

Pages: DIARY OF JOHN G. CARTER. TRIP THROUGH INDIANA, MONTANA,
NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA, JUNE 29 TO JULY 31, 1932.
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DIARIES: BOOK TWO.

DIARY OF JOHN G. CARTER. TRIP THROUGH MONTANA AND NORTH AND SOUTH
DAKOTA, JUNE AND JULY, 1932.

Wednesday, June 29. Celina, Mary Ellen and I leave Washington, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at 8 P.M. Mr. Howser the Baltimore and Ohio Passenger Agent is at the Union Station with our tickets.

Madeline O'Leary is at the train to see us off. The three of us have a Drawing Room. It is hot, but as we get in to the mountains it gets cooler. Go to bed early. Our first stop at Notre Dame at South Bend.

Thursday, June 30. We arrive at La Paz, Indiana, at 11:44 A.M. This is not a regular train stop for through trains. If there is a town called La Paz, it is not in sight of the Railroad tracks. There is a small station. We are met by a Taxicab which Mother sent down to us from South Bend. We put our luggage aboard and get started. There is no speed limit in Indiana, so the driver cuts loose. I notice that at a particularly bad grade crossing an enterprising Embalmer has put up a large sign. The sign gives his Telephone Number in large letters, and also gives rates for Ambulance Service, and Embalming and Funerals. Thus, as the train hits you at this crossing, and you ascend through the roof of your sedan, you can glimpse the sign and know just who is going to get you next, and how much it is going to cost your survivors. This is consoling news, just before the lights go out. We arrive at St. Mary's College, which is my mothers old Alma Mater. Mother is stopping at the Infirmary, which appears to be the only guest accomodations on the place, at least for visitning Alumnae. We have dinner with Mother in the guest dining room. Celina and Mary Ellen are quartered with Mother in the Infirmary, and I have a room at the Chaplain's house, with Father Conner, the Chaplain. I suggest I go with my family to a Hotel in South Bend, where we would be much more comfortable. Suggestion overruled by Mother. She has her heart set on showing her son, daughter in law and grand daughter off at her old school. It would be a shame to spoil her fun. I sit up most of the night with Father Conner and his assistant listening to his Radio in the Rectory. The Democratic Convention at Chicago is on. Both the Father and his assistant are ardent Democrats and followers of Al Smith. But not any more. They do not care for Al. Smith's treatment of Franklin Roosevelt, after the way Roosevelt stuck by Al. Smith in the last election. Personally, they both want to see Governor Ritchie get the nomination.

Friday, July 1. Called at 5 A.M. for Mass. Not much sleep. Mother says this is such a restful place. Oh yes? Mother takes us up to the front row seats in the church, with eight hundred nuns seated behind us. We would have had seats on the Altar, but there are no chairs on the Altar. There are four Pries Dieus in front of the Altar. All eight hundred nuns recive Holy Communion at the four Pries Dieus, four at a time. This makes it tough for Father Conner, the Chaplain, giving Communion. I ask him afterwards why he doesn't have an Altar rail installed, or a row of kneeling benches, so he could take them on in batches of twenty five or fourty. This would save a lot of time. He said he would like to but the nuns like it the way it is, and they are very set in their ways. It seems to be an old Spanish custom in these parts to have them go up four at a time, and thus the poor Padre has to make 200 trips back and forth, and make it snappy, if he expects to finish up before lunch. We have breakfast, and then take a taxi, and Mother, celina, Mary Ellen and I go out and look over South Bend. We see Knute Rockne's home, and stop by the home of Clem Studebaker. There was no one at home at Studebaker's. The taxi driver tells me there is very little bootlegging in South Bend. The Colleges of Notre Dame and St. Mary's dominate the town, being the town's chief industries,

and sources of revenue. And the two Colleges, Notre Dame for boys, and St. Mary's for girls, do not favor bootleggers, and have let the City Fathers know what they feel about them. Their wishes have consequently been respected. The driver also told me about a parade of the Ku Klux Klan which was attempted here a few years ago. The Ku Klux picked this place, of all places, to stage a parade and demonstration. The students of Notre Dame, including the entire football squad turned out to see the parade, and there was a perfectly grand fight. Maurice Francis Egan, later our Minister to Denmark, began his career as a professor of English at Notre Dame. Notre Dame later, when Egan was Minister to Denmark, gave him their highest honor, the Laetare Medal. We then picked up two of the sisters at the St. Mary's College, and as this made our cab rather crowded, I got another cab. We then started for a Hospital that Mother and the two Sister were anxious to see. The Hospital is located in Michigan, just over the Indiana-Michigan boundary line. What the purpose of this journey is, or why we should go visit a Hospital, where we do not know any of the inmates, I do not see. In South Bend all of the autos have a control, or gauge fixed on their carburetors. This control makes it impossible to drive over 30 miles an hour. It is a serious offense to be caught in South Bend doing over thirty, and a very serious thing if the officer finds that the driver has taken off the control on his carburetor. Not a bad idea. We get to the Hospital, which is a very fine small town residence made over in to a Hospital. At four twenty the Sisters remember that they must be back in St. Mary's before or at five o'clock. I tell the drivers of the two cabs to step on it, and we have a very fast ride back. It does not appear to disturb the sisters any, as they are not used to riding around in cabs, I take it, and so do not know when they are running at breakneck speed. Mother and the two sisters tell us that this hospital was originally built as a home for a certain bride and groom. The bride's father built it for them. The bride and groom went on their honeymoon to Europe, returning from Europe on the Titanic. When the Titanic hit an ice berg, the groom, instead of allowing women and children to go first, and drowning like a gentleman, with the other heroes, slipped into a mother hubbard, and got into the life boat with his wife in that disguise. This act of prudence so saddened his wife that she died of a broken heart. The girl's father then turned the home he had built for her and her husband into a hospital. What became of the boy who escaped in the mother hubbard is not stated. The whole story sounds cockeyed to me. After dinner at St. Mary's Mother and Mary Ellen put on a joint Musicale in the Auditorium, along with the Music Professor. Celina sat up front, but Father O'Conner and I sneaked into the back row, in case we had to leave and hear some more of the Democratic Convention. The Musicale came off at eight o'clock. All of the sisters attended, and the Auditorium was filled to capacity. Mary Ellen showed no stage fright, and did her stuff in a most satisfactory manner. Mother and the Professor put on an argument in front of the audience as to what pieces they would play. The audience were pleased and delighted at that. Mother leaves the Professor flat in some of his accompaniments. An enjoyable time is had by all. Father Conner and I go back to the Chaplain's house and listen to the Convention and the Roosevelt stampede. At 2:00 A.M. there is a heavy electric storm. The Father tells me that the church here is a favorite mark for all of the lightning bolts in this part of the country. My room is very close to the church. I stay awake for a time and worry, but no lightning hits.

Saturday, July 2. We are shown through the new buildings at St. Mary's. Then we drive over with Mother to Notre Dame. See the football stadium,

which is very fine, and the old church, which is a Roccocco structure, and those who like it can have it. Return to St. Mary's and all hands turn to and get Mother packed up. She has made many purchases in South Bend, and we tie these up in bundles, and then go hunting for the Postmistress of St. Mary's, who is one of the Sisters. All of the Sisters are listening to the democratic Convention over the Radio. Finally locate the Postmistress, and get Mother's packages mailed off to Washington, Parcels Post. After much delay we get started to the train. Take a cab to the New York central Station. Mother tired, so get her a wheel chair when we get to the station, and get her to the upper level. We get aboard the train, and the four of us have dinner on board while en route to Chicago. We pass through Garry, and get our first view of Lake Michigan. We arrive in Chicago at 9:55 P.M. at the La Salle Street Station. get a chair for Mother, and transfer over to the Union Station. Mother is taking the North Coast Limited to Helena, and Celina, Mary Ellen and I are taking the Oriental Limited to Browning. Mother goes on the Northern Pacific and we travel the Great Northern. Get a compartment on the North Coast for Mother, and wire Judge Galen in Helena to meet her at Logan, Montana. Get her aboard the train. celina, Mary Ellen and I then board the Oriental Limited, and get installed in our drawing room just before the train pulls out. Go back into the Observation Car, and hear some more of the Democratic Convention. Roosevelt flew on to the Convention from New York, made his acceptance and got quite an ovation. Oriental Limited pulled out of Chicago at ten thirty, P.M.

Sunday, July 3. Arrived in St. Paul early. We are informed that we passed the North Coast Limited during the night. So we will not be alongside the North Coast in the St. Paul station, but will pull out before it gets here. A switch engine helps push our train out of the yards, and up the steep grade to the bridge over the Mississippi river. We cross the Mississippi river near the Falls of Saint Anthony. The Indians used to offer buffalo robes to the spirit in these Falls, according to Hennepin. We arrive at Minneapolis. This city has a hybrid name. Minne is the Sioux word for water, and polis is a Greek word for town. Hence, Watertown. There is much rivalry between the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Some years ago a joint meeting was held between the leading citizens of both towns to see if they could not compose their rivalries, and get along together all the same as brothers. All went well, until one of the leading lights of Minneapolis, who was not thinking much about what he was saying arose and made a suggestion. His suggestion was that the two cities join as one city, with a common name, and that the name should be a compound of the name of Minneapolis, and another name for St. Paul, the resulting name being an Indian name. The name to be Minne, for Minneapolis, and haha for St. Paul. They say that the fight that then broke out was something terrible. St. Paul was really started by the establishment of Fort Snelling. It was originally a collection of gin mills across from the Fort, which collected the monthly payroll of the Fort from the soldiers. The gin mills also sold to the Indians, thus keeping the Indians in disorder, and this necessitated keeping the troops at Snelling to keep the Indians in order, and the soldier's pay kept the gin mills going. A leading gin mill operator in this group of shacks was named Pig's Eye, because he had one dead eye. Thus the settlement was originally called Pig's Eye, after the dive keeper. Later when a Catholic church was built in this settlement called St. Paul's the settlement was given the more decorous name of St. Paul. We went forward to the dining car as we were crossing the Mississippi. The Dining Car Conductor is Mr. Koenigs. He comes up and greets us by name. Evidently Mr. Howser has wired

ahead giving our names and descriptions, and everybody is determined to make things as pleasant for us as possible. After breakfast Mr. Koenigs takes Mary Ellen through the kitchens on the Dining Car. He explains the system to me. Each Dining Car is completely stocked for the round trip at St. Paul. Of course the Dining Car Conductor is allowed to make purchases from his cash account, while en route, should he run short of anything, or should there be something choice offered along the line, in the way of fresh trout, or the like. But this does not happen very often. Upon reaching Seattle the Dining Car is hitched to the next eastbound train for St. Paul. Upon reaching St. Paul, the Dining Car is taken to the shops for cleaning, the conductor, chefs, assistants and waiters are given a day's layoff for rest, and the car is then reprovisioned, restocked with fresh linen, and all broken or worn out dishes, glasses, cutlery and kitchen utensils are replaced. It is then ready for the next run. On the train itself, the chief officer is the Train Conductor. He represents the Railroad Company. The Pullman Conductor is next. He represents the Pullman Company, who lease their cars to the Railroad. The Pullman Porters are employees of the Pullman Company, and not of the Railroad. Whether the Pullman Company handles the laundering of towels and linen of the Pullman Cars, or this is handled by the Railway Company I do not know. I suspect the Railroad Company handles this item, on arrangement with the Pullman Company. The actual moving of the train is in the hands of the Engineer, Fireman, and Brakeman. These are employees of the Railroad, and this crew is changed at each division point on the line, as a new engine is attached to the train. They operate on orders of the train dispatchers, which orders are conveyed either in writing, at different stations, or by the block signal lights. In addition there is the Baggage Master, who has charge of the baggage in the baggage car. He is an employee of the Railroad. Then there is the Wells Fargo Express Messenger, who has charge of the Wells Fargo Express Car, which the Express Company leases from the Railroad. He is an employee of the Express Company. Then there is the Mail Clerk, and his assistants, who are in charge of the mail car. They are employees of the United States, but the car is operated and owned by the Railroad, under contract with the United States. Finally the Observation Car, which belongs, I believe, to the Railroad, is taken care of by an employee of the Railroad. This man is bath steward, barber, valet, porter, bartender, and anything else that comes his way. There may be in addition to him a stenographer and a maid on the Observation Car. The Observation Car porter also acts as Librarian, and takes care of books and magazines provided by the Railroad for its passengers. All of this in addition to the Dining Car Service. So a transcontinental train carries quite an organization with it on its journey. We travel through a very pretty lake country through Minnesota. Minnesota is a Sioux word and means Bluewater. There is no such Sioux word as Minnehaha, as there is no Sioux word as haha. The word is a white corruption of minne eha. Minne, water, eha, falling. Hence, waterfall. In the Observation Car we meet Mr. Devine, of Great Falls, Montana, who was a delegate to the Convention, and Mr. Dufour, of the same city, who is a Republican. Devine was for Governor Ritchie of Maryland for the Presidential nomination, but said it was impossible for the delegates to nominate the man of their choice in this Democratic Convention, as the cards had all been stacked in favor of Roosevelt before the delegates reached Chicago. The Car was full of enthusiastic delegates, who promise great things for the country when their man Roosevelt is elected, a thing of which they seem very sure. So the country is to be saved again. Ho-hum. Celina meets a Miss

Mears of Seattle, Washington. Miss Mears has been east visiting the family of Senator Wheeler. Devine tells me that he met Wayne Johnson in Chicago. Wayne is originally from Missoula, Montana. He started out as a stenographer in the White House, when Woodrow Wilson was President. He studied law, and finally became Solicitor of Internal Revenue. He then resigned, and practiced Income Tax law in New York City, starting out in the firm of Crocker, Johnson and Shores. He is now in practice by himself. He has cleaned up. In Chicago he was there to boost the candidacy of Newton D. Baker, and Devine says he spent money high, wide and handsome in entertainment for the delegates. Al Capone tried to retain Wayne Johnson as his attorney when he was facing Indictment for Federal Income Tax evasion. Johnson went out to see Al, but did not take the case. Devine says that Wayne told him that Capone's chief objection to going to the Penitentiary was that he could not get along for such a length of time without having a woman. We cross the Montana border during the night.

Monday, July 4. We wake up in the morning when the train is near Havre. We have breakfast. We pass through Shelby, where Jack Dempsey and Tom Gibbons had a fistic draw battle, and a big financial flop. Browning is not a regular stop for the Great Northern Limited, but there is a special stop order to let us off. The Train Conductor has had a similar order last week, he tells me, to let Major General Hugh L. Scott off at Browning. This is the first news we have that General Scott is out here. The Conductor also says that Secretary of Interior Wilbur is in Glacier Park. The Conductor evidently suspects something or other is up in this neck of the woods. We pass through Cut Bank, of pleasant memory, and arrive at Browning at 11:45 A.M. The Great Northern calls this station Fort Browning, although there never was a fort here. Fort Browning was a fur trading post, built in the Eighties at the junction of Peoples Creek and Milk River. The present town of Browning was named after a Secretary of the Interior by that name. Forrest Stone, Superintendent, meets us at the station. With him are his two children. He has a new Ford V8, the same model as we have. Forrest says that he tried to keep the news of our coming quiet, but that somehow it leaked out. I later find out that Peter Oscar Little Chief received a letter from someone in Washington giving the date of our arrival here, and Peter nailed the letter to the door of the Pool Hall in Browning. I cannot find out who wrote the letter. Forrest says the Piegiens wanted to turn out the camp, and meet us at the station with the Indian brass band, as they did for General Scott when he arrived last week. Forrest said he put thumbs down on the plan, as he was afraid that if the Indians put on this greeting the idea would get around that I was arriving with the money for their big claim in a little black bag, and that when they then found out that I did not have the money, my stock would go down. We arrive at Stone's house at the Agency and meet Mildred, his wife. They have as house guests General Scott, F.C. Campbell, former Superintendent of this Reservation, Campbell's daughter, Frieda, and these with Forrest's two children make a full house. Celina, Mary Ellen and I put up with Jim and Elean Brott. Jim is Chief Clerk of the Agency. Elean is the daughter of E.D. Mossman, who is now Superintendent of the Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota. We all have lunch together at Forrests house. Sandwiches and iced tea. Forrest insists that we are going to stay with him for two weeks. We had planned only on a stay of four or five days. The whole party are then driven over to the Rode, which is held in a frame stadium just outside of Browning, and near the Piegan camp. We are guests of the Rodeo. The Rodeo is given at the Fair Grounds. General Scott, F.C. Campbell, his daughter Frieda, her husband, Jim Brott, Forrest Stone, Celina, Mary

Ellen and myself hold down the center box as guests of the management. Jim White Calf, a leading full blood of the northern group of Piegans on this Reservation sits beside me, and with him sits General Scott. Jack Galbraith, a mixed blood, formerly a wealthy cattleman, and ex-Mormon Bishop, conducts the Rodeo on horseback. This is the first time I have ever seen a Bishop on horseback. We shake hands with Dick Grant, the Councilman, and his family. Oliver Sanderville, brother of Dick Sanderville comes up and makes General Scott a speech in sign talk. Then he keeps on sign talking, and won't stop, and it soon becomes apparent that Oliver is the possessor of a very fine jag. Bishop Galbraith asks me to address the assembly after the Rodeo. How I am to make myself heard to two thousand people who are scattered over a couple of acres of field is beyond me. Forrest Stone wants to take us to the camp at Heart Butte tonight, and perhaps we can start before the Rodeo ends. The responsibility for our movements is up to Forrest, and he knows his business. We meet L.T. Aubrey, one of the Field Judges, a mixed blood. His sister is married to Coburn, a white man, who is a lawyer at Cut Bank. She is Mae Aubrey Coburn. I believe I remember dancing with her in the sqyaw dance at the Piegan camp at this Agency in July, 1914. She has red hair. The Pathe Newsreel man is on the job, taking much film of the Rodeo. He has some narrow escapes from broncos, who throw their riders, and then make a bee line for him. But he manages to get out of the way in time. There are some very wild outlaws on exhibition. Most of the Canadian champion riders are thrown off, and very few of the local talent are able to keep in their saddles over thirty seconds. Apache, a twister, who snorts while bucking, throws his rider after three jumps, and then tries to kick his head off before he can roll clear. But he misses the rider by a very scant distance. One rider is thrown and hurt, and another throws himself off of the horse to avoid riding through a fence and into the parked automobiles which are lined up on the other side of the fence. This man flies through the air, and winds up wrapped around the bumper of a parked automobile. After being out for some time he is able to get up and leave this fiesta under his own steam. A rider who was thrown in yesterday's performance died last night. After the bucking contests there are calf roping contests. The rider runs down, ropes, throws and hog ties the calf, who is given a head start on him out of the chute. The best time made was fifteen seconds, from the start. Fast work. Most of the horses here do not seem trained to roping, as they do not plant their feet and come to a quick stop when the rope falls on the calf. When the horse stops at the right time, the rope goes taut, and throws the calf. But if the horse continues in motion after the loop falls on the calf, the rope remains slack, and the rider must then jump off, throw the calf by main strength, and hog tie him, which is more difficult. A good roper has to have a horse that knows as much about roping as does the rider. There is Indian dancing, horse races, a steer race, a race with chuck wagons, which are driven, supposedly, by camp cooks and some good bull dogging. White Calf realizes the "we chiefs" cannot stand up and show a whole lot of vulgar interest in what is going on, before this crowd, and yet he realizes we want to see the show, and he doesn't want to miss anything himself. So when the crowd moves in front of our box he reaches out and taps a few shoulders and waves them aside. He says nothing, but that is enough, and the crowd moves aside very promptly. White Calf and General Scott talk sign talk to each other. The General signs to White Calf, inviting him to ride one of the broncos. White Calf signs back that he will ride one, if the General will ride one. I sign to them both that if

they do ride they will both be thrown off and crack their heads and be dizzy. The Rodeo is still going strong when Stone gives the signal for our departure. We all leave together, and I get out of shouting my twobits worth over a couple of acres of land and mountain air. We have to start for Heart Butte soon. We stop off at Stone's for sandwiches and hot coffee. We then pick up Joe Brown, President of the Tribal Council. Forrest Stone, Joe Brown, Celina, Mary Ellen and myself then set out for Heart Butte in Stone's car. It is now about five thirty P.M. There are thirty or forty miles of very bad dirt road between the Agency and Heart Butte, which is a Sub Agency and Postoffice. There is also a Trading Store there, a School House, a Sub Agency Doctor and Field Matron, quarters for employees, and a guard house. We arrive at Heart Butte, and Joe Brown goes up to the Piegan camp, which is close to the Sub Agency, to announce our arrival. There is a Medicine Lodge being held at Heart Butte, just as there is one being held at Browning. The Sun Woman at Heart Butte is Tom Horn's sister, and she has vowed and is giving this Medicine Lodge for Tom Horn's recovery from illness. We are told that the Medicine Lodge has been opened with all of the ancient observances. When the encampment was formed Tom's sister was brought to the camp fasting. She was riding on a travois. The Medicine Lodge camp made four separate encampments and stops, the fourth and last camp, which is the present one, being the place where the Medicine Lodge is now set up. Real buffalo tongues have been obtained for the Sun Woman to offer to the Sun, when she prays and announces her purity before the camp. Everything has been carried out to the letter in accordance with ancient customs and ceremonies. Tom Horn ought to get better, and the Agency and Reservation Doctors who have examined him say there is nothing wrong with him except that he seems to have made up his mind that he is going to die. When an Indian in good health gets his mind fixed this way, he generally does die. And from no apparent cause. Tom looks very badly. Years ago on this Reservation Mad Wolf died when he told the people that his old friend Running Rabbit, who had been dead for many years, sat before his lodge and said to him: "I have waited too long out in the Sand Hills" (the place where the dead people go) "for my partner. Come with me." When old White Calf, the Piegan Chief died in Washington back in 1906, his body was embalmed there, and sent back home to this Reservation. When the casket arrived at Browning Agency it was opened, so his friends could look at him. One of his old friends came to see the body. When he had looked at White Calf he turned to the people and announced that White Calf had smiled up at him from his coffin and had said to him: "Come, my friend, you and I will ride to the Sand Hills together." White Calf's friend was found dead on a high butte the next morning. People went looking for him when his horse came home without him. All of this just goes to show that the Reservation Doctors have a tough case on their hands, and will have a hard time persuading Tom Horn to stay alive. But perhaps this Medicine Lodge will help him, and he will change his mind about dying. We go up to the Heart Butte camp and meet Dick Sanderville there. His Piegan name is Chief Bull. His real name should be Sandoval, as his grandfather was a Mexican named Sandoval who was an employee of the American Fur Company, who married a Piegan woman. The grandfather was killed by a fellow employee of the American Fur Company named Harvey. It was Harvey who acquired ill fame by the wholesale and treacherous murder of a party of friendly Piegans at his Trading Post. Harvey was later shot to death by Malcolm Clark, or Four Bears. We go with Dick and Joe Brown to see Mountain Chief, who is one of the Old Men Comrades of the Brave Dog Society, which is a military order.

Mountain Chief addresses Celina as his daughter in law and Mary Ellen as his grand daughter. Mountain Chief presents to Celina an old beaded bag in which he carried his copy of the Stevens treaty of 1855. He thanks me for the treaty medal I sent him, and says that it will be buried with him. We then go to Iron Breast's lodge, which was used by the Sun Woman, Tom Horn's sister. The outside of the lodge is banked with cottonwood boughs, which indicates that the place is sacred. The Sun Woman was there, but the Medicine Lodge ceremonies have so far advanced that her duties are at an end. The long sticks laid on the ground and fencing off the center of the lodge and marking of the space within as sacred, have been removed. The Sun Woman's hair is still unbraided, and hangs loose, but she no longer wears the red paint on her face. She is seated on the side of the lodge to the right of the entrance, which is the man's side. On active duty her seat would have been in the rear of the lodge, opposite to the entrance. This lodge is a painted lodge. There are many such in this camp. Among other painted lodges are the Thunder and the Otter. These lodges can be painted only as the result of some vision or direct revelation from some supernatural person or power. The design to be painted, the supernatural power or person to be worshipped, the restrictions and ceremonies to be observed, are all indicated in the revelation itself. We visit for a time in the Iron Breast lodge. Mrs. Iron Breast denounces the impiety of the younger generation, whom, she says, would rather go to horse races and dances, and waste their time in town, than participate in the sacred rites and ceremonies handed down from their forefathers. The old ladies of the Dorcas or the Ladies Aid Societies could not have done a finer job on "what is the rising generation coming to?" Mrs. Iron Breast and the old ladies who hold down the rocking chairs on the verandas of summer resort hotels are sisters under the skin. Mrs. Iron Breast presents Celina with a fine elk skin. We next go to the lodge of Iron Pipe, the Councilman, and pay a short visit. We then go to the lodge of No Coat, and pay him a visit. No Coat is principal headman of the Piegiens in the Heart Butte or southern section of this Reservation. He is the son of Running Crane, who was a leading chief of the south Piegiens. He is also Judge of the Indian Offense Court in this district. We learn that the Indians are planning to give us a reception in their new dance hall at eleven o'clock tonight, and are now getting ready for it. No Coat tells me, through Dick Sanderville as Interpreter, that if any woman asks me to dance with her tonight, not to refuse as it would make her ashamed before the people. A polite and tactful tip from No Coat. I tell No Coat that I never refuse a woman, which has sometimes gotten me into trouble. He laughs, and then says that he is an old man now, but when he is dressed up and painted he looks forty years younger, and that I must look well at him now, because later in the evening when he is dressed up and painted I will not recognize him. I promise No Coat to do my best to penetrate his disguise when in evening dress, and we shake hands. We then go back to the Sub Agency, leaving the Piegan camp busy getting dressed and painted up for the reception tonight. We stop at the quarters of the Sub Agency Doctor, who is Doctor Johnson. He reports very little sickness in the Heart Butte Camp, and the Sub Agent says there are only five Indians drunk in the guard house, which is not so bad. Duncan MacDonald, the well known Flathead mixed blood, is visiting Doctor Johnson. He talks of old times, but his memory for recent events is bad. Duncan MacDonald tells us his famous adventure with the buffalo. Once when buffalo hunting he wounded a cow, and was then thrown from his horse, who tripped in a gopher hole. Duncan was afoot with the wounded cow, he relates, and to save his life he had to get the cow by the tail

and hang on, otherwise the cow would have turned and gored him to death. Hanging on to the cow's tail he was obliged to run for about a mile, before loss of blood forced the cow to stop. The cow then died from internal bleeding. Duncan says this took place near where Browning now stands. One of the purposes of his trip from the Flathead Reservation is to visit the spot where the adventure took place. Duncan MacDonald does not recall meeting me at the Flathead Council in 1924. Or else he does not want to remember it. Duncan also mentions a pile of rocks up on the Bow River in Canada. According to tradition of the Crees there is writing under this pile of rocks, which, they say was put there when the pile was erected. The men who put the pile of rocks there were white men with beards, who wore iron hats and iron shirts. These white men say the Crees came before the white men they first met coming from the east. The Crees say it is unlucky to disturb this pile of rocks, which is strong medicine. This according to Duncan MacDonald. Duncan MacDonald and Doctor Johnson decide not to go to the Indian dance, but Mrs. Johnson decides to go with us. We go to the dance hall. Our party consists of Celina, Mary Ellen, Mrs. Johnson, Forrest Stone, Joe Brown and myself. The dance hall is built of logs, and is in the form of an octagon. This is the same style of the old dance halls at Fort Belknap. It is substantially built, with good floor and roof, and benches around the sides for the spectators. The hall was built entirely by Indian labor. The hall is quite modern, being lit with electric lights. The Belknap dance halls had no lights, except a fire, and had a hard packed earth floor, and everyone sat on their own blankets. The entrances face to the east. There are additional benches for the drummers and singers in the middle of the hall. We are escorted to the head of the hall, opposite the door. Dick Sanderville acts as our host, and master of ceremonies, and Interpreter. Joe Brown, President of the Council, gives way to him. We enter the hall, and to the right of the entrance, all around the north side of the hall are seated the men. They are painted, and most of them wear war bonnets, and they wear richly beaded shirts, leggings and moccasins. Shirts and leggings are fringed with weasel tails. Weasel tails resemble ermine. To the left of the entrance and around the south side of the hall the women are seated, all dressed in their best. Some of their costumes are of buckskin, but most of them wear the garments of white women. Except for moccasins and beaded belts. Some of the men carry guns in buckskin gun cases, richly beaded and fringed. Others carry coup sticks. The chiefs and head men are seated toward the rear of the hall, directly on the left of the places reserved for our party. Day Rider carries the spear with the crooked end, which looks like a shepherds crook wrapped in fur. It is the spear of the Brave Dog Society, a military order. Another Indian carries a whip, such as the Dog Soldiers of the Arapaho carry. As our party enters the hall there is applause, after the manner of white people. Dick Sanderville conducts us to our seats at the head of the hall, opposite to the entrance, and to the left, or the man's side, which is the place of honor. Dick then brings forward the principal men, whom he introduces, and we shake hands. He introduces Judge No Coat, whom I pretend not to recognize through his disguise as a young man. No Coat keeps his face very stiff and taut, to conceal the wrinkles. Buffalo Body, Iron Breast, Iron Pipe, Day Rider, Tom Horn, Chief Crow and Mad Plume shake hands with us in turn. Mountain Chief is here, sitting behind us, but he does not get up as he is almost blind. Sitting with him is Many Tail Feathers, who is now very old and badly crippled. Dick then lead forward an Indian boy, about ten years old, who is the adopted son of Many Tail Feathers, and the boy makes

a short speech in sign language. He tells in signs how glad his heart is at seeing me. I sign back, yes, and that my heart is good to him, and we shake hands. No Coat comes forward and makes a speech, and presents Gelina with a handsome pipe bag. The other head men come forward and make speeches of welcome. I make a speech of thanks, and tell them also about the status of their case, which they are most anxious to hear about. Dick interprets. The speeches being concluded, Dick Sanderville then took me by my left hand, with his left hand, and walking on my left, lead me to the north side of the hall, half way between the seats of the drummers in the center, and the rows of benches that lined the wall. We face east. Dick's head is bowed. The head men, about thirty in number, group themselves behind us. All of the women give the war whoop. The head men then start a song, and Dick, with his head bowed, slowly leads me around the hall, and we are followed by the headmen, who are signing and waving their weapons and coup sticks. We move about the hall in a clockwise circle, until we reach the point of beginning at the north end of the hall. There we again pause and the women again give the war whoop, and a second circuit is made of the hall, in the same manner as the first, and in like manner a third and a fourth circuit of the hall. Dick then leads me back to my seat, and the headmen resume their seats. I have a recollection from some source or other that this is a ceremony given for a war chief who has just come home with the bacon. The drummers and singers then take their places in the center of the hall. They have one large drum. The dancing begins. The dancers dance clockwise around the circle, except for Buffalo Body, who dances around the circle counterclockwise, moving against the stream of the dancers. He may be a member of the Crazy Society, if the Piegiens have such a Society. Other tribes of the plains have a Crazy Society, and one of their members distinguishing marks is that they do everything exactly the reverse of the way it is done by anyone else. When a Crazy Society member says I am going, he means I am coming. When he says I don't want anything to eat, that means I want something to eat, and so on. Next comes the Owl Dance, in which both men and women take part, the women asking the men to dance with them. I dance with Dick's wife and then with his sister. Forrest Stone is asked to dance with a fine looking Piegan woman, whose name I do not know. In the case of the ladies in our party the rule is reversed, because they are visitors, and the men ask them to dance. Gelina dances with Judge No Coat, Day Rider dances with Mary Ellen, and Mad Plume takes out Mrs. Johnson. In the Owl Dance there are four dances to each set. Between the dances you walk with your partner around the circle. Dancing is in a clockwise circle. The woman stands to the left of the man, and the man's right arm is placed over his partner's shoulder. The man's left hand grasps the woman's right hand, and the hands so grasped are held well forward. The man's left foot is advanced, and the woman's right foot. The feet are held in the same relative position throughout the dance. The step is a short jerky step, and hard on the legs, the feet being picked up, and then placed down squarely. It is a sort of a hop step. You know when the dance is about to end as the drummers beat the drum louder toward the end, and raise their voices considerably in the song. I have not seen this dance before among the Indians. During an intermission in the dancing I walk over to where Dick Sanderville is sitting. No Coat is seated between Dick and Day Rider. No Coat is sitting with his head bowed and his face drawn very taut to iron out the wrinkles. He does look younger. I ask Dick: "Where is No Coat. He promised to be here looking like a young man, but I have searched the

hall for him and have not seen him. Was he afraid that I would see through his paint? Perhaps that is the reason he did not come?" Dick looks startled for a moment, and then catches on. He says something in Blackfoot, and Day Rider punches No Coat in the ribs and laughs. No Coat does not bat an eyelash. Dick tells me to look some more. I look the Indians over covertly, as they consider it rude to stare directly, and then go back to my seat looking very disappointed. Later I "discover" No Coat just before we leave, and we shake hands on his youthful appearance, and I ask him how on earth he does it. We ask Dick when we can leave with propriety. At about 12:30 Dick tells us we can leave, as they all understand we have a long drive ahead of us back to the Agency. We leave, but there are no farewells, as such does not appear to be the custom. We arrive at the Agency at about 2:00 A.M. During the drive home Celina and Mary Ellen sit up in the front seat with Forrest, and try to catch some sleep. But they have no luck, as the road is too rough. Every time they doze off we strike a rut, and the jar wakes them up. I hold down the back seat with Joe Brown. Celina, Mary Ellen and I sleep at Jim Brott's house.

Tuesday, July 5. At the Rode yesterday I promised Jim White Calf to call on him in the Piegan camp outside of Browning today. We had breakfast at Jim Brott's. F.C. Campbell then drove Celina, Mary Ellen and myself to the Piegan camp. This camp is just outside of the town of Browning, and is just north of the Fair Grounds where the Rodeo was held yesterday. We are told at the camp that Jim White Calf has gone to Glacier Park to see Dr. Wilbur, the secretary of the Interior. The Secretary is said to be on his way to this Agency for a visit. Forrest Stone also has gone to Glacier Park. But no one in camp seems to know exactly when the Secretary is to arrive. Campbell drives us over to the lodge of Wades in the Water, Chief of Indian Police. We go in, after announcing ourselves at the door, and say hello to Wades and his wife Julia. Julia speaks some English. Campbell drives back to the Agency. General Scott is in Wades lodge. They have a camp chair for him to sit in, and he is seated at the head of the lodge, opposite to the entrance, which is the place of honor. His seat is just to the left of where the owner of the lodge is seated. The General is talking sign talk to the Indians there, and is as happy as a bug in a rug. With General Scott are Mrs. Lincoln, a sculptress from Great Falls, and her son. We are joined by Joe Spanish, John Two Guns, Mrs. John Two Guns, Mike Little Dog and Bird Rattler. We also meet a Canadian Blackfoot Indian, but do not get his name, and it is not considered polite among these people to ask a man's name in his presence. That implies that his name is not well known, and belittles him in public. Joe Ground, the camp Crier, joins our group. Mrs. Lincoln is here to obtain photographs of Piegan types, as she is modeling a proposed memorial to the late Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist. General Scott is trying to help her out, but she does not display much good sense where Indians are concerned. General Scott tells her not to pass between the fire place and the altar in the back of Wades lodge, but has to hold her by the arm to keep her from doing so. We all go over to Little Dog's lodge to meet his family. While there Mrs. Lincoln walks between Little Dog's fireplace and the seat of the owner, in the back of Little Dog's lodge, remarking as she does so that she was told that it was the wrong thing to do, and there she was doing it. The incident is ignored by everybody, including Little Dog. She then points to Little Dog's medicine bag and asks what it is. Little Dog replies briefly that it is made of elk skin, and talks of other matters. Why is it that the inhabitants of the United States, or many of them, when they get in to an Indian camp, or in to a foreign country, promptly proceed

to make fools of themselves? These same people, when at home, are generally kindly, considerate and sensible. This same sort of conduct may be observed on the part of many tourists from the United States in Europe, and by most tourists, including many artists and anthropologists among Indians in the United States. I think fear dictates most of this conduct. The person finds himself in a strange environment, and feels unequal to it, and out of place. To cover up the apprehension caused by that feeling they indulge in acts of insolence and rudeness in order to demonstrate that they are not apprehensive, and do not feel strange and ill at ease in the place in which they find themselves. We go back to Wades in the Water's lodge. I speak to Joe Ground and to Bird Rattler, inquiring about the time that they want me to address the people in the Medicine Lodge. They think one o'clock, but no one knows for certain, as the Secretary is due to come here and make a few remarks. Mrs. Lincoln wants to take photographs of Little Dog, John Two Guns, Wades in the Water and Bird Rattler. These insist that Celina, Mary Ellen and I be photographed with them, as they seem to sense that Mrs. Lincoln does not care to waste good film on photographing white people. The Indians are polite but determined in this matter, so that she only succeeds in getting the pictures she wants by using up a whole lot of film she will have no use for. I suspect they are settling up scores for the couple of breaks Mrs. Lincoln has just made. As I sympathize with them in this, I make no attempt to get our group out of these pictures, and resolutely refuse to do the polite thing, and refuse to be photographed. Julia Wades in the Water loans Celina, Mary Ellen and myself Hudson's Bay blankets and war bonnets to wear while being photographed. From Wades lodge we see the weather dancer dancing out in front of the Medicine Lodge, which is in the center of the camp circle. We all walk over to the Medicine Lodge, where Miles Running Wolf introduces himself. We have had much correspondence in our office with Miles Running Wolf. Explain some things about the Medicine Lodge to Mrs. Lincoln's son. Then Joe Ground and Bird Rattler enter the Lodge and tell me that the camp is eating, and will then get dressed to receive the Secretary. Tell them I will make my talk after the Secretary leaves the camp. One prima donna on the stage at a time is enough. On learning of the Secretary's impending arrival General Scott makes haste to depart to the Heart Butte camp, taking Mrs. Lincoln and her son with him. The General wastes no love on the Secretary. The Secretary, in common with very many educators, is a man full of theories, half baked ideas and hot air. When he was first appointed Secretary he wrote an article for the Saturday Evening Post setting forth his plan for the speedy solution of the Indian problem. The only effect of the article was to make a whole lot of Indians mad at the Secretary, and the article effectively demonstrated the Secretary's great ignorance of the subject on which he wrote so fluently. If he had known more, he would not have written any article. The man who coined the proverb that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" must have had especially in mind people who fly into print with some solution of the Indian problem. This probably explains the General's dislike. It is the dislike of the practical and experienced man for the swivel chair theorist who thinks he has the right answers to all the questions, and does not hesitate to tell the world about it. We meet Oscar Boy on the edge of the camp. We are driving back to the Agency with Jim Brott, who has come to get us. We stop and talk to Oscar, who introduces us to an old timer who knew my father. We talk a bit, and then drive on to Brott's for lunch. I first met Oscar, whose Piegan name is Crow Feathers, at this camp in July, 1914. He is a Carlisle graduate, and is now a Councilman. Lunch at Brotts.

Jim Brott then drives Celina, Mary Ellen and myself back to the camp. Jim will remain in the camp for the Secretary's arrival. The chiefs and headmen are mounted, and in full costume, wearing their war bonnets, and are about to depart and meet the Secretary, and form his escort when he enters the camp. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs was so received when he visited this camp in 1914. I shake hands with the chiefs, and they depart. Jim and I leave Celina and Mary Ellen in the camp, and drive back to the Agency and pick up Elean Brott and the two Brott children, and drive them to the camp. Parking space has been reserved for our car directly in front of the Medicine Lodge. Some of the Indians then send word to me through Jim Brott that they want me on the program with the Secretary. I send word back to them that the secretary should be received without any other person on his program, and that only one matter should be handled at a time. Joe Brown, President of the Council, who is standing in the Medicine Lodge signals to me, and signs that he has my message, and approves of it. Joe Brown has a good head on him, and if he approves of a line of conduct out here, it is a safe line to follow. Any advice received from Joe Brown, General Scott, Campbell or Stone as to policy on this reservation is good advice to follow. Jim Brott also thinks the course wise, as the Secretary's articles in which he stated that the Indians should all be thrown out on their own in a short time, have been translated to the old Indians out here, and have not endeared the Secretary to the Indians. Jim thinks it would be unwise to appear publicly with such an unpopular man, in friendly relations with that man, when the whole camp knew that I could avoid doing so. The Secretary is late in arriving. We meet and talk to a delegation of Indians from Fort Berthold. One of them is named Huber. Tell the delegates from Fort Berthold that a friend of mine, Duncan Strong is coming on their Reservation later this summer, and give Duncan a good send off with the delegates. Secretary Wilbur, his wife, and a large party, in five or six Park touring cars, arrive. The headmen, on horseback, lead the parade, singing a song of welcome. There are some summer Forest Rangers in the party, whose faces do not yet know the touch of a razor blade. These are in natty Forest Ranger uniforms, and pack huge six guns, and cameras. Park Service appoints the sons and nephews of influential politicians for the summer ranger jobs. The boys get a free vacation, and their elders kick through in the winter with enlarged appropriations to Park Service. The only loser on the deal is old John Taxpayer, who is duly spread over the well known barrel with his trousers down. One old timer out here made the crack that the Park Service put in trails and signs in Glacier Park to keep the guides and rangers from getting lost. He meant the summer guides and summer rangers, of course. The Secretary is received in front of the Medicine Lodge, and chairs are provided there for him and his party. Superintendent Forrest Stone, Joe Brown and Jim White Calf are the reception committee. The headmen and leading Indians come up and shake hands with the secretary, each being introduced by Forrest Stone as he comes up. Jim Brott gets up close, in order to report anything I might miss, as our party remains sitting in our car. Dick Kipp, who is as crazy as all get out, but harmless, and who cannot be suppressed upon public occasions, comes forward and makes a speech which goes on and on. Stone tells us afterwards that Dick asked the Secretary to dig down in his pocket and contribute some money for a feast for the Indians. Forrest then took Dick up very sharply, and told

him that the Secretary was the guest of the Piegan Indians. Dick Kipp then proceeded to interrogate the Secretary. What has become of our big claim against the United States, says Dick Kipp. The Secretary turns to Stone and says: What big claim and what about it? Stone says: The case of the Blackfoot, Piegan and other Indians against the United States. This case, Mr. Secretary, has been argued before the Court of Claims, but has not yet been decided by the court. It is out of your hands. The Secretary said to Dick Kipp: Your claim has been argued before the Court of Claims, has not yet been decided by that Court, and is out of my hands. How long have you been Secretary, asks Dick Kipp. How long have I been Secretary, the Secretary asks Forrest Stone. Stone replies: Mr. Secretary, you have held your position for three years and a half. I have been Secretary for three years and a half, the Secretary tells Dick Kipp. Dick Kipp then presents the Secretary with an abalone shell pendent and a feather, which he assures him, if he wears them, will enable him to tell the truth. Other speeches are then made by the headmen and leading men of the Piegans. The Secretary then makes a speech. He says he will do all he can to help the people on the Blackfoot Reservation this winter. The Interpreter translated this to the Indians in such a way that it means that the Secretary promises he will get Congress to provide emergency relief this winter. This speech is going to kick back on the Secretary, this winter. The Secretary concludes by saying that he likes the beautiful costumes of the Indians, but is afraid that his wife will be tempted to want to buy some of them. My, my, my, Mr. Secretary. Think of what that speech would sound like if you made it to the Diplomatic Corps at a Diplomatic Reception at the White House. These people are human beings too. Oscar Boy then steps up and makes a speech. He gets dramatic, and says that although the Indians costumes are beautiful, their stomachs are empty. As Oscar is fat and prosperous looking, and the Secretary is a lean and hungry looking Cassius, and the Secretary on his way into camp has seen a large number of cattle being butchered for a feast, Oscar's pitiful plea does not go over. In addition to this, right next to the Medicine Lodge, is a pile of provisions, covered with canvas, which is as high as a man. This is quite all right as the Secretary cannot see through the canvas, and does not know that he is standing near a pile of provisions sufficient to feed the whole camp. Oscar is Secretary of the Tribal Council, and is facing impeachment proceedings for misconduct. The charge is that Oscar got drunk and intoxicated the night of July 3, in Browning, and was thrown in the hoosegow, and spent the night in the custody of the able chief of police, Mr. Wades in the Water. The Secretary and Mrs. Wilbur are now taken into the Medicine Lodge for adoption. The Secretary receives the name of Eagle. Forrest Stone, the Superintendent's name is Big Eagle. Mrs. Wilbur is adopted, but since she has her leg in a brace, she is not given the usual push in the back, to make her step forward, which goes with the usual adoption. The Canadian Indians give a sham battle in the Medicine Lodge, and then a dance, drumming on a large rawhide as they sing their dance songs. The Secretary is observed yawning a couple of times during the entertainment. His hosts may feel the same way, but have better manners, and so do not yawn. Dick Sanderville is down from Heart Butte for the reception. The Secretary and his party depart, and Forrest Stone goes with them. An Indian Reservation is a great place. It is a good vantage point from which to study white men. All of the Indians remain in the lodge, and our party goes in to the lodge, accompanied by Joe Brown, and Dick Grant, who are to act as

Interpreters. Our party is conducted to the rear of the Medicine Lodge, to the left of the storm dancers booth, which faces the entrance. The headmen and leading men are seated on our left, and fill the northern part of the lodge. The lodge entrance faces east. In the south east sector of the lodge are the drummers and singers. The women are around the south part of the lodge, and a large crowd of people block the entrance. Among the people are a scattering of tourists from Glacier Park. Celina and Mery Ellen are provided with chairs, which are placed next, and on the left, of the booth of the weather dancers. This is the place of honor. The fire trench, with a fire in it, is just east of the center pole of the lodge, between the center pole and the entrance, but a little to the north of a line drawn from the center pole to the entrance. Joe Brown steps forward and asks the leading men and the people if they are ready to hear Four Bears, and the headmen say they are ready. I make a talk, with Dick Grant interpreting. If I make this talk a few more times, I will be able to say it all in my sleep. And most probably will. I explain why I did not appear before the Medicine Lodge with the secretary of the Interior. The Secretary is a great man, and a big chief, and should be heard by himself, and with nobody else when he appears. The Secretary represents the Government, while I represented only the Piegan Indians, who had a claim against the Government. If the Secretary knew I was present, he might not feel that he could talk as freely. On the other hand there were many things I would not care to talk about to them in the presence of the Secretary. That it was better, since I represented them, that we talk over their affairs together alone, and not in the presence of these big Government chiefs. Then, for perhaps the hundreth time, I explained in much detail their case to them, and its present status. Closed by telling them not to expect too much money out of this case, and not to expect that it would come to them very soon. I explained the depression to them. Pointed out that, as they well/knew, in the old days, the buffalo sometimes disappeared for periods of time, and the people went hungry. That during those times the best scouts and hunters were sent out to look for the buffalo. That the strongest medicine men made medicine in their camps to draw the buffalo back again, and that sometimes it took a long time to find the buffalo again. What the buffalo was to the old Indian, money was to the white man, and to the Great Father. That recently the Great Father's money had disappeared, and all of his children were crying to him because they did not have any money. The Great Father had sent out his best scouts to look for the money, and his best hunters, and the best medicine men had been called in to Washington to make magic, and sing their songs to draw the money back, but that so far they had had no success. That they must think of these things, and compare them with the experiences of the Piegans in time past when the buffalo were scarce, and then they would understand. That as in times past with the buffalo, some day the Great Father's scouts would come in with the money, and the medicine men of the Great Father would have back their power, and would draw the money back to his camp. This was to tell them not to expect too much, and not to expect it too soon. Joe Brown then made a speech, giving me much praise, especially for the enactment of the bill whereby their children were all placed upon the tribal roll. The leading men listened to the speeches in their customary fashion. Heads bowed, eyes to the ground, and in silence. After the speechmaking, all parents having sick children to be cured, carried or brought them in to the weather dancers. These

anointed the children with sacred red paint. This paint is applied to the part of the child supposed to be affected by the sickness. In other words it is put on at the place where the pain is felt. Presents are given by the parents to the storm dancers for this anointing. The presents consist of pipes, filled with tobacco, and a piece of cloth. When the weather dancer accepts the pipe which is tendered, this signifies that he undertakes to attempt the cure of the child. The headmen and leading men leave the Medicine Lodge at this time, and we leave with them. John Two Guns invites us to his lodge, and Dick Grant goes with us. Two Guns daughter presents Mary Ellen with a complete Indian outfit for a girl Mary Ellen's size, including belt and moccasins. Two Guns wife gives Celina a very old Cree bracelet. Julia Wades in the Water, who is present, gives Mary Ellen a bracelet, and someone else gives her a beaded head band, with a feather for her hair. John Two Guns makes a talk and reminds me of a promise I made him at the Iron Horse Fair in Baltimore. I tell him that my promises are slow in arriving, sometimes, but that they always do arrive. I must find out what old John thinks I promised him. It has me worried. Later in the day I find out, from Dick Sanderville whom I sent around to pump Two Guns, that I promised Two Guns to wire him the news as soon as the decision was handed down by the court in the Blackfoot case. So I gave him the right answer. It would have been bad medicine to have admitted to Two Guns that I had forgotten what I promised, and worse not to have done what I promised when the time comes. We drive to Jim Brott's for supper. Stone is still at Glacier Park with the Secretary, and General Scott is still at Heart Butte. After supper Jim Brott drives Celina and myself over to the camp and we pay a visit in Jim White Calf's lodge. The seating arrangement in Jim White Calf's lodge, which is a painted lodge, is different. At least for this evening. Jim has a medicine bag, and an altar of sorts at the owners places opposite to the door. He and his wife are seated on the right hand side of the lodge, as you face the entrance, half way between the back of the lodge and the door, near the wall of the lodge. We are directed to seats opposite to Jim and his wife, and are seated at the north wall of the lodge, half way between the altar and the entrance. The entrance faces east. Jim's wife is seated on his right. There is a fire place in the center of the lodge, a small circle of stones, under the smoke hole. Jim's wife acts as interpreter, but she speaks in a low and weak voice, and it is sometimes hard to understand her. She seems weak and frail, and not in good health. This makes our conversation with Jim somewhat difficult. Jim White Calf presents me with a medicine pipe. It has a black stone bowl, and long stem, and nothing to mark it from the ordinary Piegan pipe, except its history, which Jim relates to us. Sixt years ago White Calf, Jim's father, a leading Piegan chief, killed a famous Crow Indian medicine man in the course of a battle with the Crows in the Judith Gap country. White Calf took from the dead medicine man this pipe, which he gave to his son Jim some time before he died. Jim also presented me with a pair of heavily beaded moccasins, and Jim's wife gave Celina a beaded awl case, and a beaded knife case. At this point we here a party beating drums and signing two or three lodges distant from Jim White calf's lodge. Jim Brott say to Jim White Calf: You will be having visitors soon, and Jim White Calf grins, and says he thinks so. We shake hands and take our departure. The singing and drumming come from a party of Flathead visitors who are giving the Begging Dance. The Sioux, I am told,