made Missoula, and left there at 6:30 A.M. Am leaving Mr. Serven at Garrison. He is going straight through to Chicago, and I am stopping off in Helena. We arrive in Garrison, which is just a railroad station, and not much else, at 8:30 A.M. Here the Northern Pacific line branches. Serven's train goes through the Deer Lodge Valley, to Deer Lodge, Butte, across the Rocky Mountains, main divide, and down by Three Forks, and rejoins the old main line at Logan. The train I am to take goes up the Hell Gate Canyon, over Mullan Pass, and to Helena. From there the line goes on through Townsend, and connects up at Logan, with the line that passes through Butte. The train with Mr. Serven leaves Garrison immediately. I send a telegram to Celina from Garrison. The east bound for Helena comes in at 8:45 A.M., and I board it. It leaves immediately. It is a local, from its looks. We go up Hell Gate Canyon, and through the tunnel at Mullan Pass. Talk to the conductor. He is interested in getting a patent put through, and tell him how to go about it. He tells me all about the I.W.W. movement, and says there are a lot of clever young college chaps in it. The last I.W.W. I met was in Kalispel, Montana, in August 1914. He was just out of jail there, and we went on a binge together. His name was K.C. Jones, so he said. K.C. stands not for Casey, but is hobo for Kansas City. Hence his full name was Kansas City Jones. Arrive in Helena at 10:35 A.M. Hugh meets me at the station, and drives me up to his house. Meet Bea and Tommie, Mary Pat and Colleen. Visited with the family, got a bath and change, and had dinner at about two P.M. Hugh gives me low down on A.A. Grorud. He used to work in the Law Offices of Wheeler and Baldwin, and is still associated with Wheeler. Hugh says he does not rate very well in Helena. Later see Judge Galen and Ed Toomey, of the State Railroad Commission. They give me the same information. Go visiting around town with Hugh. Back to Hugh's later, and to bed rather late.

Monday, April 21. Go down to Hugh's office with him. Call at Galen and Mettler's Office. See Judge Galen, Ed Toomey, Charley Mettler, and Doctor Tracey. Hugh is starting for Forsyth, Rosebud Irrigation Project, tonight, so we will go together, and will stop off in Forsyth with him. See Dr. McCabe, and also Lester Loble. Hugh and I take the 10:P.M., eastbound, Northern Pacific for Forsyth. Talk to Wellington Rankin, Attorney General of Montana, who is on the train with us. Also run into Father Sullivan. To bed late.

Tuesday, April 22. Arrive in Forsyth early. Have breakfast there. Check in at Hotel. Meet Johnnie Edwards at the Bank. Hugh gets his automobile and we drive over the Irrigation project. Never met a more incompetent and dissatisfied bunch of farmers before in my born days. The real trouble is that farming under irrigation can not be conducted at a profit. In Montana an Irrigation company is a quasi public corporation, and the water charges are presented as a part of County taxes. Into this water charge are included the interest on the bonds which were sold to get the money to build the ditches, a sum for a reserve to retire those bonds, and the maintenance charges on the upkeep of the ditches, and the money to pay incidental services of

of lawyers, surveyors, bankers, and what have you. If the farmer does not pay this fixed charge, his water is cut off, and in this country a man who relies on rainfall to raise a crop of anything, will be badly disappointed. Besides, the market for farm products is far distant, and what irrigation does not consume, freight charges take up. The Irrigation company, of which we are stock holders, in order to have its earnings increased have platted and surveyed, and charged water rent on, lands which cannot be reached by water from the ditches, unless water can be made to run up hill. Besides, most of these people were lured out here on the representation that they could raise bumper crops, and that they could make a very profitable and an easy living. For the most part they were failures in the places from which they came, and came here looking for a soft and easy thing. In addition to taxes and Irrigation charges, they must, of course pay for the land, on the installment plan, plus interest charges, from the Rosebud Land and Improvement Company, which is the Siamese twin of the Cartersville Irrigation district, which owns the ditch and the water. There is not a bank functioning in this county at present, I am informed. They all got loaded up with the notes of defaulting farmers who could not make the grade. So they had to close up shop. This makes living here cheaper, as all transactions are ready money affairs, and there are no checks, there is no credit overhead and no credit. I can have no sympathy for either the farmers or the company. Each set out with the purpose of doing the other, and both got stuck. The railroads put in their ten cents worth on this failure also. They put out some very nice catalogues setting forth the great and abundant living to be made with little effort upon these lush acres. The catalogues were illustrated with colored pictures of potatoes as big as watermelons, and cabbages too green to be cabbages. Every lazy bum in the mid west came here on the run. Most of these farmers regard it as a mortal sin to meet a note or pay a bill. The company, on the other hand, of which we are stock holders, are composed of men who would cheerfully shoot their own grandmothers, if they could acquire fifty cents thereby. Its everybody for himself out here, with the consequence that nobody gets anything. This is the only conclusion that can be drawn after talking to the farmers and the representatives of the company. This is just a case of the farmer against the slick city feller, both of whom, in this District, have one thing in common. A congenital hatred of work, and a desire to live off of somebody else, by dishonest means, if possible. They are very agreeable and hospitable people personally, except for the fact that every one seems anxious to knife everyone else in the back on any provocation, or no provocation at all. The only exception are a bunch of Japanese heathens, who take a sort of pagan joy in tilling the soil. They are cheerful, honest, and work hard. They have the finest farm in the project, and they are a happy lot, and work at their farm from dawn to dusk. Their houses are neat, their machinery is up to date and well kept, and of the best, and they pay their bills on the dot and do not backbite their neighbors. But what else can you expect from a heathen? Drive to Miles City, and talk to some people there. At night there is a dance at Forsyth, at a place about five miles from town. Go to the dance with Hugh. Meet a farmer's wife there who is an English girl. She came from Oxford, England, and her husband now runs a ranch on the Rosebud river, which is not included in the Rosebud Irrigation

district. After the green and moist countryside of England, the Rosebud and Yellowstone valleys and bench lands must be quite a change. One of the boys at the dance gives me a drink of booze out of a bottle. It was the worst I ever tasted. It is called Ford whiskey, because the moonshiners take Ford radiators, clean them out, and use them as stills. If a man took a good swig of this booze, you could cut his head off and he would not die until he sobered up. On the way back from the dance we see a car overturned by the road side, down in a ditch. We stop and get out, and turn a flash light into the car to see if there are any dead or injured inside. Also look around the place for bodies. No one there. We drive on to Forsyth, and find the party who were in the wreck stopping at the hotel. They are shaken up but not badly hurt. The place where they turned over was a straight away stretch of road. These roads are gravel roads, where it is easy to skid. The roads are very hard on tires. There is no speed limit in Montana. They had a front tire blow out when going over sixty miles an hour. That fixed their business for them. We talk over the accident and go to bed.

Wednesday, April 23. Ordered breakfast this morning in a restaurant, and had to wait an hour before breakfast came. Ordered grape fruit, oatmeal, scrambled eggs and bacon. They were all on the menu, which was a very elaborate one. Found out later that what was on the menu was not out in the kitchen. They have their menu cards printed in St. Paul, and there is everything on the card from cavair to sharks fins. But try and get it. They had to send out for the grape fruit and the oat meal. Next time I will order meat and potatoes. Hugh told me a good one on Johnnie Edwards today. Johnnie was formerly Indian Agent among the Crows, and took a Crow Indian as his wife. He was in on the Rosebud Company as a partner, and opened up a bank in Forsyth, which cleared all the mortgages and notes of the farmers on the project. But the farmers quit paying, and Johnnies bank went broke. A bank has to have a few things on hand, money for instances, to keep going. It can't go on with a till full of bum notes, or potatoes, or hay. Now the farmer in the dell has no place to borrow money. But to get back to Johnnie. A few years ago the Republicans decided to run Johnnie for Governor. But they figured Johnnies Crow Indian wife would be a handicap, as the opposition would call him a squaw man. So a delegation from Helena came to Johnnies bank in Forsyth one day, and explained this delicate point to him, and suggested that he either divorce his wife, or make some statement to the effect that he had never really married her. Johnnie had two fine daughters by this wife. Johnnie pulled a Colt six gun out of his desk drawer, and chased the delegation from his bank, down the main street, to the Northern Pacific station. That ended any talk of Johnny running for Governor. Johnnie also once had a son in law against whom he took pretty drastic action. The son in law was a world war aviator, and one of those people who blame everything they do like not getting a job, or passing cold checks, or having woman trouble, or delerium termens, to their sad experiences in the world war. He was was of those birds, who, when someone starts to light three cigarettes with one match, says "Hold on boys. Don't do it. Now when we were getting ready to go over the top at St. Mihiel, Joe Doaks and Colonel Whoozis and I were going to take a smoke. Joe lit a match, and lighted our three cigarettes, and a German sniper saw the light and killed Joe and the Colonel." After that you are regaled to how this particular bird

won the war, and you feel sore as hell at the German sniper for shooting the wrong man. But to get back to Johnnies son in law. Forsyth is a small town of less than 1,000 population, and with one hotel. Son in law departed from his lawful wife, whom he left at her father and mother's house, and checked into Forsyth's one hotel with a lady, who was beautiful, affectionate, and just a bit immoral. The two proceeded to get drunk, and have a whale of a time. It took the news of this celebration a very short time to get about town, privacy being one of the things that a small town does not afford. When Johnny heard about this fiesta, he got pretty sore. He took his daughter straight to a lawyer, called in witnesses, and had prepared, executed and filed, within an hour, a petition for divorce against his son in law. He then bought a railroad ticket, and lower berth from Forsyth to Los Angeles, the home town of his son in law, drew \$100. from the bank, put a revolver in his pocket, and went to the hotel. He timed his visit twenty minutes before the west bound train pulled in, so son in law would have time to pack up. He went up to the love nest, and explained to son in law that he was all through, and leaving town at once. When son in law objected, Johnny showed him the muzzle of a pistol, and told him to step lively and get on that train, and never come back. Or else. Johnny then gave son in law his tickets and money, escorted him by the Sherrif's office, and had the divorce papers served, and marched him to the station, and put him aboard the train, with the advice that if he ever saw him again he would fill him full of lead. Poor Johnny has just been east to see the Mayo brothers, because he was not feeling so good. The Mayo brothers told him it was cancer, and give him a year to live, so Johnny is now stepping side wise, and is as nervous as a cat. While on the subject of infidelity, not to say adultery, a good one happened down in Miles City, about one hours ride east of here. There was a lady in Miles City the wife of a brakeman on the Northern Pacific. While hubby was out of town on the business of being a railroad man, the love life of this lady was being very satisfactorily taken care of by a man in Miles City. The lady lived in a small apartment which was located over Miles City's principal moving picture theatre. The apartment was approached by a flight of ~~stairs~~, up from the street, which was its sole means of entrance and exit. The man in the case did not know that while he was double crossing the brakeman, the lady was also double crossing him. So having assured himself that friend husband was on a train some place between Miles City and Glendive, he went to call on the lady to relieve her loneliness, if any. He must have been heard coming up the stairs, because when he let himself in to the apartment with his key, the lights were out, and he fell over a pair of man's shoes. He looked over and under the bed, and in the closet, but said nothing to the girl friend who was in bed and supposedly asleep. He then looked out the window, and there found a rolled up awning. Snugly parked between the rolled up awning and the wall of the building was the Sherriff of the county. The Sherriff had nothing on at all, not even a fig leaf or his badge of office. Mr. Man said nothing, but took out his knife and cut the rope that held back the awning. The awning unrolled, and dropped the Sherriff into the main street of Miles City, in front of the moving picture theatre, just as the last show was letting out. Sagacious political observers in these parts tell me that the Sherriffs chances when he goes up for re-election are not so hot. A going away party has been arranged. Hugh and I call on

the local Doctor, who makes us out eight liquor prescriptions. These are the last in his book, and as he has also run out of names of persons to prescribe liquor to, I furnish him with the names of eight people in Washington, whom I know do not drink at all. This National Prohibition is a weird and wonderful thing. It turns the family Doctor into a bootlegger, and everybody else into a ~~liar~~ liar. We take our perscriptions to the drug store and pick up eight pints of whiskey. Hugh, McConnell, and sundry other citizens then take me to a restaurant for a farewell dinner. The owner of the beanery is an amateur paleontologist, and shows me a large collection of fossil plants that he has collected from the bluffs near Forsyth. The party kills four of the eight pints, and present me with four pints to make my journey eastward cheerfull. We then go to the railroad station, and I am put aboard the train by quite a mob of citizens, who are all feeling very happy. Am no sooner aboard than the Pullman Conductor greets me by name. He overheard my name on the station platform. He suggests we go to his drawing room, which happens to be in the car in which I have a berth, and when I suggest we might take a drink together, he is pleased and delighted. We are there joined, in very short order, by the Dining Car Conductor, the Train Conductor, the Brakeman, and my Pullman Porter. I suggest that we may run out of booze, and the Pullman Conductor says he knows a bootlegger that meets the train at Miles City, and we can lay in supplies there. The train will be held, if necessary. We stop at Miles City, and I lay in fresh supplies. About 1:00 A.M. we arrive at Glendive. There is a short stop there, so go to the station Restaurant with the Pullman Conductor. There meet the engineer and fireman, and the Wells Fargo Express Agent, and the baggage master. We all have coffee and sandwiches. Leave Glendive, and turn in for the night. The Dining Car Conductor says I can have breakfast in bed if I want it. My Porter is a retired Cavalry Sergeant. He belonged to the colored outfit that rescued Teddy Roosevelt at Canay, when Roosevelt disobeyed order and engaged in battle with a superior force of Spaniards, who were on the point of wiping him out, when the colored troops arrived on the scene and rescued him. This is as near to San Juan Hill as Colonel Roosevelt ever got. Any other Army except ours would have sent Colonel Roosevelt before a firing squad. But a country that indulges in the habit of granting commissions to politicians cannot be very strict on discipline.

Thursday, April 24. I rise and shine. That is, I am not shining any too brightly. Go to the Pullman Conductor's drawing room, where the supplies have been left, and take a hair of the dog that bit me. Then go forward to the Dining Car and am most cordially received. This is a pleasant journey so far, and everybody is friendly. The Pullman Conductor wires ahead to his wife in Minneapolis to meet the train there and bring fresh supplies to take us through to Chicago. We arrive in Minneapolis, and the lady is right there to meet the train with the necessary goods. Have dinner, and then adjourn to the drawing room for a great gab fest, in which most of the train crew drop in from time to time. Go to bed rather late.

Friday, April 25. Get up early, and have breakfast in the diner. Arrive in Chicago, and drive to the Illinois Athletic Club, and have a visit and lunch there with Mr. Dennis. Take the afternoon train out, Pennsylvania for Washington. East of Chicago is in marked contrast to west of Chicago. On this train everybody sit in their seats, and look sour. The Chicago-Washington run is always tough, going east or west. To bed early. Our engine broke down near Fort Wayne.

Saturday, April 26. Arrive in Washington early in the morning.