

have this Begging Dance as well as the Flatheads. The Pigans, Bloods and Blackfoot Indians do not have it. In the Begging Dance a party of visitors form and go around serenading various prominent Indians in the camp where they are visiting. The serenade is continued until the person so honored invites them in and gives them a present. It is a sort of Indian Chivaree, although it has nothing to do with weddings, and is conducted in a more decorous manner. We drive back to the Agency and to Jim Brott's. Mary Ellen is asleep. Celina and I go over to Forrest Stone's. Both he and General Scoot have returned. The General is having a tough time untangling a fishing line, and so Celina helps him out with it. The General is very deaf, and therefore hard to talk to. But he likes to tell stories, so it is not necessary to talk, but just to listen. They are good stories, and the General is a good story teller. His habit is to make long pauses between some of his sentences, giving the impression that he is through talking. It is best to keep quiet during these intervals, because the General will resume in a moment or two. He sometimes points with his right finger when starting a story, and pauses from time to time, working his lips, as if moistening his mouth. Stone seems to have heard most of these stories before. We have not. The General begins: When I was Commandant at West Point --- Stone whispers to me: John, this one takes twenty minutes to tell, I am going down to coal and shake down the furnace. In twenty minutes the story ended, and Stone was back in the room on the dot, having done his chores in the furnace room. The General pointed his finger, worked his lips, and began again: When I was with General Wood in Cuba --- Stone whispered to me: John, this one takes thirty five minutes. I am going over to the Agency Office and sign my mail. In thirty five minutes Stone was back, having signed his mail, and he returned just as the General's story of his Cuban adventures ended. We leave Stone's house late, and go back to Brott's and turn in. We have a nice room at Brott's. Celina and I in a large bed, and Mary Ellen in a couch. The Brott's and their children have a room across from us, and there is a bath between. The houses here are bungalow type, and have been constructed by the Government very recently, and are modern in equipment, and most comfortable.

Wednesday, July 6. We have breakfast at the Brott's. I leave Celina and Mary Ellen there and go over to the Agency Office. There meet and have a talk with F.C. Campbell, and canvas the political situation in Glacier Country, and discuss Scott Leavitt's chances for re-election this fall. Leavitt is a Republican, is Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and represents this District. The Indian vote controls Glacier County. Scott Leavitt has made one bad mistake in this county, and that was in his appointment of the Postmaster at Browning. The former Postmaster was an Indian, a Republican and a member of the American Legion. In his place Leavitt appointed a white man, who did not see service in the World War. The Indians and the members of the Legion in this County are therefore hostile to Leavitt. But Leavitt has been a good friend to the Indians in this county. Jim White Calf and Joe Ground come in. Talk to them, and then to Forrest Stone, Jim Brott and Joe Brown. Stone Long Distances to Shotwell, Superintendent of the Fort ~~Belknap~~ Belknap Agency, which is about 205 miles east of Browning by Rail, and the same distance by road. Near Dodson, on the Great Northern, which is near the junction of People's Creek and the Milk River was old Fort Browning, a fur trading post, back in the Eighties. Dodson is about 235 or 240 miles east of Browning, which the Great Northern has now named Fort Browning. I request that John Buckman, Joe Bradley and Johnny Flea, all old personal friends of mine among the Gros Ventres be mentioned by

Stone in his phone call to Shotwell. Stone arranges with Shotwell a meeting with me of the Gros ventre Tribal Council, the meeting to be held Friday morning. Shotwell will also ask that the Indians I have named be present at the meeting of the Council, in addition to the Councilmen. Council meetings are generally public, but not always. The meeting will be in some building at the Fort Belknap Agency. We leave for Fort Belknap Thursday, go by way of Rocky Boy's Reservation, and will return here Saturday. Forrest Stone will drive us in his car. I leave the Agency office and pick up Peter Flint, and Indian boy, and he gets his car to drive Celina and Mary Ellen to the Piagen camp to take pictures of Alice Bear Paw, the daughter of John Two Guns. We get a flat tire the first thing, and Pete Flint takes the car to the Agency Garage, where I meet Laurenz, who is there in charge. Laurenz is the husband of Mrs. Laurenz, who acted as our stenographer here in 1926, when Guy Petten, George Stormont and I were taking testimony in the Blackfoot case. While the car is being repaired I go to the First National Bank of Browning to get a check cashed. The bank is closed. Then go to the Sherburne Trading Company, and meet once more Joe Sherburne, and his father. Joe's father was an old Indian trader in Oklahoma, before coming here. Cash my check at the Trading Store. The Sherburnes likewise own the Bank. Talk to Joe Sherburne about oil development on the Reservation. We arrange to inspect the oil well here before I leave. The tire on Pete's car is repaired, and Pete picks me up at the Sherburne Store. We drive to Prott's house, where Pete picks up Celina and Mary Ellen and drives them to the camp, to Two Guns lodge. I return to the Agency office and talk some more to Campbell, this time about the illiteracy school established here for old Indians. Forrest Stone gets his car, picks up Joe Brown, and we all drive to the camp to pick up Celina and Mary Ellen at Two Guns lodge. They did not get the photographs taken of Alice Bear Paw, as she was still asleep. I meet Aims Back and After Buffalo in the camp. They were two of our witnesses in 1926. Recall that fact to them and they seem very pleased. We start for Heart Butte, to visit the Piegan camp there. Stone drives, and I am up front with him. Celina, Mary Ellen and Joe Brown are in the back seat. We stop at Dick Grant's place on the way to Heart Butte, but there is no one home. Dick has very many dogs around his place, and Joe Brown says Dick is anxious to get rid of them. I suggest that Dick invite some Assiniboines from Fort Belknap or Fort Peck to visit him for a month. They would eat every dog on the place within that time. Joe thinks this is a good idea, and will suggest it to Dick. On the left side of the road, as you go south, at the crossing of the Two Medicine River, and just before coming to the bridge, is a small hill, on the top of which are the grave boxes of the Big Beaver family. The place is no longer used for burials. The dead have been placed in large boxes on the top of the hill. At this point the dirt road to Family Mission turns off to the left, or east, and runs along the north bank of the Two Medicine, going down stream. After crossing the bridge we turn right off the Highway and take the Heart Butte road. This is nothing but a line of parallel ruts, made by wagons and cars going over the prairie. It is pretty rough going. Forrest and Joe begin to discuss the leading men among the full bloods of this Reservation, and reach the conclusion that Jim White Calf is the outstanding man among the full bloods on the north side of the Reservation, and that No Coat is the outstanding full blood Indian citizen among the southern or Heart Butte group on the Reservation. We then discuss lands on the Reservation

which have been alienated from Indian ownership. When the Reservation was originally allotted in severalty to the enrolled members of the ~~tribe~~ tribe, it had 1,500,000 acres; The allotment was made, and for each parcel of land allotted to each individual Indian a trust patent was given to the Indian allottee. Title to the land thus patented remained in the United States for the benefit of the Indian allottee named in the patent, for the particular parcel of land described in the patent. As time went on many of these Indians were judged competent to manage their own affairs, so fee patents were issued to them for their allotments, and the trust patents taken up. By the fee patents the ~~Indian~~ Indian allottee was entitled and possessed not only the use of the land allotted him but the title to the land also. Fee patent lands had to pay state and county taxes, and could be mortgaged, sold or devised by their owners, or given away. Much of this fee patent land was lost to ownership because of non payment of taxes by the Indian owners, some of it was sold by the Indian owners, and some of the fee patent land went to white people by gift or by devise. Indians married whites and on their death, the land would go to the white survivor of the marriage. Thus many, if not most, of the fee patent lands were lost to the Indians. Some of these lands are now claimed by no one. Stone thinks that as land is now cheap, due to the depression, that an effort should be made to get Congress to appropriate money to get this land back for Indian ownership, and reallo^t it to Indians. There has been a population increase out here, the act passed to enroll children on the tribal rolls has increased the number of those who are entitled to allotments, but there is not surplus tribal land to allot to these children. Stone thinks a million and a half dollars, appropriated by Congress as a reimbursable fund would be ample to purchase sufficient land at present prices. Promise Stone to do the best I can. It is a good idea. But we agree that only trust patents be issued in the future and they be not permitted to mature into fee patents for as long a time as possible. In trust patents the period the trust patent will run is set forth by Congress, and after the expiration of that period a fee patent is issued to the Indian allottee and the trust patent is taken up. Fee patent lands among these people are soon lost, and pass into the possession of white men. We detour off the Heart Butte Road to look at some Indian graves. These are the graves of the Eagle Head family. They occupy the crest of a high ridge of land overlooking the valley. This enables those in the valley to see the graves against the sky line, and thus see anyone loitering about those graves who has no business to be there. Back in the Nineties, and later, there was grave robbing undertaken on different Reservations for the purpose of getting elk teeth. These teeth were used as emblems by the Benevolent and Protective Order Of Elks. Only a few of the teeth in each elk, possibly two, are good for such emblems. As elks are protected game, the only large supply of these teeth could be found buried with dead Indians. Those desiring to supply the manufacturers of Elk emblems with teeth, therefore had recourse to the Indian dead to get their supply. The ~~grave~~ graves of the Eagle Head family overlook the Two Medicine valley. One of the graves is a cabin like structure, built somewhat after the manner of a corn crib, and holding, I judge, a number of bodies. A charnel hut. The other graves ~~have~~ have the same corn crib structure, but is much smaller, and contains a couple of large boxes, in which are laid the bodies. There is no sign of recent burial here, either to the eye or the sense of smell. We go back to the Heart Butte road, and proceed on to Heart Butte. On arrival there Joe Brown and I go to visit

Dr. Johnson, and his guest, Duncan MacDonald. Duncan gives details about the old monument on the Saskatchewan river that he saw in 1877. It was not on the Bow river as previously stated. The monument consists of a large pile of stones, some of the stones so large it would take two men to lift them. The Indians say this pile covers writing which was put there by white men who erected the pile of stones, and that it is bad medicine to disturb the stones or the writing. A Blood Indian, who was seventy at the time (1877) told Duncan that his father had told him about these stones when he was an old man, and that his father was told about them by his grandfather. The stone pile goes by the Blood name for "writing." Duncan thinks the monuments was built there at too early a period for French exploration, and was therefore put there by the Spaniards. Duncan also retells his famous story about the buffalo hunt down near Browning, where he wounded a cow, fell off his horse, got the cow by the tail, and had to hang on and run with the cow a mile to save his life. The cow finally bled to death, and fell dead, just in time, as Duncan was pretty nearly ready to fall dead if the cow hadn't done so first. He says he steered the cow by swinging right or left on her tail. If he had not grabbed the cow's tail the animal would have swung and gored him to death. We have dinner at the Sub Agent's. His dining room was my bed room, when I slept here in 1926. One of the Indian drunks in the guard house set fire to that important public edifice last night, but only succeeded in burning up all of his own bedding. Outside of that all is quiet at Heart Butte. After dinner we all go to the Heart Butte Piegan camp, and go to the Medicine Lodge, which is in the center of the camp. The Medicine Lodge having been frequently mentioned, it is best here to describe it. The lodge is circular in form, and about fifty feet in diameter. In its center rises the center pole, which is a cottonwood tree, the bark left on, and the other limbs lopped off, with the exception of the top, where two branches remain in the form of a fork. The pole is about twenty feet tall, from base to fork. The two tines of the fork rise five or six feet from the crotch. In the crotch is a bundle of cottonwood boughs, with the leaves on, and through this bundle is run a digging stick. From the bundle hangs the tail of a buffalo, which hangs down the side of the center pole. This bundle is the Thunder nest. The side posts forming the uprights for the wall of the lodge are forked at their ends, and rise about seven feet from base to crotch. The tines of the forks are not above a foot, or a foot and a half in length. The side posts are connected to each other by cross posts, run through these crotches. The crotch of the center pole contains the ends of the roof poles of the lodge, the butts of these roof poles resting on the poles which connect the side posts to each other. All poles are lashed in place at points of junction with each other with strips of green raw hide. These strips, shrinking as they dry, make a very tight binding. The sides of the lodge are banked with cottonwood boughs, reinforced in places with strips of canvas. The entrance of the lodge is wide, being the width of the distance between four posts, making a triple entrance. Opposite the entrance is a booth of brush, enclosed on three sides, but open at the front, facing the entrance. The booth is placed so that its rear end is close to the outer wall of the lodge. It is of cottonwood boughs, and is the place occupied by the storm, or weather, dancers. A fire trench is dug east of the center pole, and north of the entrance. The fire trench is therefore not on line between the center pole and the entrance. The drummers and singers have their places south of the center pole. The men sit around the north wall of the lodge, and the women, for the most part, around the south wall of the lodge. The Sun Woman's lodge is back of the Medicine Lodge, or west of it. This type

of Medicine or Sun Dance Lodge is called the Arapaho type. According to James Bradley, who obtained much of his information from Culbertson, and other old fur traders doing business with these Piegiens, employees of the American Fur Company in 1835 witnessed a Piegan Medicine Lodge. But the Lodge they saw was built after the manner of the Crow Indian Sun Dance lodge of today, or like the Crow Tobacco Lodge. It was built like a tipi, with a center pole which heald up the ends of the tipi poles. The losge was entirely covered with brush. In this case the poles running out from the center pole rested directly on the ground, there being no side wall. In the 1835 Medicine Lodge a white buffalo hide was hung as an offering to the crotch of the center pole. This the fur traders attempted to steal after the ceremony, but some of the Piegiens got it ahead of them. We meet Mr. and Mrs. Miller at the Medicine Lodge. He is the Trader at Heart Butte, and she is Postmistress and Notary Public. Mrs. Miller had us to dinner in 1926, and also swore our witnesses and interpreters for us in the Heart Butte School house. We are provided with large boxes, which contain/canned soup, to sit on, near the weather dancer's booth, and just to the left of the booth, as one faces the entrane of the Lodge. The duties of the weather or storm dancer appear to be over, as he is sitting on the south side of the lodge, next to the drummers. The name of the storm dancer here is Weasel Head. It is the duty of the storm dancer to keep it from raining during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies, for if it rains at any time during the Medicine Lodge, that is taken to mean that the Sun Woman has broken some of the rules of the ceremony, or that she is not as pure and faithful a wife as she swears she is. It rained pretty continuously up to the time of our arrival here from the east, but has not rained since we came upon the Reservation. I point this out to Joe Brown, as making me pretty good strom dancer material. Joe agrees, and says my medicine is pretty strong. Dick Sanderville takes charge of us. We meet Iron Pipe and his wife, Mountain Chief, Weasel Head, Tom Horn, No Coat, Day Rider, Mad Plume, Chief Crow, whose white name is Charlie Reavis, Buffalo Body, and see Iron Breast at a distance. Also meet Many Tail Feathers. Nelson, the Farmer at Old Agency comes in to the Lodge. I have not seem him since our exciting ride to Cut Bank back in 1926, when we drove all night in a storm, and over very bad roads, to get some Lethridge beer at Cut Bank. At Cut Bank we witnessed a near or attempted stabbing, which almost wound up in a lynching. We recall old times together. Mountain Chief comes up and asks me to make a speech. So I make another speech, with Dick Sanderville acting as Interpreter. It is about the same one I made at the Agency Medicine Lodge yeasterday, leaving out the Great Father, and the buffalo, and the depression. All they want to know is about their claim, and I can rattle along about that in my sleep, by now. The head men listen with their heads bowed, and as if in deep thought, and give little or no response of any kind. This is a bit disconcerting, until you get used to it. But this seems to be the proper manner among these people for the leaders to receive news or information of great importance, or when deliberating upon serious matters. In this connection Will Logan, former Superintendent at Fort Belknap, tells one on John Burroughs, the Naturalist. Logan had Burroughs as a guest at Fort Belknap in 1905, or thereabouts. Logan as Indian Agent, introduced Burroughs to an assembly of the Gros ventre and Assiniboin headmen, as a man who knew all about the birds and beasts and reptiles. The assembled headmen received this information from Logan in the same solemn, silent and thoughtful manner as these Piegan headmen receive a message of importance. In the case of Burroughs the assembled Indians maintained silence for ten or fifteen

minutes, smoking and looking very thoughtful. Finally an old Indian spoke up and said: "Well, let him tell us something about the birds, and beasts, and snakes." Logan says Burroughs left at this point, telling him: "Will, these people are too God damned ceremonious for me." Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coburn of Cut Bank are sitting next to us in the lodge. Walter Coburn is a white man, and a lawyer from Cut Bank. His wife is a mixed blood Piegan, whose name was Mae Aubrey. Coburn was the lawyer of Jessie Munroe, a grandson of Hugh Munroe, whom the Piegans called Rising Wolf. Jessie was sent up for 18 years in the MacNeils Island Penitentiary by Judge Pray, on a conviction for Rape. Walter and I worked together on his case, and wangled a commutation of sentence, whereby Jessie was turned loose before he had served a year. So we talked about Jessie. Poor Jessie had an Enoch Arden stunt pulled on him. His wife signed her name on his application for the commutation, but evidently did not think our efforts would amount to so very much, and that Jessie would reside on the Island for a long, long time. So when Jessie returned he found that friend wife had gone over the hill with another man, taking most of Jessie's movable property with her. There is nothing more useless than a husband doing a long hitch in the Pen, and women are apt to take a very practical view of such a situation. Mrs. Coburn tells me she is related to No Coat, son of Running Crane, and that No Coat takes a lot of interest in Coburn and gives him lots of good advice upon all occasions, when they meet. This would tie this family up with Perry Kennerly of Washington, who also claims relationship to Running Crane, on his mother's side. It also ties these people up with Wades in the Water, who is No Coat's brother. Van Senden, who was formerly night clerk at the New England Hotel in Browning, but who now lives in Washington, was married to Mrs. Coburn's sister, but divorced Van Senden to go off with a dentist. Van was well liked by the Piegans, and he taught the leading men to play poker. After the divorce Van Senden's brother, who lived in Washington, died, leaving Van Senden a whole lot of money. This turn delighted the Piegans, who thought Van's wife had played a dirty trick on him by going off with the dentist. Mrs. Coburn suggests to me that Van ought to come back here and marry one of the good looking mixed blood girls hereabouts, so that all of that money could be kept in the Tribe. Mrs. Coburn describes the Piegan manner of taking an oath upon a pipe. The person swearing takes a pipe, filled with tobacco but not lighted. Holding the pipe with the left hand, bowl slanted downward, stem along the left forearm, he takes a pinch of tobacco from the bowl with the fingers of his right hand, and passes this pinch up the stem of the pipe from the bowl, and then down again to the bowl. He then hold the pinch of tobacco up toward the sky, offering it to the Sun, and then places it on the ground before him. He then says: "My words will be as straight as the stem of this pipe." She also tells the story of a Piegan man who did not care much for the manner in which his daughter in law behaved. One day, in his lodge, he was going on at a great rate about the manners, morals and general uselessness of his daughter in law, when she suddenly opened the skin covering the entrance of the lodge in which he was sitting, and stepped in. Then with great presence of mind this Piegan father in law concluded his remarks by saying: "That's whaite the white man says about her." So now when a Piegan wants to change the subject for some good reason, he says: "That is what the white man says." Dick Sanderville takes photographs of Celina, Mary Ellen, Joe Brown and myself in the Medicine Lodge, grouped with the headmen. Joe Brown goes out of the lodge. I meet and smoke with all of the Canadian visitors, who are Bloods and Blackfoot Indians from the Blood Reserve in Canada. Then, doubtless as punishment for my past

sins, Peter Oscar Little Chief sits down beside me. We have been seated on these hard soup boxes for some time, and there are many interesting things going on in the Medicine Lodge, and so it is not so good listening to Peter Oscar just then. Peter gives me an earful about what he does not know about the Blackfoot case, and tells me I should get after the President of the United States and have him sign the bill which will give the Court of Claims jurisdiction to try the claims of these Indians. I try to tell Peter Oscar that the President signed the bill he is talking about in 1921; that testimony was taken in the case in 1926; and that the case was argued and submitted to the court in 1930; and that the Court now had the case under consideration, but had not yet handed down a decision. Peter Oscar says I should tell the people this. I did tell the people this, in this very same Medicine Lodge not two hours ago, and Peter Oscar was in the audience when I told it. I also told the same people the same thing at the Heart Butte dance hall the night of July 4th. I wish a couple of the roof poles of the lodge would jar loose and come down on Oscar. All of this comes on top of a speech by Mountain Chief. Mountain Chief came forward with another old Indian, and an Interpreter. He got me by the arm, held his face about a foot from my, and being a bit off balance by reason of his position, leaned on me. He has a voice like a bull, and had lots of competition. He drowned out the Master of Ceremonies who was trying just then to make an announcement in the lodge. When the Master of ceremonies quit, Mountain Chief kept right on, and succeeded in drowning out the musicians, who had eight hand drums going, and some pretty loud voices, but Mountain Chief topped them all with ease. Mountain Chief is blind, so an old crony of his led him forward, and Chief Crow did the interpreting for him. These soup boxes we are sitting on grow harder and harder. Wish we could sit on the ground for a time. The Chief's Dance is now held in the Medicine Lodge. This dance is promised and paid for by some group either in honor of themselves or in honor of someone else. The group makes gifts to the Medicine Lodge, and are therefore privileged to dance around the lodge four times. One group dances around in honor of their eldest son, who dances with them. Another group dance in honor of a baby in their family, and the baby is carried around in the dance by its mother. Dick Sanderville dances in a Chief's Dance. He is dressed in white man's clothes, but wears a Cree sash, and a stetson hat. He carries a kodak under one arm, and wears shoes. In the other hand he carries a half eaten apple. He dances with great dignity. Dick's one eighth Mexican dominates his appearance. He has a close cut mustache, and looks like the late Pancho Villa. But Dick is all Piegan Indian when it comes to character and disposition. Most of the dancers wear Indian dress and are painted. The headmen and leading men wear the same dress and war bonnets that they wore at our reception the night of July 4th. Yellow and red are the colors which dominate in the face paint and body paint designs. The ceremonial red paint worn by the Sun Woman and the storm or weather dancer is a darker shade of red than that worn by the others. There is an Owl Dance, the same as the one held for us the night of July 4th. Dick Sanderville's wife takes me out to dance with her, and we go around the usual four times, strolling around the Medicine Lodge, in the circle of dancers, during the intermissions. I notice that Celina, Mary Ellen and the Coburns are all in this dance. The young men have a dance, and I notice that Weasel Head dances behind them in this dance, carrying a cane shaped like a big snake. He carries this in a charge bayonets position, and follows along as if driving the young men before him. Weasel Head points the head of his wooden snake

toward the dancers in front of him. The young men in their paint look feminine, but Weasel Head is old and wrinkled, and looks far from feminine. I later ask Joe Brown if the Piegan ever had any berdaches, such as all the other tribes had. He says yes, but that it has been a long time since they had any. He remembers one berdache among the Canadian Blackfoot, or among the Bloods of Canada, a long time ago. Last year Weasel Head, who is a medicine man, took a vacation from the practice of holy things, and went down to Browning with his wagon and team and got drunk. He turned his team in the middle of the main street of Browning, and tipped the wagon right over, and the Agency police had to dive into a grand mixture composed of kicking horses, wagon, dust and Weasel Head. They finally separated this mixture into its component parts, and put the horses and wagon into a stable, and threw Weasel Head into the Agency Bastile. This year Weasel Head is back on his old job as storm or weather dancer in the Medicine Lodge, and is much better off taking care of sacred matters, than he would be if he were down at Browning trying to be one of the College boys. There is another Chief's Dance. All dances proceed around the Medicine Lodge in a clockwise circle. That is, all except Buffalo Body, and he always goes around counter clockwise, against the line of dancers. Weasel Head during some of these dances stands in his place near the drummers and goes through the steps of the dance, holding out at arms length, with his right hand, the skin of some medicine animal and waving it gently back and forth toward the dancers. I think the medicine animal is an otter skin, but am not sure. I believe that Weasel Head is attempting by this to impart some of his power to the dancers. At least he is doing his best to encourage them. Buffalo Body rates a description. He is a short, spare old man, with large puffs under his eyes. He has a thin, humorous mouth, and a big nose. He has a quizzical expression on his face, and his eyebrows appear arched away up. He wears his war bonnet cocked over one ear, in a rakish manner. It is cocked over his left ear. He gives the general impression of a well groomed, sporty old man about town, who has been a high roller all of his life, and has no intention of ceasing to be a high roller. He is richly dressed in beaded buckskin leggings and shirt, trimmed with weasel tails. His moccasins are solidly beaded, and he carries a beaded and fringed leather gun case, with a gun in it. He dances along like he was going some place, but did not give a damn where the place was, nor when he arrived there. The dancing over, gifts are now given. The Master of Ceremonies, or Crier, holds up the particular gift to be given, announces the name of the giver, and that of the person for whom the gift is intended. An assistant then takes the gift and carries it to the person who is named as its recipient. Gifts are received here with a great show of indifference. The recipient merely reaches out and takes the gift, without saying a word, and frequently without even looking at the person who is handing the gift to him, and without interrupting for a moment any conversation he may be having with a neighbor. This attitude, is, I believe, due to a certain amount of pride. The recipient wishes to convey by this conduct that he is a person of some account, and therefore is so accustomed to having gifts showered on him wherever he goes that it has ceased long since to impress him in any way, shape or form. To show surprise, pleasure or gratitude, might indicate that receiving gifts was a novel experience to the recipient, and that therefore the recipient was a man of little worth or account. The gifts consist mostly of fine blankets and weapons, shawls, clothing, money in sums varying from five dollars down to fifty cents, horses, food, such as boxes of crackers, canned goods, sacks of flour, and the like, and strings of beads. One gift was

the skin of a medicine animal. It looked like a kit fox. The Canadian visitors receive most of the gifts. The gift making goes on all day, at intervals. A dancing contest takes place among the young men. The little boys dance much better than the older boys. The smaller boys do the old fashioned Indian dances, which have some dignity, while the older boys introduce into their dance steps variations from the shimmy and the black bottom. I miss most of the contest because Peter Oscar Little Chief is holding my attention. I shake hands with Eagle Head, who comes up. He was one of our witnesses in 1926. His wife, Scarce Woman, who also testified in 1926, is now dead. I smoke some more with the Canadian visitors, who are Bloods and Blackfoot Indians from the Canadian Reservation near Cardston, and also with the Piegiens from this Reservation. The Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan tribes formed the old Blackfoot Nation, so called in the treaty with the United States concluded in 1855. I go back of the storm dancers booth, where Mountain Chief sits and give him five dollars as a present from Mr. Serven, who is known to the Piegiens as Bear's head. Chief Crow interprets for me. Many Tail Feathers, Eagle Head and No Coat are sitting with Mountain Chief. Mountain Chief receives the money and says he will get a nice piece of beef with it, and have something to eat. He is an optomist. Mountain Chief is very shy on teeth. Chief Crow really belongs to the northern Piegiens on this Reservation. The story of how he came to be tied up with these southern Piegiens is interesting. When a woman makes a vow to build the Medicine Lodge, such as Tom Horn's sister made, messengers are sent out bearing pipes as an invitation to attend and take part in the lodge. All who smoke these pipes, which are filled with tobacco carried by the messengers, are obligated, as by oath, to attend the Lodge. While Chief Crow knew that the southern band of Piegiens were seeking him with a pipe, to get him to attend their Medicine Lodge, yet when the pipe was presented to him to smoke, the pipe and the whole transaction was so cleverly disguised that he did not know when he smoked the pipe that he was pledging himself to attend this Medicine Lodge. After he smoked the tobacco it was too late, and he was bound to attend the Heart Butte Medicine Lodge, whether he wished to do so or not. In like manner this southern bunch of Piegiens from Heart Butte corralled most of the Piegiens of the northern group, including all of those who were versed in the tiruals and ceremonies of the Medicine Lodge. This left the northern group of Piegiens, at the Agency camp, without anyone who was capable of instructing their Sun Woman in the proper rites, observances and ceremonies, and so they had to send to Canada for a Cree Indian expert on these matters, to take charge of their Medicine Lodge. They paid this expert the sum of Two Hundred Dollars for his services. When in a tight corner in matters sacred these people always seem to send for a Plains Cree expert to tell them what to do. I talk to Chief Crow, and offer him a cigarette. I tell him there is no oath attached to smoking my tobacco, except that he must come to Washington and visit me when I send for him. He laughs, and says in that case he will smoke my tobacco. We talk with Mountain Chief and with Many Tail Feathers. The late Bob Hamilton, a prominent Piegan mixed blood politician, tells a story about Many Tail Feathers, and how he became a cripple when a young man. McClintock tells the same story, but pins it on another Piegan, and puts the occurance in another part of the country. But I think Bob knew more about the Piegiens than McClintock did, in spite of the fact that McClintock knew a good deal for a white man. Many years ago, when the buffalo were still plentiful, Many Tail Feathers went with a war party to the Crow country. They met up with a large war party of Crows in the Judith Gap country, south of the Missouri River, and had a fight. The place of

this battle was over two hundred miles from the main camp of the Piegans, which was at that time on the Marias River. In the battle Many Tail Feathers had his hip shattered by a bullet from one of the Crow guns. The Piegans were outnumbered and had to make a hasty retreat at night. His comrades were certain he was going to die, and he was in such bad shape he could not be carried with them. They hid him, therefore, in some brush, built a brush wickiup over him for shelter, and left him with a knife, some meat and some water, securely hidden. The Piegan war party retreated then assured that Many Tail Feathers would die soon, but that he was so well hidden he would not be found and killed, scalped and mutilated by the Crows. The Piegans, hard pressed, got back to their camp and reported that Many Tail Feathers was dead, but so well concealed that no Crow would mutilate him or get his scalp to dance over. But Many Tail Feathers did not die. While laying there a grizzley bear came to his shelter. Many Tail Feathers made a speech to the bear. The bear took pity on him, killed meat for him, and finally, when he was strong enough, took him pick a back up the trail to his home. They crossed the Missouri River on some shallows, near the present town of Great Falls, and the bear finally left Many Tail Feathers just outside of his home camp on the Marias at dawn one morning. Many Tail Feathers has not walked since that time. The young men of the camp, who came out when Many Tail Feathers called out his name, looked for trail signs, but could only find the tracks of a large grizzley bear leading away from the place they found Many Tail Feathers. The curious part of this story is that Many Tail Feathers account of how he was rescued is the only story that will hold water. A Piegan might be sincerely mistaken about an important matter of this sort, but he would never deliberately lie about it, or intentionally make up such a yarn out of whole cloth. Had a Piegan, Blood, Blackfoot, or an allied Gros Ventre rescued Many Tail Feathers, the facts would soon have been known in all of the camps. The same goes for a white man. It would have soon come out if a white man had rescued him. It is not possible to keep such information concealed for long. If an enemy Indian had rescued him, that would have been deemed so remarkable, that it could not have been kept quiet. And even if such an enemy did rescue him, the Piegans would regard it more remarkable that a hostile Sioux or Crow would have pity on an enemy Piegan, than that a grizzely bear would do so. To have a grizzely bear rescue an Indian is merely remarkable but to have an enemy Indian rescue a Piegan would border too much on the miraculous. The Piegan would be more inclined to believe that an intelligent and kindly grizzly bear rescued Many Tail Feathers, than they would be inclined to believe that a Crow or a Sioux rescued him. A feast is now served in the Medicine Lodge. There is a whole wagon load of flour drawn up before the lodge. There are large boxes filled with dried and smoked buffalo tongues. These were saved from the Christmas issue of buffalo meat, which they obtained from the Park Service. Park Service was obliged to kill surplus buffalo, due to lack of grazing land for them. The buffalo thus slaughtered were issued to the Indians on various Reservations, and the Piegans got their share around Christmas. There are boxes of canned beans, canned meat, canned soup, and boxes containing cartons of crackers. There is tea, coffee and sugar, in abundance. Everybody gets all they can eat, and all the food they can carry away with them. The buffalo tongues are especially most highly appreciated. This was esteemed the most delicate part of the buffalo, and in old times the buffalo tongues were served in the ceremonial feast, and the ceremonial food offerings of the Medicine Lodge. In the Piegan Medicine Lodge the Sun woman, standing before the lodge, and in the

presence of all the people, offers a piece cut from the first buffalo tongue to the Sun (Natos), and then declares her purity and faithfulness to her husband before the whole camp. She then prays for all the people, and for the person for whom she offered the vow to build the Medicine Lodge. After the Sun Woman offers this prayer, and makes this public declaration of purity and fidelity to her husband, any woman may come forward, who feels qualified, and take up a buffalo tongue, and offering a piece of it to the Sun make her prayer. She must also make her declaration of purity and fidelity to her marriage obligations, and she recites the temptations she has undergone to be untrue to her husband and how she resisted them. She also names the persons who had tempted her, what propositions were made, by whom made, and where, and how she turned such blandishments down. This makes things merry and interesting for all concerned, except for the boys and men who are named as those who attempted to lead the lady astray, and failed of their object. These men and young men may be standing in the crowd with their wives and families, probably wishing they had never heard of a Medicine Lodge. We leave the Lodge as the food is being given away. Outside the Lodge I meet Magee, the local prohibition enforcement officer. He drove us down to Heart Butte when we were here in 1926. Celina, Mary Ellen and Forrest Stone ride out to get some pictures of the camp before the light gets too bad. There are many painted lodges in this camp. They get their pictures, and I say goodbye to Magee. We pick up Joe Brown, and start back to Browning, with Stone at the wheel, over one of the worst roads in this part of Montana. We arrive at Browning after dark, and stop at a Cafe called the Tipi. Joe Brown decides to go on to his house and join his family, and so leaves us. The Tipi is a Cafe built of concrete in the shape of an Indian lodge or Tipi. Tipi is a Sioux word, and I never use it in Piegan country. This lodge is painted with what the artist believed to be Indian designs on the outside. Inside are a number of tables, and good steaks are served. We have dinner in the Tipi, Stone, Celina, Mary Ellen and myself. We then drive to Stone's house, pick up Mildred, his wife, and his two children, and drive out to the Reservation Boarding School, and the Hospital. We meet Mr. Sellers, the Superintendent of the School, and with him look over the School's new pumping plant and machine shop. We then drive back to Stone's house at the Agency. We talk awhile with the Stones, and with General Scott and former Superintendent Campbell. We then go back to Jim Brott's and spend the rest of the evening with the Brotts.

Thursday, July 7. Have an early breakfast at Jim Brott's, and get packed in light marching order. Get into Stones' car, head driving. The party consists of Forrest Stone, Mildred, his wife, Celina, Mary Ellen and myself. As we roll out of Browning Forrest says he will be glad to be at Rocky Boy's tonight, as he thinks that the Indians may lynch Jack Galbraith, the Mormon Bishop. He is leaving Jim Brott, the Chief Clerk to straighten the mess out. It seems that the Bishop was in charge of the Rodeo, and at the end of the Rodeo stated there was not enough cash receipts to pay the help. Bird Rattler and his friends, who worked hard at the Rodeo, and expected to get paid for it, are now looking for the Bishop with blood in their eyes. Mary Ellen suggests that we ought to remain in Browning and see the lynching. She is right. It is not every day in the week that you can see a Bishop lynched for mishandling funds of a bronco busting contest. But Stone says that he would rather go on to Rocky Boy's and let Jim Brott worry. Besides the Bishop has just performed a miracle. He has suddenly become invisible. The Rodeo cash account did a miracle on its own. It became invisible. But skeptics here-

abouts scoff at these miracles, and say that the Bishop just up and beat it with the swag. Forrest drives. We make good time. The road is good gravel highway. Ten miles out of Browning we get a tire puncture, and stop and change tires. We have to stop at Cut Bank to have the punctured tire patched, and filled with air. On these roads and in country where gas stations and repair garages are far apart, all spare tires, and we carry three, should be in perfect condition at all times. Cut Bank, by this new road, is thirty six miles east of Browning. We leave ~~Browning~~ Cut Bank and proceed to Havre, which is 165 miles east of Browning, and stop there for lunch. Havre is hot in summer, the temperature sometimes going as high as 106 degrees, Farenheit, in the shade. It is also cold in winter, when the temperature frequently drops to 60 degrees below Zero, as registered by the United States Weather Bureau. There is one place as bad in this part of the country. That is Medicine Hat, up in Canada. But Havre with a temperature variation of 166 degrees all the year round, should furnish enough different kinds of temperature to satisfy the most exacting. We have lunch at a place which gives the customers more than they can eat for fifty cents. Food out here is plain, good, cheap and plentiful. The Cafes serve very large portions and extremely low prices. We go to the Grand Hotel, and there are introduced by Forrest to Max Bridenstien, its Manager. I telephone Marie Bourne, widow of George Broune, who was Mayor of Havre, and owned a sheep ranch in the Sweet Gras Hills, where we visited in 1908. The Bournes are old friends. Marie Bourne asks us all up to her house, but Forrest and Mildred want to do some shopping while in Havre, and turn the car over to us, as all of their shopping is to be done on the Main Street, which is not very long. We get our directions to Bournes from Max Bridenstien, and Celina drives the car. We reach Bournes in a few minutes, and receive a warm welcome. While visiting with Mrs. Bourne, Dr. Wright calls. I know his son, who works in Congressman Scott Leavitt's office in Washington, and is doing well there. Talk up Scott Leavitt with both the Doctor and Marie Bourne. We all have a glass of wine. Edelin Hamilton arrives. He is a cousin, and used to manage the sheep ranch. Then Edelin Bourne and his wife come in. They have been on a fishing trip, but all they have to show for it was the trip. No fish. Edelin Hamilton makes me feel old. Charlie Power was his godfather, but could not appear when Edelin was baptized, so I stood as proxy godfather at Edelin's baptism in place of Charlie. This was down at Helena. I was not so old myself then. We visit the Bournes for a time, and then drive back to the Grand Hotel to meet the Stones. Forrest is there and Mildred comes in a few moments later. Talk to the Manager, Max Bridenstien, and meet his daughter. Max used to be Manager of the Rainbow Hotel in Great Falls. I inquire about Shorty Young, who used to run the big honkytonk here. Learn that Shorty has retired from the business of peddling joy to cowboys, and is now a leading and substantial citizen of this town. Max shows us some samples of Zonit, which is mined on Rocky Boy's Reservation, in the Bear Paw Mountains. The samples are in a window of the Hotel. This mineral is used in fireproofing material, and also in the manufacutrang of motion picture film. It is also mined from the bluffs above Milk River, near Harlem. We leave Havre, heading south through town, and passing the Sister's Hospital on the outskirts of town. The road now goes south west, and we pass the buildings of Fort Assiniboin on our left. This Fort has been abandoned by the Army, but was once an important post. It occupied a very large military reservation, and Rocky Boy's Reservation is carved by cutting two Townships from the southern end of this military reservation. General Black Jack Pershing was stationed here in the old days. He was a First Lieutenant then, I believe. Arrive at Box Elder.

Box Elder is about thirty miles from Havre. It consists of a country store, and a very few other buildings. We leave the gravel Highway at this point and turn east on a dirt road which leads to the Rocky Boy Reservation which is 25 miles east of Box Elder. The country is barren, and the Bear Paw Mountains are ahead of us. Forrest has some fire crackers with him, and we light them off and throw them at the gophers. We do not hit any gophers, but some of them move mighty fast when the fire cracker explodes near them. Forrest points out two mountains on the western edge of the Bear Paws. These mountains are supposed to resemble the paws of the bear, and hence the name of these mountains. These bear's paws are only to be seen when approaching the mountains from the west. The name was given by the Indians, I believe. It takes knowledge of what bear's paws look like, plus a lot of imagination to see any resemblance in these two mountains to the two paws of a bear. We arrive at the border of the Rocky Boy Reservation at about 5:00 P.M. There is a tall wire fence which completely surrounds the Reservation. The Reservation covers two Townships. A Township is an area of land six miles by six miles. At the gate in the fence is a sign requesting visitors to obtain a pass permitting them to remain on or pass through the Reservation from the Superintendent, immediately upon arrival. This is a closed Reservation. That is to say, the land on this Reservation has not been cut up into parcels and allotted to the individual Indians who are enrolled members of the tribe or tribes on the Reservation. The land on a closed Reservation is held by the Indians as tenants in common to the whole Reservation. Each Indian can cultivate any parcel of land on the Reservation, not being used by another Indian, and he has a possessory right to that parcel as long as he actually uses it, and has a right to the products of that parcel, which are the fruit of his labors. On a closed Reservation the Superintendent has the right to exclude from, or run off the Reservation any persons who are not members of the tribe, duly enrolled, or descendants or blood relatives, or relations by marriage to members of the tribe. The Superintendent may, and does demand, that all persons not entitled to tribal rights by enrollment, descent or marriage, who come on his Reservation, or propose passing over the Reservation, shall apply first for a pass, which he may grant or refuse, at his discretion. All such persons found on such a Reservation without a pass may be run off the place forthwith. Indians who belong on the closed Reservation may be required, and in the old days were required, to obtain a pass from the Superintendent when they desired to leave the reservation. At the present stage of Indian development, this is the ideal sort of Reservation. The open, or allotted Reservation has not turned out so well. As we are traveling with a Government party, and are the guests of the Superintendent of this Reservation we do not require passes. We drive up to the Agency. On the way from the gate into the Reservation to the Agency there is considerable grading, and road construction going forward. Also a new bridge being built. The labor on the job is Indian labor. Superintendent Woolridge of the Rocky Boy Reservation is now in Havre on business, so the Farmer takes charge of us. We put our baggage in Superintendent Woolridge's house, and wash up there. Meet Mrs. Woolridge. We then have supper at the Agency mess, which is in the basement of the Agency Club House. This house contains the Agency mess, and rooms and baths for visiting officials. After supper the Farmer takes Forrest and myself out to look over the Reservation. Mildred Stone takes Mrs. Woolridge, Celina and Mary Ellen in Forrest's car. We pass the Catholic Church, which is taken care of part time by a priest from Saint Paul's Mission on the Fort Belknap Reservation, which is fifty miles

from this place. The priest from Saint Pauls' comes over only on Saturday and Sunday of each week. We drive on to the Lutheran Mission. The Missionary there has just finished repairing his pump, and appears on the scene very much covered with grease. A missionary out here has to do a great many things outside of preaching. The Missionaries wife is interested in the promotion of the Mohonk plan. This is a plan to encourage the making and sale of Indian bead work. The Mohonk Corporation provides all patterns, materials and designs for such bead work, and these are supplied to the Indian women, who simply put the materials together according to the plan and design given them. The Indian woman then receive their pay when the goods are sold, the cost of the materials and design being deducted first from the purchase price, and the remainder going to the Indian women, and representing the price of their labor, and their profit. The designs and colors selected for this bead work are not genuine Indian designs of any tribe of Indians, but are a white artists concept of what an Indian design would look like, if the artist had ever happened to see one. The tanning of the leather provided is not Indian tanning. But the finished product has been made, that is put together, by an Indian woman. Last year I attempted to persuade Henry Roe Cloud of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to extend the work of the Mohonk Corporation to the Piegiens on the Blackfoot reservation, Henry being a member of the Mohonk Corporation. Now I am very glad that the effort was not successful. The Mohonk materials and patterns, if used by the Piegiens to any great extent would have destroyed whatever vestige there is left of the native Piegan workmanship and design. The Piegan designs and workmanship are well worth preserving. No account appears to have been taken by the Mohonk designers that the art and designs of the different tribes vary considerably. Not only that, but tastes in the use of colors vary, just as the use of designs vary. For example, the Crows were always partial to a blue bead of a very particular shade of blue, and of a certain size. They also were partial to a certain quality and size of white bead. From beads of these colors, they would select only those of that particular size or shade, and no others. In the old days a man trading in the Indian country without previous knowledge of the preference of the different tribes in the matter of trade goods, might find himself unable to dispose of any of his stock. The exception in trade goods was firearms, gun powder, shot, knives and whiskey, which could find a ready market anywhere. Indians will not trade for cloth or beads just because of bright colors. These colors, and the quality of the goods, must suit the particular tastes of the tribe traded with, or there will be no trade. On the side of designs and colors in Indian bead work, there is just as much difference between a Piegan design and an Iroquois design as there is between a Hokusai and a Rembrandt. And there is just as much difference between a Mohonk design and a genuine Indian design of any tribe as there is between a cartoon of Bud Fisher and a Botticelli. I would rather see the Piegan bead and leather work disappear, than have them take up the Mohonk designs. The Farmer, Stone and I leave the Lutheran Mission and drive to the cabin of Mr. One Legged Joe, who is an Indian. Joe has a new house. The girls remain in Stone's car, and will return to the Agency later. Joe's house was built for him under the new reimbursable plan of the Government. It was built and paid for by the Government out of a fund, and the cost of the house is to be paid back by the Indian for whom the house is built. The cost of the house is paid back by the Indian in easy part payments, out of his earnings. These payments are made in no stated amounts, and fall due at no stated times. The payments are

come out of the Indian's earnings, when, as and if he earns anything. When he earns nothing, he is expected to pay nothing. The Agency supplies the Indian, to a certain extent, with work, such as road repairing and road building. There is also work for Indians in the Zonie mine on this Reservation. The Indian can also cultivate a piece of ground, and raise wheat, and sell it to the flour mill on this Reservation. When the Indian is paid for his wheat, or his labor, the pay check is sent to the Agency. The Agency deposits the check, and credits the Indian with the amount set forth in the check. The Agency then issues two checks against the amount so credited, one check to the Government, making a part payment on the Indian's house, and the balance to the Indian. Thus, when an Indian sells goods or services on this Reservation his pay clears through the Agency, which takes part of it in liquidation of the Indians debt, and gives the Indian the balance. Thus if an Indian works at all he can some day pay for his house. How soon the house will be paid for is up to the Indian himself, and is dependent upon his industry and his opportunities. This system has resulted in giving to these Indians a certain pride of ownership, and has greatly helped in building up their sense of independence and self respect. In many cases members of Rocky Boy's band, having paid for their houses, in whole or in part, become anxious to accumulate other property by their labors. A few milch cows, and some agricultural tools, or chickens, and the like. I first encountered these Indians at Helena, Montana, in 1908. They were camped near the depot in Helena. Rocky Boy was head of the band, and Little Bear that year gave the Sun Dance just outside of Helena. Their Sun Dance Lodge is built like the Piegan Medicine Lodge, but the lay out inside is like the Sun Dance Lodge of the Assiniboin of Fort Belknap, or the Plains Cree. The lodge faces south. Around its northern half is a screen, breast high, composed of choke cherry brush, behind which the dancers stand when they dance the Sun Dance. In 1908 Rocky Boy's band was composed of Chippeways, (who do not have the Sun Dance), some Red River Half Breeds, or Metis, and some Crees. Also a few white rnegades and squaw men. The tribe were then a bunch of tramps, living off the offal thrown from various slaughter houses, and bumming from place to place. Occasionally a few would get whiskey and get drunk. Sometimes the drunks would sleep the jag off on a rialroad track, and get killed by a passing train. They were then a sickly, begging, thieving, drunken shiftless outfit, and a public nuisance. Rocky Boy and his headmen came to my father's house in 1908, and we held a council with them on the front lawn. It was the first Indian council I ever attended. They came to ask for a Reservation. And wanted my father to get them one. When Fort Assiniboin was abandoned they received two Townships carved from the southern end of that Military Reservation, and located in the Bear Paw Mountains. Some of these Indians undoubtedly came originally from Canda. Some of the Chippeways came originally from the United States, but then went to Canada, and then returned to the United States through the Turtle Mountain country in North Dakota. One of these Chippeways, I am told, owns a flag and medal given to an ancestor by United States Treaty Commissioners after the War of 1813. The flag has **thirteen** stars and thirteen stripes. The improvement of Rocky Boy's Indians since 1908 has been vast. Woolridge is doing a fine job here, transforming a bunch of tramps into good men and women. The only reason this can be done is that these people were not always tramps and beggars, but were men and women once upon a time. So they are not being changed, so much as they are being restored.

It must be remembered, all flag waving school histories to the contrary notwithstanding, that we acquired title to this continent by armed robbery, and even at that we did not prevail against its inhabitants so much by military force as we did by starving them out. We never won, with our Armies very many important military decisions over the Indians, and our armies were often thoroughly whipped by these same Indians. We gained no substantial victories with our armies over them, and inflicted on them no defeats which had permanent effect. As to the plains tribes, as long as the buffalo held out, they were unbeatable. Then the buffalo were wiped out, with the active approval of many Government Officials, and the tacit approval of the Government, as a means of subjugating the Indians. Then we had to feed beef to these same Indians, who became a pauper population. We got rid of a war problem by substituting a mendicant problem in its place. Having made these people mendicants and paupers, we are now confronted with the problem of restoring these people to their old independence and self respect and initiative, and making men and women of them once more. This housing plan at Rocky Boy's and Campbell's Five Year Plan at Blackfoot (which preceded the Russian Five year plan by many years) appear to be steps in the right direction. The Five Year Plan of Campbell was an intensive agricultural program. But his was an open reservation, while Rocky Boy's being a closed reservation, and distant from white settlements has certain advantages arising from that situation. On the closed reservation the Superintendent can keep out the undesirable. Also, distance from white men is a good feature here. When white and Indian get into too close contact it may result in the Indian becoming a beggar and the white man becoming ~~at~~ a thief. To get back to One Legged Joe. He is so named because he has one good leg, and one peg leg. Joe is trying to become a painter, and the Superintendent has seen to it that he is supplied with paints, brushes and canvas. He shows us some of his work. His color and outlines are good. But his figures are stiff, and the perspective is poor. There is a flatness to the pictures that is seen in Japanese paintings. We leave One Legged Joe's, and our car gets bogged down in a mud hole which is between his house and the main road. We have to send to the Agency to get a truck to haul our car out. I wish Joe would take some time out from his art, and do a bit of road mending. While we are standing there by the mud hole, and waiting for our rescuers, two Indians come by on ponies, and try to pull the car out by pony power, but two horse power is not enough to get the car out of this mud hole. One Indian remarks "white man's skunk wagon no good!" and the two Indians gallop off up the hill. Skunk wagon is the old time Indian name for automobile in these parts. It originated with the first automobiles, which gave out much noise, and heavy gas fumes from their exhaust. The truck comes and pulls us out, with One Legged Joe and his peg leg pushing the car from behind. We overtake our two Indians, who race ahead of us on their horses, and then turn off on a side road. We proceed to the Hayrack Day School, which is newly built. The young lady who is the teacher has just gone to bed, but she tells us, through a crack in her bed room door, that we may look over the place, and seems none too delighted at our coming. Whoever planned and built this school suffered from a mental lapse when arranging the entrance in to the basement garage. The entrance to the basement garage was placed facing the hillside, up hill. Recently there was a heavy rain here, and the water poured down the hill, into the garage door, and flooded the basement, thus turning the basement into a lake. In addition to the garage the basement contains the kitchen, pantry, storeroom, and children's dining room, and the lake left a two foot

deposit of mud on the floors of all of these basement rooms. The moral of this tale is that when building a structure with a basement on the side of a hill, all entrances to the basement of the structure should be placed on the down hill side. There is a picture drawn by an Indian pupil pinned on one of the blackboards in a schoolroom. This picture will be of interest to Dr. Lewis of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington. I make a note of it, and will try to get it for him. It is a type of picture he is interested in. We start back to the Agency. The Farmer tells us that since Rocky Boy's death the tribal organization is pretty badly broken up. There are no chiefs or headmen on this Reservation whose leadership is generally recognized. And it will be pretty difficult just now to obtain such leadership, as these people are made up of Chippeways, Crees and Red River Half Breeds. The Superintendent will have to assume leadership, until a certain amount of Reservation unity and spirit can be developed, and a native leadership built up and nursed along, and advised, until it is capable of assuming some initiative and control. But this leadership must be built up with certain moral qualities, and firmness of purpose, if it is to command respect and amount to anything. We come to the house of John Goose, an Indian, and stop off to see him. John is buying one of the Government built houses, which he now occupies. He has a wife and a two year old baby. The house is a one room affair, well built and weather proof, and has a good stove. John has a truck garden near his house, well located on the rich alluvial soil found in the narrow valleys between the steep hillsides on this Reservation. It is very close to his house. He also has a milch cow, or rather, a number of milch cows, bought through the Agency, like his house, and paid for in the same manner. A couple of years ago John Goose was arrested for horse stealing. Before his trial in the United States District Court at Great Falls he got married, being out on bond, and this was the best thing John ever did for himself. His wife made him go to work, so when John came up for sentence, on his plea of guilty, Judge Pray took his conduct after the horse stealing episode into consideration, and gave John probation. John has a spring just back of his house and we look it over to see if water can be piped down from the spring, and directly into his house. It looks feasible, although the pipe line will have to go direct on ~~the~~ wooden supports from the spring to the house, and the line may freeze up in winter. I doubt if the water can be carried in a line placed under ground. John's wife is twenty years old, but looks fifteen. She has completed two years of High School. We leave John's place and drive to the Agency. There the Farmer takes us into the Agency Piggery. There are assembled in a large barn, under one roof, ninety sucking pigs, a large number of sows, and two or three impressive looking boars. The odor of the place is exceedingly sour, and I almost strangle in there. A Piggery certainly makes the outside air seem good. We then go on to the flour mill, which also provides the electric power of lighting the Agency buildings. This mill was built from a reimbursable fund of \$19,000. Of this sum so advanced, it has already paid back to the Government \$2000. out of its surplus earnings. This Reservation supplies enough wheat, and the mill turns enough of this wheat into flour to supply its own needs, and to keep supplied the Reservations of Fort Belknap and Fort Peck with contract flour. It could, in addition take care of the flour requirements of the Blackfoot and Crow Reservations. When the flour mill operated at first, there was opposition from commercial flour mills. This was adjusted by an agreement with

the commercial operators whereby this mill would not compete in the open market with them, but would sell only to the Indian Field Service. The flour turned out here is of a better quality, and is more nutritious than the bleached and finely milled flour of the commercial companies, but because it is more coarsely ground, and is somewhat darker in color, it would not find favor on the open market, where people are accustomed to buying the finer ground but less wholesome product. The Farmer tells us that the wheat crop this year on the Rocky Boy Reservation will run 30 bushels to the acre. The country here is hilly, but with deep narrow valleys between the hills, in which there is deep, rich alluvial soil. It would be difficult to allot this Reservation and give to every allottee an equally good piece of land, because of the very steep hillsides, and the many narrow valleys. Only a small percentage of the land here is susceptible of being brought under cultivation. But the water supply appears good and abundant, as there are many streams through these hills, and also some springs of good water. As we are leaving the Farmer I suggest that John Goose ought to have some screening for the windows on his house. The house is situated in a narrow valley, and the land beside it, where he has his truck garden, is watered by a ~~small~~ stream. There appear to be mosquitoes around the place, and screens would be a good idea. The Farmer will get John some screening. We, that is Forrest and I, then go to Superintendent Woolridge's house, and there find that Mrs. Woolridge has invited in the ladies of the Agency to meet us. Mary Ellen has gone to bed. Mildred Stone and Celina are there and the ladies are all playing bridge. I play a couple of rubbers, and then Superintendent Woolridge arrives from Havre. Stone, Woolridge and I go to the Superintendent's office for a talk. Stone introduces me. We talk over the recent visit here of Assistant Commissioner Scattergood and the home ownership program, and so on. Woolridge was a transfer from here to some other Reservation, but Scattergood wants him to stay here as he is doing such a fine job. Woolridge promises to have prepared for me a report on the home building and home ownership program and the livestock activities on this Reservation. He also promises to get the picture in the Hayrack Day School for Dr. Lewis. John Ellington in Washington is writing a book on housing, and the program being carried out on this Reservation should be of interest to him. From our conversation it appears that this Reservation has enough beef, pork and flour on hand right now, and vegetables, to carry the people through the winter without any assistance from Congress. But if they have to do this, it will eat up their capital, literally, as far as the beef and pork are concerned. For there would be no pigs or beef cattle left by spring. The Zonite mine and the road building and road repair is providing plenty of work for the Indians, and they are also raising plenty of wheat and vegetables besides. The water supply here appears to be sufficient, and the water is good. There is no hospital here, but only a dispensary in charge of a Registered Nurse. Hospital cases are sent either to the Hospital at Fort Belknap, or else are sent to the Hospital at Havre. It is usual at this Agency for the electric lights to go off at 10:00 P.M., as the engineer at the four mill plant has to go to bed. All of those who care to stay up after that hour can use candles, lamps or moonlight, or do without any light at all. The Superintendent has notified the engineer in charge of lights to keep them going until further notice. We return to the bridge party in time for supper. The party breaks up, and Forrest, Mildred, Celina and Mary Ellen are quartered at Woolridge's house, while I am given a room down at the Club House. The lights go out at 11:30 P.M., but I do not stay awake that long.

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