Friday, July 8. We all get up early. Around six o'clock, Mary Ellen and I climb a very high hill back of the Agency to look at some offerings of red and green calico which are placed on trees on the hill top, and are also spread on the ground, weighted down by stones. These offerings are made by the Indians to the Sun, and are generally put in place by the Indians with prayers for recovery of the sick. They are also made as thanksgiving offerings for some favor believed to have been received from the Sun. I am not accustomed to hill climbing and so have a tough time of it. We view the scene from the hill top, and look at, without touching the offerings. We are standing against the skyline, so that Indians for miles around can see what we are doing, without our seeing them. Am so out of breath my tongue is hanging out, and have to wait until I can get my tongue back in place again before we start back down the hill. Mary Ellen's wind is much better than mine. We go back down the hill. There are many wild flowers on the hill. We get back to Woolridge's in time for breakfast, which is at half past seven. Talk with Woolridge about these offerings on the hill during breakfast. Woolridge says that some time ago a few of the Indians on this reservation used to put up what looked like scarecrows. These scarecrows had nothing to do with crops, as the images were placed on hills where there were no crops. The scarecrows were dressed in the cast off clothing of various families. There was some religious observance in connection with these figures, but he never found out just what the worship was. It is, however, no longer carried out on this Reservation. Most of the Red River Half breeds are catholics, at least nominally. These breeds are a mixture of French Canadian and the blood of various Indian tribes, such as Cree, Chippeway, Iroquois, Assiniboine, and in short about everything but Eskimo. The Cree and Chippewas have been under the influence of various missionary activities. The Lutherans here probably make there best headway among these Cree and Chippewa Indians. We have our breakfast, and set out for the Fort Belknap Agency, leaving at a little after eight A.M. There are two ways of getting to Fort Belknap Agency from here. The short way, across the country, going east and north east, is the worst road. The long way, west to Box Elder, north east to Havre, and east to Harlem, and then south to the Agency of Fort Belknap covers the most miles, but over the best road. We will make better time over the longer route. On our way out to the Reservation line, headed for Box Elder, we pass one of the scarecrows on a hill which was mentioned by Woolridge at breakfast. There are, or were three or four families on this Reservation who indulged in this form of devotion. The Cree here have the annual Sun Dance, in which it is believed the Chippewa take part, although the Sun Dance was unknown to the Chippewas. Neither did the Red River Half Breeds, the Yetis, have the Sun Dance. Woolridge says the Sun Dance here takes place the latter part of June. In 1908 I saw the Sun Dance of Rocky Boy's band at Helena. Little Bear was the director, and he was a Cree. At Little Bear's Sun Dance visitors were charge two bits admission. We arrive at Box Elder, and turn north east along the gravel Highway, and there make good time to Havre. Turn east from Havre, and make very good time along the gravel Highway. Outside of Harlem we have a blow out and stop to change a tire, which delays us a few minutes. We reach Harlem and leave the ripped tire for patching at the Garage. Celina has heard of Harlem, and is surprised that it is so small a place. We turn south along gravel Highway, and cross the bridge over Milk River, and arrive at the Fort Belknap Agency. The Milk River marks the northern boundary of the Fort Belknap Reservation. I point out the grove of
cottonwood trees by the river. This grove is on the south bank and is thickest east of the bridge. It was there I witnessed the selection and cutting down of the center pole of the Assiniboin Medicine Lodge in 1896 and 1907. I also point out the old camp ground east of the Agency buildings. It is a hay field now. In 1905 and 1907 there was a very great camp there. The camp circle was about a mile in diameter. Over two thousand Indians were gathered. There were Assiniboines, Gros Ventres, Piegan from the Blackfoot Reservation, Crees from Canada, and other Indians from all over the northwest gathered there. I was last on this reservation in 1886. The time before that was in 1889. We drive up the hill to the Agency. There has been no change here since 1886. We expected to arrive here at 11:00 A.M., which was the hour Stone told Shotwell we would arrive. But due to our late start from Rocky Boy's and the blow out west of Harlem we arrive at the Belknap Agency at 11:30 A.M. The distance from the Rocky Boy Agency to the Fort Belknap Agency by the road we have travelled is about 100 miles. The Gros Ventre Tribal Council, and such other Gros Ventres Indians who happen to be interested, are waiting for us in front of the Agency office. They number in all about twenty five. John Buckman, George Cochran and Victor Brookie are there. Bradley and The Boy are not present. Both Gros Ventre Johnny and Johnny Flea are at home, and very ill. We meet Superintendent Shotwell. Also a lawyer from Harlem who is over here on some local matters. Shotwell, the Gros Ventres and I go over to the Day School for our meeting. Forrest, Mildred, Celina and Mary Ellen go out to look over the Agency. Celina wants to get some moccasins for Mary Ellen to give to Sylvia Wells. But both the old Trading Store and the Chinaman's Restaurant, that were here in 1909, have burnt down, and were never rebuilt. French used to be the Trader here, and the Chinaman was married to a Gros Ventre woman. The son of the Chinaman, half Chinese and half Gros Ventre, was Interpreter at the Agency, and his Chinese accent was just made for speaking Gros Ventre. It was beautiful to hear him talk Gros Ventre with a Cantonese lilt. We start our meeting at the School House, with Superintendent Shotwell present. I give the Council and Indians present a detailed statement of all the steps that have been taken in their case, and its present status. Shotwell asks a few questions, and the Indians ask none, as they wish to confer first with each other, and think over what I have said and then question me. This is their manner of procedure. The meeting lasts from 11:30 A.M. until 1:00 P.M., and then adjourns for lunch, which will give the Indians a chance to confer. Superintendent Shotwell tells me that provision has been made for our party to have dinner at the Agency mess at the Boarding School, but that no provision has been made for dinner for the Gros Ventre Council, as "he did not believe in feeding Indians." This is not so good, as I cannot walk off and leave the Council to sit around the Day School and fast, while we have our dinner, and I doubt if the Council are so fixed that they can ride over to Harlem and get dinner for themselves. I give John Buckman some money and ask him to take all the Indians present to Harlem to dinner, and that the party is on me; that I am not going with them as I cannot turn down Shotwell's invitation, but that my absence will enable them to talk over more freely the Morning Council, and determine among themselves how what they want to say in the afternoon. Buckman has $15, which should be enough, at Harlem prices, to feed the Indians and provide them with tobacco. When Stone hears about this he is pretty sore. He says it is all right to entertain a policy as Superintendent about feeding Indians, but it is not all right to push the policy so far that a visitor has to dig down in his jeans and put up because of that policy. Up at Browning the Piegan Council are taken care of when they come in to meet.
our party have dinner at the Agency mess with the members of the mess. Shotwell departs and has dinner with his family. The dinner is a very good one. We talk about the Fort Belknap mosquitoes, and it appears they are still up to par both as to quantity and quality. At 2:00 P.M. the Council reconvenes in the Day School. John Buckman is the one who is primed by the Council to take me on. John asks all of the questions. The principal matter on the mind of the Gros Ventres is the division of the judgment money, if any judgment in the favor of the Indians be handed down, between them and the Piegan of the Blackfoot Reservation. The Gros Ventre Council claims that in the treaty of 1855 the Gros Ventre Tribe and the Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan tribes were partners, and that, therefore, the judgment should be divided, one half to the gros ventre and one half to the Piegan Indians on the Blackfoot Reservation. As matters now shape up it looks as though, based on a mean average of the populations of the Blackfoot, Blood, Piegan and gros ventres, the mean average proportion of the gros ventre population to the whole population of the entire number will come out 25% to the gros ventre and 75% to the Piegans. But the original treaty of 1855 was between the United States and the Blackfoot Nation of Indians, consisting of the Blackfoot, Blood, Piegan and Gros Ventre tribes of Indians. The Act which gave the Court of Claims Jurisdiction to try the case had to follow the wording of the treaty which gave these Indians the basis for their claim. I explain that this matter is up to the Court, and also explain the wording of the original treaty. I explain that if the Court should fail to apportion the judgment between the Gros Ventres and the Indians on the Blackfoot Reservation, such apportionment would then have to be fought out either with the Indian Office, or before Congress when the bill came up to appropriate the money for the judgment. But the case having been argued and submitted, we could not control the action of the Court. They have me on a hot spot. We represent both the gros ventre and the Indians on the Blackfoot Reservation, and cannot in that situation advise one group against the interests of the other group, where their interests conflict or are at variance in this case. The Gros Ventre were close allies of the Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan in 1855, but have been unfriendly to these tribes since 1865. In this matter I leave it up to the Court, the Indian Bureau and to Congress. When on the spot it is best to pass the buck to Uncle Sam. Living conditions on this Reservation are then brought up by John Buckman. There is not enough irrigable land for each allottee to make a living on. Neither is there enough grazing land for each allottee to support enough cattle to keep him going. It takes twenty acres of land to subsist one head of cattle by grazing alone in this country for one year. Dairying is out as this grazing will not subsist milk cows. There is some leasing done of allotments to outside white cattle and sheep interests, but the money brought in from leasing is insufficient to support the Indian. A tribal herd is out of the question, unless all of the allottees got together on it. On an unallotted, closed Reservation, a tribal herd could be easily handled. There is not enough labor demand to keep these Indians gainfully employed. There is some beet sugar work in season, but Mexican labor, which is migratory is a competitor there. There is a coal deposit on the Reservation, but this must serve the needs of the Indians for fuel in winter, as wood is lacking. There is no oil formation, nor trace of other minerals. The soil in the bottom lands along the creeks and the Milk River is good, but there is not enough of this king of land. In 1895
the gros ventre and Assiniboin of this Reservation ceded the Zortman-Landusky Mining District, then a part of this Reservation to the United States. This District is comprised in the Mission range of mountains which now forms, at its northern face, the south boundary of this Reservation. The Mission range was evidently in some geologically remote period a volcanic island. The formation is limestone, with fossil seaweed, clams and other shells, which I dug out of the limestone in Mission Canyon in 1909. The lava of the volcano is now porphyry, and the gold mined in the Zortman-Landusky District is found in the porphyry, and not in the limestone. Some of these Indians claim there are gold outcroppings from the District on this Reservation. Unless these are outcroppings of porphyry, and I have seen no such outcroppings on or near the northern face of the Mission Range, they are out of luck. But perhaps there are such outcroppings, and there might be some chance of placer gold, washed down during the ages from the decomposed porphyry. However, the two streams, Peoples Creek and Lodge Pole Creek, coming out of the Mountains and on to the Reservation have no great flow of water. At least not enough to support placer mining. If the various allottees can be gotten together to agree to lump their resources in land, the establishment of a tribal, or a Reservation cattle company might be feasible. Here another complication arises. There are on this Reservation approximately 700 gros ventre and 700 Assiniboin Indians. They speak a different language, the Assiniboin speaking a dialect of the sioux, and the gros ventre an Arapaho dialect. And they are ancient enemies, and the gros ventre still have not much use for the Assiniboin, regarding them as interlopers in this country, which formerly was claimed by them. How to get these people together, for a common effort? The area of the reservation is well over a half a million acres. As we go into all of these problems, and posers, Stone comes in and announces that Meade Steele, the Sioux mixed blood politician from the Fort Peck Reservation, died at the Standing Rock Agency in North Dakota on July 2, and is being buried at Fort Peck today. At four P.M. the Council adjourns, and we say goodbyes to the gros ventres, and to Superintendent Shotwell, and start for Harlem. At Harlem we pick up our tire which has been patched at the garage and head west for Havre. Havre is forty nine miles west of Harlem, and there is a good gravel Highway all the way. We pass through Chinook, and arrive at Havre at about six P.M., and stop for a moment at the Grand Hotel. There Miss Bridenstidien tells us that Mrs. Bourne telephoned the Hotel and left a message asking Celina, Mary Ellen, and I to have dinner with her when we came through town on our way west. She evidently has too many people down at her place and so does not include Forrest and Mildred in her invitation. Celina calls up Marie Bourne, and explains that we are trying to get to Browning Agency tonight, and will not have time, therefore, to make a stop off, and thanks her very much for the invitation. We have some sandwiches and coffee at a Cafe in Havre, and get gas and oil. We start west for Shelby, which is ninety miles west of Havre, and have another puncture and stop to change a tire. The latter part of the journey to Shelby is bad going. The sun is in our eyes, and we can hardly see where we are driving. As we drive into Shelby there is a big dust storm, and the sun is just setting. Shelby is the place where the Dempsey-Gibbons fight was staged. It is an oil town, with a population the same size as Harlem, that is to say about between two hundred and fifty and three hundred. Some men of the Toole County Irrigation District when in Washington told me their
version of how the fight got promoted. Some of Shelby's local big wigs got stewed one night in a Shelby joy joint. When they came to next day they found they had gotten Jack Kearns, Dempsey's Manager, and that they had also got Gibbon's Manager, and several other people of influence, had talked big and made guarantees, and were so good in their line of persuasion that they had a World's Championship Fight on their hands, the same to take place in Shelby. What an awakening! The Shelby water and sewage system alone would not be sufficient to take care of a fight crowd of World Championship proportions for a half a day. And it is about eighty five miles to the Glacier Park Hotel from here; ninety miles to Havre, which is a small town; and ninety four miles to Great Falls. There is not enough railroad siding to take care of more than twenty Pullman cars, and it is doubtful if extra siding would be laid down by the Railroad for just one or two days use. In any event it was not. What a set up! I bet Kearns was surprised when he first clapped eyes on this place. You have to see it to believe it. Dufour of Great Falls gave me another chapter on the Dempsey-Gibbons fight. Kearns down at Great Falls bucked, and refused to go on with the fight. Gibbons was in training camp at Shelby, and the crowd, such as it was, was gathering. There was much negotiating with Kearns, until, according to Dufour, the Sherriff of Great Falls took a hand, he informed Kearns that a crowd of citizens had it all planned if the fight were cancelled to hang both Kearns and Dempsey that night, and that he, as sheriff had no intention of interfering. There was some newspaper talk that some of the hardy western Gibbons fans came armed, threatening to shoot Dempsey down in the ring if he won the fight, but as far as I can find out no such threat was ever made and no such action was ever contemplated. We try to find a place to wash up in Shelby. Mildred, Celina and Mary Ellen went to a small hotel and asked a woman at the desk where they could wash. "What do you want to wash," said the woman with much suspicion. The ladies explained they wanted to wash their hands and faces, so that was all right, and they were told where to go. We could not find a Cafe and so went to a Soda joint, which had an impressive looking menu card. But everything we asked for on the card they either did not have, or did not have prepared. We closed the deal on some cheese sandwiches and coffee, with weak tea for Mary Ellen. We did not order milk for Mary Ellen, as Shelby milk might not be good for her. We leave Shelby after dark and head for Browning, which is sixty miles west of Shelby. We pass through Cut Bank and proceed to Browning which is thirty six miles west of Cut Bank. Forrest is a fast driver, and there is no speed limit in Montana. But penalties are severe for reckless driving. Forrest averages about fifty miles and hour, and sometimes increases speed to sixty. On loose gravel road, which is pretty slippery going, this is more than enough speed for anybody. But distances from place to place in this State are great, and between these towns there is nothing but the open spaces. The main Highway, covered with gravel, is good, the dirt roads are fair, and the other roads are just ruts made by wagon and automobile tracks cut in the prairie. These latter roads are full of bumps, and in places the ruts are cut so deep that they threatened to scrape the axles with the hump in the middle of the road. The also go up and down, like a roller coaster. We arrive in Browning at 11:30 P.M. and go to bed. A remarkable sight observed on this trip was the large number of tramps riding the Great Northern freight trains. These trains were literally covered with bums. Many were asleep on the tops of the flat box cars,
and I do not know how they kept from rolling off in their sleep and getting killed. I saw and counted twenty tramps sitting on one flat car, and the number included two women. We understand that the Railroad has instructed its detectives and train crews to leave them alone, and let them ride. Times are hard.

Saturday, July 9. We all have an early breakfast at Brott's, and after breakfast Celina, Mary Ellen and I go over to the Agency office to get our mail. If there is any. Talk for a time with Jim Brott at the Agency, and then meet Wades in the Water, Chief of Indian Police. Wades in the Water has just brought in the painted buffalo skull, which is used in the sweat lodge ceremony of the Medicine Lodge. This skull is not taken into the Medicine Lodge, as it is with the Cree, Assiniboine and Arapaho. The nose and the eyes of the skull are plugged with oblong balls of grass. The right side of the skull is painted with red cross marks, and the left side with black cross marks. The buffalo represented the sole source of food, clothing, utensils and shelter of these people in the old days. Wades is custodian of the skull, and keeps it deposited in the large safe which is in the basement of the Agency office, when not in use. The Agency safe is as big as a safety deposit vault, and is used to store important papers, confiscated whiskey, and the sacred buffalo skull. Jim Brott, Wades in the Water, Celina, Mary Ellen and I go down to the safe together and put away the skull for the winter. Wades then signs for us to follow him, and leads Celina, Mary Ellen and I to the Reservation Jail. We go up to Wades in the Water's quarters which are on the second floor of the jail, above the cells. Julia Wades in the Water is there. She acts as Matron for the women prisoners, and cooks for the prisoners. Wades talks no English, but Julia does, and she interprets for us. Stone tells one on Julia. A young Indian girl, who had been away to school, was brought in as a prisoner. The girl asked Julia for some Kotex. Julia, being an old Indian woman had never heard of Kotex. So Julia said to the girl: "We don't allow our prisoners fancy stuff. You'll eat the same pork and beans as the others do, and like it." Julia thought her prisoner was asking for delicacies. Wades in the Water is the son of Running Crane, and brother, by the same mother, of No Coat. Mary Roberts Rinehart, who spent a couple of summers out here, and took up the Piegans for a short time, says that Julia was once a Sun Woman. Stone denies this. Julia has a picture of the Holy Family, done in bright colors, hanging over her bed. A like picture hangs over Wades in the Water's bed. The place is kept exceedingly clean and neat, and in good order. Wades tells me that he once had a Treaty Medal, and describes how he lost it. I promise to send him a Treaty Medal to replace the one he lost. I have sent one to Mountain Chief, and this will be the second one sent out here by me. Mountain Chief lost everything he owned when his house burned down last year, including the full dress uniform that General Scoot gave him, and a treaty medal he owned. I sent him the medal to "wipe the tears away." Both Wades and Julia regret exceedingly the death of Bob Hamilton. Celina promises to send them photographs of Bob which were taken at our house on his last visit to Washington, which was about six months before his death. Julia gives Celina a bag which she says is made of corn stalks by the No Sprus Indians. Find out later from Joe Brown that this is Julia's pronunciation for the Nez Perce Indians. She gives Mary Ellen a child's painted parfleche and a bracelet made of the backbones of salmon. This type of bracelet made of salmon vertebrae, was the work of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, but they have not made these bracelets for a long time.
We leave Wades in the Water's, after taking some pictures, and drive to the Piegan camp outside of Browning. Many of the Piegans have struck their lodges and departed to the Blood-Blackfoot Reserve near Cardston, Canada, to pay their fellow tribesmen a visit. We go to John Two Guns lodge. Two Guns Piegan name is Natchekapoay Namau-schke. Natchekapoay means Two, Namau means iron, or weapon, or Gun, and schke means taking. Namau-schke also means a weapon taking, or battle exploit, or a coup. The name correctly translated should be Two Coups. The word for Two in Piegan is Natoka, but when used in reference to Namau-schke, natoka becomes Natchelapoay. Numerals in Piegan are evidently adjectives, and are modified by the noun which they precede. This is perfectly logical, as a number by itself means nothing, and only has meaning when applied to things. Two Guns has no last name. The Piegans, and for that matter none of these tribes, ever used surnames, or family names. Two Guns father was White Calf, and Jim White Calf is his half brother, being the son of White Calf by another wife. As descent among these people is through the mother, not the father, John Two Gun's relationship to Jim White Calf, according to the Piegan way of figuring such things, is just about no relationship. If they had the same mother, that would be different. As it stands they are "almost brothers." The publicity which John Two Guns has obtained through the Great Northern and the Glacier Park Hotels has sometimes gotten him in bad with his people. John was recently up at the Glacier Park Hotel with the Piegans who are there to entertain the tourists, and give them the local color. While this practice has been condemned by some Indians and some whites, it has nevertheless served a good turn on this Reservation. The demand for Indian native costume has here kept alive the ancient Piegan bead work and other crafts and arts. Up at Glacier it is the custom to adopt tourists into the Glacier Park tribe, whatever that is. This racket is usually conducted by the tourist, with the exception of distinguished visitors who are on the free list, paying something to get adopted. Usually five dollars, and higher, if the tourist is easy. There is also a charge by the Indians for allowing themselves to be photographed, and Two Guns picked up change on the side by selling his pictograph autograph for twenty five cents. As Two Guns was better known by sight than the other Indians, by reason of the publicity given him, he was more in demand than the others for adoptions, picture taking and autographs, and consequently pulled down most of the revenue. The other Indians claimed that they were all partners in a common enterprise up there, and should therefore divide the swag evenly among themselves. Two Guns refused to do this, and as he was making more than the others, there was a terrible row between Two Guns and Owen Heavy Breast, with the result that Two Guns is now at the Agency, and Owen Heavy Breast is still at Glacier Park Hotel. We get Alice Bear Paw, Two Gun's daughter, and with Two Guns walk over to the abandoned Medicine Lodge. There Mary Ellen is photographed in her Indian dress with Two Guns daughter. Two Guns gives Mary Ellen his autograph. We look over the abandoned Medicine Lodge. In 1914 when the Medicine Lodge was abandoned I saw a strangled dog lying north of the center pole. The head of this dog was pointed east, its tail to the west, and its feet toward the center pole. There is no strangled dog in this Medicine Lodge, so the custom may have been abandoned. John Bourke suggests that dog sacrifices are a substitute for human sacrifices, and where found suggest a surviav of a previous custom of human sacrifice. There is a story both among the Gros Ventre and the Piegan about the sacrifice of a woman captive in the Piegan.
Medicine Lodge. The Pawnee Indians sacrificed a woman captive to the Evening Star, and Father DeSmet, in his letters gives a very vivid account of that ceremony. We meet Weasel Tail, the Canadian Blood whom we met at the Indian camp at the Iron Horse Fair in Baltimore several years ago. He asks about Mr. Kinchloe and Mr. Serven. Weasel Tail gave a fine war bonnet to Kinchloe when he met him in Washington at the time of the Iron Horse Fair. I ask Weasel Tail about Percy Little Dog of the Blood Reserve, and also about another Canadian who was with them in Baltimore at the time. John Old Chief comes up when we are talking. His mother was Sun Woman at the Agency Medicine Lodge in 1926, and John brought her invitation to Guy Petten, George Stormont and myself to visit the Sun Woman's lodge. John Old Chief asks me to shake hands with Vice President Curtis for him, which I promise to do. They tell us that Yellow Kidney is still in camp, and so I walk over to see him, leaving the family with Two Guns. Yellow Kidney is in, and I draw Olivier Sanderville as interpreter. Yellow Kidney presents me with a pipe. It is one that he made himself. The bowl is of black stone, carved in the Piegan style, and it has a long stem. Olivier Sanderville is very deaf. That makes him difficult as an interpreter. In 1926 he interpreted for me when I made a speech in the school house at Heart Butte. Oliver is Dick Sanderville's brother. He and Dick have been getting along like Cain and Abel for many years past. A pipe tamper goes with Yellow Kidney's pipe. In 1926 Yellow Kidney gave me a fine pipe, with a beaded pipe bag. This I gave to the Councillor of the German Embassy, Dr. Hans Dieckoff, as he was leaving Washington on a transfer to London. In the pipe Yellow Kidney presented to me today was found several sky blue beads, located in the bottom of the bowl. The pipe seems to have been used for a medicine smoke of some kind. The design of this pipe bowl, and the pipe bowl Jim White Calf gave me are the same, but the bowl of the pipe Jim gave me is larger. Both bowls are carved from a kind of stone that Oscar Boy tells me is found in the Piegan country. The Piegans select an outcropping of this stone in a creek bed, where it is just under the flow of the surface of the creek. This makes the stone soft. It is kept soft by keeping it in water, until carving is completed. When dry the stone hardens. When the pipe bowl is carved out and finished, it is grey in color. The bowl is then rolled in black wood ashes, still hot from the fire, which blackens it, and it is then polished up like an old shoe. Both the Piegans, Bloods, Blackfoot and Crows use this type and kind of pipe bowl. The Assiniboin, and Siouan tribes use the red catlinite, from the Catlinite quarry on the Missouri. Catlinite is also soft, and readily carved when first dug from the quarry, but harden on continued exposure to air. In the above statement there is a mistake, the pipe stone quarry of Catlinite being located on the Mississippi and not on the Missouri. The Piegan pipe bowls are of about the same design as some of these dug from the mounds in the Mississippi valley. We go back to Brotts and have lunch, and then go to Wades in the Waters', namely over to the Jail. Takes pictures there of Wades and Julia, and give them some snap shots we have, which Celina had taken, of Bob Hamilton, which were promised them this morning. Forrest Stone, Campbell, Wades in the Water and Bird Rattler and I have a talk about a proposed trip to a Place in Canada called Writing on Rocks this coming Sunday. We argue on the trip, and I give Campbell some money to give Julia Wades in the Water to buy food for the party. Campbell asks: "Shall I
tell her to buy food, like pic nic stuff, or just to get some grub." I vote for grub. Campbell says: "If I tell Julia to get grub, she will get Indian grub. Beef, coffee, sugar and more beef." I ask that she add bacon, beans and bread to the provisions, but that the rest is all right. Campbell goes off to see Julia, and get her started on her shopping. Writing Rooks is located on the Milk River, north of the Sweet Grass Hills, in Canada. None of the Indians know exactly how to get there, but we will have to take our chances on finding our way after we get into Canada. We send word to Dick Sanderville who will go with us, and of course, General Scott will be in the party. Forrest Stone says he cannot go. Julia Wades in the Water will handle the food and cooking. We all leave for a pic nic on Two Medicine Lake in Glacier Park, which is about twenty miles distant from Browning. The bronts, their two children, Celina, Mary Ellen and I go in the brott car, with Jim Brott driving. Forrest Stone takes in his car Mildred, the two stone children, General Scott, former Superintendent Campbell, and Campbell's daughter, Freida PeRozier, and the food. Stonies car gets off ahead of ours, and they will meet us at the Lake. The orginal plan was to go to Many Glaciers, but General Scott heard that Secretary Wilbur was at Many Glaciers, so we go to Two Medicine instead. For some reason or other we arrive at Two Medicine ahead of Stone and his party, and Jim Brott takes his fishing tackle and goes fishing. Jim's car will need attention. One of the back tires has developed a slow leak, and his spare tire is not in good shape. We get the mechanic at Two Medicine, but he has no tire patches and no tools. Jim has tools in his car, but none that will take care of a slow leak, and he has no tire patches. Elean Brott, the two children, Celina, Mary Ellen and I take the launch up upper Two Medicine Lake, and on reaching the end of the trip walk to the falls above upper Two Medicine. The skipper of the launch goes with us. The falls are about three quaters of a mile from the head of the lake. There is a good foot path to the falls, and it runs through thick pine forest. The falls drop over a hundred feet, but it is possible to climb up the rocks for fifty or fifty five feet, to a point where the water discharges into a rock basin. From the basin the falls again descend to the level of the stream which feeds into the lake. There are two cascades, each coming down parallel to the other. We return to the boat and go down to the foot of the lake, there the mechanic has been working on the tire, but without any luck. It looks like we will have to drive to the Glacier Garage at Glacier Station on a flat. We join Forrest Stone and his party who have arrived meantime, and make camp at the foot of upper Two Medicine. Bill Nelson, the Farmer and Sub Agent at Old Agency has joined the party. Bill had been informed that Forrest Stone, Doug Gold, who is Superintendent of Schools at Browning, Fred Fear, the cattleman from Fort Peck, and I were going to Watertown up in Canada after the pic nic, to put on a bust. So Bill was all dressed up in his best, and rarin' to go. This is too bad, as the plan had been changed. Forrest had invited Bill on such a party, but at the last minute neither he nor Doug Gold could go, and business detained Fred Fear down at Wolf Point, which is 394 miles east of here. Jim Brott comes in from his fishing, and has caught half a dozen trout, but we do not cook them. We have supper, around a camp fire. A Ranger threatens to arrest Stone for shooting off fire crackers. There ever present danger in these parts in Forest Fires. We finish supper and
it grows dark. General Scott tells stories by the camp fire. The general, Mary Ellen, Celina and I are sitting on a log together. This place remains him of a whole lot of things. As a soldier he campaigned all through northern Montana in 1877 and 1878. He was in at the finish of Chief Joseph's campaign. We finally put out the fire, and break camp. We then try to get some air into Jim Brott's left, or rather right, rear tire. The tire on his car, of course. We use Forrest stone's tire pump. The pump breaks. That makes everything just lovely, as we had just finished breaking Jim Brott's tire pump, before going to work on Forrest's. There being no other tire pumps to break, we all get going. Forrest heads with his party back to the Agency, and we go with the Brott party for the Glacier station Garage, driving on the flat tire. Glacier Station is about fifteen miles from upper Two Medicine. We are lucky, as there is just enough air in the tire so that we do not run on the rim and cut it to ribbons. We make the Garage just in time, get a fresh spare from the Garage, put it on, and leave the two tires, Jim's spare and the bad one in the Garage for immediate patching and repair. Having time on our hands while the Garage is doing its work, we go up to the Glacier Park Hotel. The Brotts and Celina want to look the Hotel over, and I have to go down to the Indian camp back of the Hotel to see Owen Heavy Breast and his crowd. Mary Ellen decides to go with me. O'Connor, of the Hotel, undertakes to guide us to the camp. The camp is reached by a steep dark trail, and is located in a clump of threes at the bottom of a small ravine back of the hotel. The camp consists of five or six lodges, and some of the lodges are painted. We are greeted by Theodore Last Star, Fish, Bull Shoe and Owen Heavy Breast. Owen is glad to see us. Both Owen and his wife are recovering from an automobile collision they had on the day the Secretary visited the camp at the Agency. They were riding down to meet the Secretary when another car collided with the one in which they were riding. Owen and his wife received cuts and bruises, but their baby escaped without injury of any kind. Owen got fifty dollars from the driver of the other car, and feels fine about the whole transaction. We go in to Owen's lodge, and Fish, Last Star and Bull Shoe join us there. I make them a talk about the status of their case. Fish then makes a speech, and he starts out with Christopher Columbus, and Indian white relations from then on, so his speech takes some time. Having started with Columbus, Fish goes through all of the details of the conflicts between Indians and whites from that time down to this very night. Owen Heavy Breast, who opened the talks for the Indians did not take so long. In conclusion Fish grew oratorical once. He said: "The old people stretch out their hands to you and to Serven and to Washington. Fill them, before the earth covers them forever, and they can no longer be stretched out to you." Last Star makes a short talk. Mary Ellen gets pretty tired, and I point to one of the beds in the lodge, but she shakes her head. No thanks. They send a page down for us from the hotel, but the talk continues. We smoke many cigarettes. It is peculiar the unexpected things that will come up in an Indian talk. Last Star wants to know why the United States made a treaty with Canada limiting the amount of water that could be used for irrigation from the Milk River in the Blackfoot Reservation. I explain the Canadian treaty. The Milk River rises in the United States, on the Blackfoot Reservation, flows through Canada, and then back into Montana, east of the Sweet Grass Hills, and finally enters the Missouri River above Fort Peck reservation. Thus, if the Red Jackets
in Canada used too much water from Milk River, the people in Montana, east of the Sweet Grass Hills would be deprived of water, including the old allies of the Piegans, the Gros Ventres and Fort Belknap, past whose Reservation that river flowed. The Red Jackets would use too much to that water is the Piegans on the Blackfeet used to much of the water. In this way both the Long Knives, the people of the United States, and the Red Jackets, the people of Canada, had the drop on each other, and beacause of that they had to come to an agreement, because each could hurt the other. Bull Shoe does not make a talk, as he says it is getting late. We shake hands allround, and O'Conner who has stayed to the meeting guides Mary Ellen and myself back to the Hotel. We find our party there, say goodnight to O'Conner, and go to Brott's car. The tires are all patched and filled with air. We take the new road back to the Agency. This road is a short cut from Glacier Park to Browning, and was recently finished by the Indian Service. The labor on this road was all Indian labor. At one point the road crosses the Great Northern tracks. At this point these tracks pass through a cut, and the Great Northern had agreed that if the Indian Service would build the road, the Railroad would here build a bridge over its tracks at the cut. The road was finished, but so far the Great Northern has not built the bridge. We have to detour at this point, cross the tracks by a grade crossing lower down, and then cut back to the new road. We arrive at Brott's at the Agency around midnight. Go to bed.

Sunday, July 10. We have an early breakfast at Brott's, in order to make a start for Writing on Rocks at eight o'clock. Julia shows up with the provisions, cooking utensils, dishes, and all else that is needful, compactly done up in a couple of gunny sacks. These sacks are securely tied to the fornt fenders of Campbells car, wedged between the hood and the fenders. A second car is driven by George Thomas, son of Wades in the Water and his wife Julia. Jim Brott takes a photograph of the entire party. Jim is not going with us. He is going fishing instead. The first car is driven by F.C. Campbell, and carries Julia Wades in the Water, Celina, Mary Ellen and myself. We carry the provisions. The second car is driven by George Thomas. It carries General H.L. Scott, Bird Rattler, Wades in the Water and Dick Sanderville. All of these are large men, and the second car is therefore pretty crowded. We leave the Agency at 8:30 A.M., and head east on the road to Cut Bank. We stop at Cut bank and buy fresh film for our camera and that of Dick Sanderville, and also buy pencils, note books, chocolate, tobacco and matches. We turn north out of Cut Bank, along a fair dirt road, and then run north east on the same road, headed to the oil town of Kevin, near the Canadian border. As we approach Kevin we see many old stone lodge circles on both sides of the road. These are circles of boulders marking old Indian lodge sites. According to General Scott these boulders were used in the old days to hold down the inner covering of the Indian lodges. When camp was broken the inner lodge covering was simply jerked up out of place, leaving the stones in their former position. Each lodge has an inner covering, in addition to its outer, or regular covering. This is true even today. The covering of the lodge is pegged to the ground tightly, but between the pegs this lodge covering is not made air tight, but is allowed to leave a small gap between the lodge cover and the ground. On the inside of the lodge is a cover pegged orweighted to the ground so securely that it is air tight. This inner covering goes up the inside wall of the lodge for about four or five feet. Sometimes it is gaily painted with a pleasing geometrical design. This arrangement permits a draft of air.
geometrical design. This arrangement of inner and outer cover permits a
draft of air to go up from underneath the outer cover at its bottom,
between the inner and outer cover, and to the top of the lodge. The hot
air ascending from the fire to the smoke hole keeps this draft going,
and the air of the lodge is thus kept clean and free from smoke, and
fresh. We arrive at Kevin, and leave the dirt road and turn north on
good gravel Highway. To our east, or right, is the Sweet Grass Hills.
Campbell is hoping that General Scott does not see the lodge circles
we have passed, as he may wish to stop and examine them, and this will
delay us. The oil business in Kevin does not appear to be booming. Kevin
is pretty quiet. We stop at Sun Burst, another oil town, to allow the
general's car to catch up, and to discuss plans as to our route. We
decide to stop at Sweet Grass to take on gas and oil, and then to get
directions to Writing on Rocks at Coutts, on the Canadian side. There is
a barracks of the Canadian Mounted Police at Coutts. These were the old
Royal Northwest Mounted Police, referred to locally as the Mounties.
We drive on to Coutts. From Kevin to Sweet Grass is 17 miles. Before
crossing to Coutts at Sweet Grass we buy gas and oil for both cars. It
is much cheaper in the United States than in Canada. Also get a bottle
of milk for Mary Ellen. We clear the American and Canadian customs and
Immigration authorities without difficulties, except that the Canadian
customs take away Wades in the Water's gun and cartridge belt, and hold
it for him until his return across the border. Wades is never without
his badge, and the gun, holster and cartridge belt, and he must feel
naked. We also picked up potatoes in Sweet Grass. Canadian Immigration
and Customs Officers do not know the road to Writing Rocks, but refer
us to the Canadian Mounted Police. As Coutts is a small town we have no
difficulty in finding the Police Barracks, which are located to the west
of the town. I go in and the Sergeant on duty tells me that Paddy White,
retired Sergeant of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police knows all about
the place we are looking for as he used to be stationed there, when
the Royal Northwest Mounties had a station at that place in the old days.
The Sergeant directs me to drive one block north of the Barracks, then
turn to the right and drive a half a block. On the south side of the
street I will see, in the middle of the block a small house with a white
picket fence in front, and that will be the place where Paddy White lives.
We drive to Paddy's. Pick the wrong house first, and talk to a man who is
stone deaf. Then find Paddy's house, and as no one answers in front, go
to the back door. Paddy and his wife are in the kitchen. George Thomas
and I go in, in response to their invitation. The others remain in the
cars outside. Paddy is very glad to help us out. He and George Thomas get
together and prepare a road map, showing how to reach Writing Rocks, as
they call the place here. I talk to Paddy's wife. She went to Writing
Rocks as Paddy's bride, when he was in charge of the station there, which
has since been abandoned. Paddy was a veteran of the English Army. He
served in the Boer War. On being mustered out, he came to Canada and
joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and rose to the rank of a
Sergeant in that organization. Paddy's wife showed me pictures of the
Writing Rocks station, and also pictures of sundry bad men Paddy had shot
to death in the course of his duties. The bodies of these men had been
stripped before being photographed, in order to show the bullet wounds on
them. This was in connection with his report on each shooting to the
proper authorities. All I can say is that when Paddy shot them they stayed
shot. They were undoubtedly well peppered with lead, and very dead. When
we have thanked Paddy and his wife, we leave, and go out to the cars. There we find that we have been joined by Mr. Willcome, of the Montana State Highway Commission, in his car. George Thomas takes the lead, driving General Scott and the Indians. George has the map. We follow, in the car driven by Campbell, and Willcome follows us, driving his car. We head north out of Coutts, and then turn east, at a tall windmill which marks the point where we should turn off from the main Highway, and follow the dirt road in a north easterly direction. The dirt road leads us to a bridge over Milk River, and a short distance beyond that point we take a branch dirt road which heads south east, and then south. We come to a gate, and open it and drive south, going down, once more into the Milk River valley. We are to have a good day at Writing-on Rocks, according to Julia Wades in the Water. She told us that when we were leaving the Agency. She informed us that the Writing on Rocks pictures were drawn there by spirits who lived in the rocks, and that these spirits changed the writings from time to time, and that these writings foretold the future. These spirits are feeling good toward us, Julia says, because she had a strong dream the night before. This dream made her very happy. In it she saw the Blessed Mother holding the Infant Savior in her arms, and she was standing against the Sun. From that she knew the spirits in the rocks would be good to us. These spirits also make the pictures on the Rocks appear and disappear, says Julia. The General throughout this trip, so far, has been sign talking with Bird Rattler, Wades in the Water and Dick Sanderville almost constantly. We only miss a couple of turns on the road to Writing Rocks, but find out our mistakes early, and do not lose much time. We arrive down in the valley, and camp on the north bank of Milk River, in front of Writing on Rocks at 1:30 P.M. We are about half a mile east of a small ranch house, which we passed on the way to our camp ground. The mileage reading on our car shows that we have come 107 miles from the Agency. But we have had some delays in finding the way, stopping for supplies, and stopping at the border. Dick Sanderville takes photographs, and makes a very fine pencil sketch of the cliffs of Writing on Rocks, which he gives me. Dick is a very clever man and draws good pictures. Bird Rattler lights up his pipe and sits on a log smoking, while General Scott, who does not smoke, talks sign talk to him. We get a snap shot of them, when they are not looking. Wades in the Water gathers drift wood from the river bank, and builds a fire. Julia and George Thomas get started on cooking the grub. Dick Sanderville takes more photographs, and Celina, Mary Ellen, F.C. Campbell, Willcome and myself make ourselves generally useless. Milk River at this place is the color of milk, carrying a large amount of sediment, and there is not any other kind of water in sight. No one thinks of trying the ranch, and we are too anxious to eat and look over the picture writings to take the time to go to the ranch. Wades in the Water takes his knife and cuts some prickly pears. He peels these, and having removed the spiny outside skin, deposits the spongy inner mass of the pears into the coffee pot, along with the coffee grounds and the muddy water from Milk River. The pot is then put next to the fire to boil. The results are amazing. The spongy mass of the prickly pears absorbs the mud in the water, and most of the grounds, and we get good clear coffee. George Thomas, Wades and Julia cut willow sticks, fork shaped, and taking trips of beef squeeze them on these sticks and broil them over the fire. They also fry bacon in a frying pan, and then the potatoes are peeled, chopped up with onions, that Julia brought from her garden, and the whole fried in the bacon grease. We have
condensed milk for the coffee, a bottle of milk for Mary Ellen, sugar, bread and butter, young onions from Julia's garden, and plenty of broiled beef, bacon, and hash broned potatoes fried with onions in the bacon grease. Also salt. A young rancher fords the river about this time, so we ask him to join us, which he does. There is plenty of grub. The young rancher introduces himself as O'Hara, and says his father owns the ranch nearby, which is the one we passed coming to this place. Julia also produces pickles and radishes as an addition to the menu. If this, as Campbell says, is Injun grub, it is all right with me. General Scott remarks to Celina on the side that I seem to enjoy my food, and that seems to meet with the general's approval. After lunch the things are cleared up by Julia and George Thomas, and the camp policed and the fire put out. We all join up in policing camp. Wades in the Water and Bird Rattler then get from Julia a fine piece of linen cloth. They cut a long stick, at the end of which they attach another stick, in the form of a cross piece, and to this they attach the cloth, so that it resembles a banner. There are a couple of bunches of sage brush attached to the ends of the cross piece. Wades then asks the general for tobacco, but the general signs that he does not smoke. I give Wades a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes which have not been opened, and this is satisfactory. The cloth banner and the tobacco, we understand, are to be used as offerings to the spirits in the Writing Rocks. I hand Wades the cigarettes, point to the rocks, and then move the fingers of my right hand above, throwing them open with the movement. Wades signs yes, and good, when he takes the cigarettes. The offerings will be made before we inspect the rocks and the pictures. Bird Rattler carrying the stick with the banner, and Wades the cigarettes, we leave our camp and start for the Writing Rocks, which are about a quarter of a mile north of the Milk River. Bird Rattler and Wades lead the way, and the rest of us follow. Dick and Celina have their cameras. I walk with Julia and Mary Ellen. Celina is with General Scott, and O'Hara, Wilcome and Dick Sanderville and George Thomas are together. We reach the cliffs, and then climb through a draw which makes a break in the face of the cliffs, and ascend to the table land above the cliffs. On this table land, and east of the point where the head of the draw brings us to the table land, is a conical butte, about sixty feet high. Julia says she thinks this is the lodge in which dwell the spirits who write the pictures on the face of the cliff. Bird Rattler, bearing the linen banner, and Wades the cigarettes, ascend to the top of the butte. Dick with his camera, and Mary Ellen, Julia and I follow them to a point near to the west side of the butte. The rest of the party, for the time, remain at the head of the draw, but in full view. Bird Rattler and Wades sign for Mary Ellen to come to the top of the butte with them, and she does so. Wades takes his place on the left of Bird Rattler and they place Mary Ellen in front of them. All face west, toward the sun. Mary Ellen does not look toward the sun as Wades and Bird Rattler do, so I signal her to look up. She does so. Celina comes up to the foot of the butte and there takes pictures with Dick Sanderville. Wades and Bird Rattler alternate in intoning a prayer. The cloth offering on the stick is lowered by Bird Rattler so that it touches Mary Ellen's head, evidently identifying her with the offering. When the prayer, which is a short one, is concluded, Bird Rattler sticks the end of the stick which carries the banner into the ground, and Wades buries the pack of cigarettes at the foot of, and to the west of the banner. Then all of us, except General Scott and Campbell, ascend to the top of the butte.
When we go down from the butte and are at the top of the draw once more, going down to the foot of the cliff, I ask Wades about the prayer that was made. Wades said they prayed to the Sun, Natos, and that they prayed that the Sun would take care of us all, and give us a safe journey home. William O'Hara, the owner of the nearby ranch, now joins us. We go down to the foot of the cliff and examine the pictographs on its face. I make sketches of some of them, and Dick and Celina take photographs of some of the pictographs. Dick endeavors to translate a few of the pictographs for us. Julia, Wades and Bird Rattler also take a hand in translating. Dick seems to be the best pictograph interpreter of the lot, but he, Julia, Wades and Bird Rattler do not always agree on the meaning of the pictures. But at that, they agree pretty consistently. Some of the pictures are too high to be reached by a man, even if the man were standing on the back of a horse. The light and shadows are so distributed along the face of the cliff that the pictographs appear to become visible and then to vanish. The reason for this is the fact that the eyes have to take time to adjust to the glare of the sun on the face of the cliff. When facing the glare, the eye must get accustomed afterwards when facing the cliff, especially those parts of the cliff that are in shadow. This explains the story of the pictures appearing and disappearing. The cliff is for the most part composed of a rather soft sandstone or shale. But in parts this rock is hard, and the pictures are engraved on the harder parts of the rock. Some of the pictures show traces of red pigment, to represent wounds on some of the figures. After looking across the valley for a moment, if you turn to the cliff, the pictures do not appear visible, except after a few moments interval. The eyes have to get accustomed to the shadow after looking in to the glare of the valley. This is true only of some of the pictures, which are in parts of the cliff back in the shadow, but is not true of others which are out and exposed to the sun. The sandstone of which the cliff is composed is known hereabouts as Eagle sandstone. White tourists have generously contributed their useless names by cutting them on the softer parts of the sandstone. These pictures cannot be very old, as they portray horses and guns. We know about when horses and guns were brought in to the country and obtained by these Indians. David Thompson camped with the Piegan on the Bow River in 1786, and there met an old Indian, a Cree adopted into the Piegan, named Young Man. According to Thompson's account, and his computation of the age of Young Man, and the age at which Young Man had his first adventures with the Piegan, the Piegan first obtained guns, knives and iron arrow heads through the Cree about 1730-1735. Around the year 1735 they had their first contact with horses, and saw their first horse. When Anthony Hendry was among them in 1754, and when Thompson was among them in 1786, and before Thompson, when Cocking was among them in 1771, they had many horses. Thus, these pictures cannot be earlier than 1730-1735, and are perhaps much later. William O'Hara tells me that the Canadian Parliament planned to make this place a National Park or Monument, and he regrets all of the tourist singatures and names cut on the cliff. I suggest a charge of fine buck shot for the tourists, with a moderate powder charge, so the shot would not penetrate them too deeply. He seems shocked, being a law abiding subject of the King. Some events referred to in the pictures are also referred to in Piegan traditions. Notably, they tell me of the killing of some brothers. The brothers killed each other. The camp where this happened was at this place, and Dick says the account is here recorded in pictographs. The sandstone here shows traces of recent breakings, being soft. This may account for some of the pictures being now too high to be reached. They may have been in places easily reached at
a former time, but now out of reach because parts of the cliff have fallen. The softness of the stone is also another indication that these pictures are of no very great age. Most of the pictures refer to exploits in battle, such as the capture of guns and horses, and the wounding of enemies, or the killing of enemies. One picture, a zigzag line pointing toward the west has the picture of a carcajou, or skunk bear at the end of the line. Dick says this is a sign indicating that three camps to the west there are skunk bears. This carcajou is a vicious and a very malicious animal to have around camp. He destroys property just for the fun of it. This cliff was a sort of camp bulletin board and general country newspaper when the Piegons used to camp here. On the south bank of Milk River was the old Canadian Mountie station where Paddy held forth. Also on the south bank, in some cliffs, are dead Indians buried in United States Army uniforms. General Scott thinks they must have been part of Sitting Bull's outfit, and the uniforms are those of Custer's Cavalry, which the Sioux stripped from Custer's dead, after the battle of the Little Big Horn. But Dick says they were good Indians. That the soldiers down at old Fort Shaw on Sun River used to give their old uniforms to the Indians who came to the Fort. There are also old Indian burials in the crevasses of the cliffs at Writing Rocks, and Campbell gives me some beads, and small bones, evidently from the ankle, washed down from the cliffs by the rain. We do not look for the burial places out of respect for the Indians with us. Julia shows Mary Ellen a rattlesnake, which is all coiled up and ready to strike. We go back to our camp by Milk River, load our stuff on the cars, and start for home. We take William O'Hara and his son with us, as far as the ranch. The son had evidently taken his horse back to the ranch after having lunch with us because there was no horse at the camp. They invite us to stop at the ranch and we ask for water. We have had none since leaving the Agency this morning, and it has been a very hot day. Mrs. O'Hara comes out, an a bucket of water and dipper is brought. It is clear, cold well water. Our party drinks one bucket full, and then empties a second bucket full. We are all very thirsty. We photograph the O'Haras, but Mrs. O'Hara will not get in the group. She is not dressed up she says. O'Hara has five grown sons, who are all in the picture with the old man. Mrs. O'Hara comes from County Antrim in Ireland, and when I tell her my grandmother came from Enniskillen, and I had been there, she says that is not far from where she came from, and we become good friends. At about five o'clock we start for Coutts, and the Canadian boundary. On returning general Scott rides in Willcome's car, up front with Willcome, and Mary Ellen and I drive with Willcome in the back seat of his car. Celina is with us. The rest of the party go ahead of us in the cars driven by Campbell and George Thomas. We arrive at Coutts and pick up a Canadian Road map at the hotel. The hotel owner has a hundred proof Canadian breath that makes me want to stick around awhile and investigate. We clear the Canadian side, and learn from the Customs that Wades in the Water got his gun back all right, and that the rest of our party is still ahead of us. We clear United States Customs and Immigration at Sweet Grass. We wait awhile at Sweet Grass, looking around for the others, but conclude the other two cars have kept on going. I tell Willcome that we have all agreed to meet for supper at a point just north of the Railroad Bridge west of Cut Bank, and on the east bank of Cut Bank river. This arrangement was made with Campbell and Thomas when we started this morning. So we proceed. Willcome tells General Scott all about Geology, and the General comes back at Willcome by asking him a whole lot of questions about Indians that he knows Willcome cannot answer, and so the General then gives Willcome the answers to the questions he just
asked him. As Willcome talks he makes gestures, sometimes taking both hands off his steering wheel the better to express himself. As we are going along between forty and fifty miles an hour, on loose gravel road, this little mannerism of Willcome's makes me nervous. But this car must be used to Willcome. It goes along just as well when Willcome's hands are off the steering wheel, and it does not seem to make a bit of difference. Anyhow, we stay on the road. To the east of us, as we head south, is Gold Butte, which is the westernmost butte of the Sweet Grass Hills. The Piegans called it Lone Butte, according to General Scott, who tells a story about the butte. The Piegans say it is not a good place to camp, because a spirit lived on the butte. This spirit was fond of women. If an Indian camped there the spirit would appear to him and demand his wife, or his daughter, or his sister, depending on which happened to take his fancy at the time. The only way to send a woman to the spirit was to kill her. If the demand of the spirit was not met with, the Indian who refused the demand would have nothing but bad luck and lots of misfortune the rest of his life. All of this could be avoided by not camping near Gold Butte. The town of Gold Butte is near the butte, but the spirit evidently has no taste for white squaws, because there have been no reports of trouble from the spirit by the white people.

Back at Writing Rocks Dick Sanderville told me the story of the murder there. Once, five brothers camped at Writing Rocks. Two of the brothers had a quarrel over the ownership of the back fat of a buffalo they had killed. The elder brother, as the result of this quarrel, beat the younger brother severely, so the younger brother then shot and killed his older brother. The other three brothers then pitched in and killed the younger brother. Both brothers are bruised in a cave near the west end of the cliff of Writing on Rocks. I did not see the pictographs giving an account of this happening, but Dick says it is carved somewhere on the cliffs. Riding east of Cut Bank this morning Julia pointed out some buttes to us called the Buffalo Spine Buttes. The Piegans have most pleasant memories of this place, for it was at these buttes, long ago, that they had a battle with a large war party of Crow Indians. When the dust settled there was not a single Piegan hurt, but there were dead Crows all over the place. We arrive at Cut Bank, where we find the car driven by George Thomas aparked on the main street. George says he has left the others on the east bank of Cut Bank river, just north of the Great Northern bridge, where we had agreed to camp. He drove back to town to make some purchases. George follows us down to the river, where we find the rest of the party. It is now dark. A fire is built, and the three cars are parked around the fire, with their headlights converging on the fire, so we have plenty of light. Cushions are brought out of the car to sit on. I have not seen an Indian yet who would venture to sit on the bare ground, with nothing under him. A white man will do that.

Julia has discovered that she has left her knives, forks and dishes at the camp on Writing Rocks. This is unusual for an Indian, but they were so interested in being at Writing Rocks, and actually seeing a place which is known in Piegan stories, but which few living Piegans have seen, that the dishes were forgotten. Campbell is all for sending George Thomas back there as soon as supper is over. This would mean an all night drive for George. Fortunately William O'Hara gave me his postoffice address before we left there, so it will only be necessary to write him and he will send the dishes and things back. This is a break for George, as it is now past eight o'clock in the evening. We find an old box and
break it up. Then wooden paddles are cut, which serve as knife, fork and spoon. There are paper napkins and pieces of wood to place the food on, and we have cups. There is coffee, beans, \( b \)acon and bread for supper, and plenty of everything. At about ten o'clock we break camp and head for Browning, which is thirty miles west of here. Willcome will spend the night at the Agency Club House which has just been completed. This house has been built to take care of bachelor employees, visitors, and officials who are passing through. On our way to Browning Willcome tells the General about old Bird Rattler, who is in the car ahead of us. Willcome was once engineer in charge of a mine, and says that Bird Rattler declared himself in on the deal as his partner. Willcome was not consulted by Bird Rattler in this matter. Bird Rattler apparently got all of his information about geology and mining directly from the Earth spirits, which, in mining, is just about as good a source as any other. The vein of ore Willcome was working petered out, and it began to look tough for Willcome and the investors, so he was beginning to get pretty worried. At this point Bird Rattler came along, and told Willcome not to worry, that the Earth people were his friends, and that in four days everything would be all right both for him and his friends who were interested in this mine. Willcome could not figure out how Bird Rattler knew that his vein of ore had petered out, because he had been keeping that information strictly to himself. He was even more surprised when in four days his miners struck a very rich vein of ore. "What do you think of that?" says Willcome to the General. "Coincidence snorts the General. But Willcome seems doubtful about that, as he says that Bird Rattler had taken a hand in some other mining ventures of his, and the same thing always happened in the same way. I understand that Bird Rattler was once a keeper of one of the sacred pipes, and he is supposed to have quite a lot of influence with the supernatural powers. We reach Browning at eleven P.M., and the party there disperses. Before retiring Mary Ellen expresses a few doubts, and seems worried about getting herself mixed up in the worship of false gods in her little prayer meeting on the top of the butte at Writing on Rocks. I tell her that these Indians are all good catholics, and that they know she does pray to the Sun when she is at home, and that their prayers to their gods on our behalf are to be accepted in the same spirit as their other gifts. That is in the spirit in which they are given to us and made for us. I have made notes and drawings and translations of drawings of the inscriptions on Writing Rocks. Dick Sanderville has made a fine sketch of the face of the cliff, which he has given to me, and Celina and Dick have taken a good many photographs of the face of the cliff, as well as the ceremony held on top of the butte, which I hope will turn out well. My notes may cover ten per cent of the pictures on the cliff. It should take four or five days to make a complete photographic record of the pictures on the face of Writing on Rocks, and Dick Sanderville appears to be the best man for interpreter. We get to bed rather late at Jim Brott's. Monday, July 11. On Wednesday July 6 arrangement had been made with Joe Sherburne of the Sherburne Merchante Company of Browning to go over the oil properties on the Reservation today. In addition Forrest Stone wants Joe to take me over the farming district in the northeast corner of the reservation if we have the time to get there. I meet Joe Sherburne early at the Merchante Company. Our plan is to drive out to see the wells near Cut Bank, which are near the eastern boundary of the Reservation, first, and then to come back to Browning, pick up Mrs. Sherburne, Celina and
Mary Ellen, and drive to the well which is being drilled in the Milk River valley in the northwest corner of the Reservation. After that we will take in the farming district in the northeast corner of the reservation if we have the time. We get off to a wrong start, because Joe, being Mayor of Browning, we start to talk politics, and suddenly find ourselves driving north of the Hospital and Boarding School, which is not where we started for. Joe thinks Scott Leavitt, our Congressman, did the right thing in getting rid of the Indian boy who was postmaster at Browning, and putting on the man that he did. This is the one thing that has put Scott Leavitt in bad with the Indians here. But Joe says the man that lost the job was a crook, and that local talk has it that he burned down the New England Hotel, in which the Postoffice was located, in order to destroy the postoffice records, which would show he had been robbing the United States. There was a Postal Inspector headed toward Browning at the time. The New England Hotel, which was a frame structure when we stayed there in 1933, is now replaced by a brick structure. Apparently the sherburnes are on the side of Scott Leavitt in appointing the white man as postmaster, and the Indians and the American Legion are against Scott Leavitt for firing the Indian from the job, that particular Indian having been a member of the Legion. This would make it a majority against Scott Leavitt, and it does not look just now if he can carry Glacier County in this campaign. We turn back to Browning and head east for Cut Bank. From Cut Bank we go north, looking over the wells on the east side of Cut Bank river, which is the east boundary of the Reservation. There is a good producing well within half a mile of the eastern Reservation boundary, but production figures are not available, as these oil outfits do not encourage visitors on their property. But the well is a going concern, and pumping oil into tanks, which is evident to any passer by. North of this well are a number of gas producing wells, and running northeast, east of the reservation line are a number of oil wells which are producing. Inside the Reservation boundary, and parallel to these latter oil wells, is the oil lease of the Browning development Company, on which they have erected a derrick, and are just about spudding in. This Company is a local concern who have leased the property from a fee patent Indian. A number of Browning merchants and business men, including the Sherburnes, make up the company, and have put up all the capital. In a line running south west of the well there is believed to be good oil bearing formation, and this land is owned by Indians, some of them holders of fee patents, some of trust patents, and with alternate parcels of land held with mineral and oil rights reserved to the tribe, but the surface rights held in fee or trust patent to individual Indian allottees. Of the fee patent lands some have passed from Indian ownership to white men, and title to some of this white owned land is, or may be, in some cases open to question because of fee patents issued without proper authority of law to the Indian holder of the trust patent. In other words, if an oil boom develops here there is plenty of legal dynamite mixed up in these land titles. If I put any money into a well out here I would want the best mining law expert in this part of the country to be with me at every stage of the development. The engineers and mining experts, and others, of the Browning Production Company believe that the oil bearing formation, which is here gaspar shale, extends southwest, from the Browning Company property, to the Two Medicine valley, where it ends in a fault. This is a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. The Browning
Company have spudded in, and are all set to begin drilling. The depth of oil wells here runs from eight hundred to a thousand feet. The underlying formation is largely shale and limestone. There is Caspar shale here, and another highly stratified shale called Two Medicine shale. In some places there is a peculiar slop to the formation that throws the drill out of line and makes the well curve out of plumb. This puts the casing on a long curve, and this makes drilling at times difficult. Joe tells me they have a good contract with the drilling outfit. As a sporting proposition the drilling outfit took a lower royalty for production below a certain point, in exchange for a much increased royalty for production above a certain figure. We turn south to Cut Bank, and then go on to Browning, where we pick up Mrs. Sherburne at her house, and then pick up Celina and Mary Ellen at Jim Brott's. We head north by the Indian Boarding School and Hospital to the Milk River well. They have been drilling this well for two years. Originally it was started on an allotment where the oil rights were owned by the tribe, but the company engineers by making various exploratory trenches around about to determine the location and angle of the apex, in order to locate the center of the dome, reached the conclusion that the well should be drilled about a half a mile east of the first location. This new location selected happened to be on an individual Indian allotment, with oil rights reserved to the allottee. So a new deal had to be made with the Tribal Business Council, whereby the Council consented to the cancellation of the old lease, and the cessation of drilling on the first parcel of land, and the company agreed to give the Tribe 12 1/2% royalty on production from the well on the new location. This in addition to the royalty given the owner of the allotment, who also received a 12 1/2% royalty contract. The agreement made with the Tribe, however, only holds good until such time as the Company brings in oil in producing quantities on a tribal oil lease. The Milk River well is now down to 1,200 feet, and they expect to strike oil at 2,500 feet, or at 3,000 feet. The rig is a new rotary rig, which is said to be less effective in soft formations than the old style rig. At present they are drilling through Medison shale formation. Yesterday they lost their drill in the well, and tried to blow it out of the way with niter glycerine. As nitro glycerine is sometimes used to loosen things up a bit when oil is struck, all persons hearing the explosion repaired to the well, thinking that oil had been struck. But they were disappointed, and so were the drillers, as the explosion did not dislodge the drill from the shaft, and now they have another drill down, and are trying to pound their way through by main strength and awkwardness. Perhaps they can dislodge the old drill. Just now the drill they have down there seems to be working directly on top of the lost drill, and the sound that comes up from the tubing is like the drilling of twenty thousand dentists drilling on twenty thousand aching teeth. It is awful. There is an old wooden derrick beside the new rotary rig, which is of steel. They evidently started out with the old type rig, and then changed to the rotary later. We go to the cook shack. The mess is run by a grey haired, elderly woman, named Mrs. Hayes. She has plenty of work to do. This outfit runs twenty four hours, and seven days a week. It numbers thirty five men, and is run in two twelve hour shifts. The night shift coming off eats breakfast with the day shift coming on the job at 6:00 A.M. At noon the day shift have dinner. At 6:00 P.M. the day shift going off eats with the night shift going on duty. At midnight the night shift have their dinner. Outside of that Mrs. Hayes runs a quick order service for such pilgrims as arrive at odd hours, like ourselves, or truck drivers, bringing in casing, gas, oil, and tools,
and food and other supplies. Also pete men, or the men who bring in nitro glycerine when needed. These show up at all hours, day or night, and always arrive tired and hungry. We have dinner at the cook shack. The best steaks, vegetables and lemon pie I have had in a long time, and plenty of everything. The lemon pie is a work of art, but Mrs. Hayes tells Celina she makes it without any lemon. Dinner here is fifty cents. After dinner we go out and examine the the rig and derrick. Also look at specimens of shale brought up by the drill. These shale specimens are in the form of cores. It should be interesting to compare the strata of this formation as shown by the specimens brought up, with the strata of the Lew overthrust, on the face of the Rocky Mountains a few miles west of here. Water is pumped down the casing of the well to blow out the cuttings of the drill, and the speed of the rotation of the drill is controlled by an engineer who is constantly at the throttle. The sound and feel of the drill guide the engineer and indicate to him the number of revolutions per minute he should give to the rotary drill. The casing is pretty large in circumference. One of the men slipped from the lower platform the other day when the drill was out of the casing tube. Had he been thinner he would have taken a one way trip to the bottom of the well. But he was fat enough to stick. They got him out. A son of a cousin of the former Kaiser Wilhelm II, is working as a roustabout in this camp. He was putting green paint on a drill when pointed out to us. He came over here because he was studying Mining Engineering, and his people back home thought that he could learn about it faster and better by coming right out to the places where the most Mining Engineering was done, and by starting from the bottom up. So he has started with the toughest sort of an outfit, and the most back breaking kind of work there is, that with a drilling outfit in an oil field. They say here that he was pretty soft when he first arrived, and had to be assigned to easy jobs, but he is slowly hardening up. They also say that the work pretty near layed him out at the start, but that he is a dead game sport, and is staying with it, and that he is very popular with the men who like him for his guts and because he is generally a good fellow. There have been no deaths on this job yet, but there have been some pretty close calls. The one just referred to is a case in point. The fellow that slipped down the casing when cleaning muck out of the dog house. He slid two hundred feet before he got too thick for the casing, and that stopped him. The boys threw him a rope and pulled him out. It is now too late to go to the farming district in the northeast part of the Reservation, so we start back for Browning. The Sherburnes drive us to Jim Brott's, and I get some sleep. We then have supper. Forrest Stone has gone to Helena with Wright Hagerty, one of the Councilmen. Joe Sherburne and I met him as we were coming in to Browning from Cut Bank this morning. At least we think it was Forrest, but all we really saw and heard was a cloud of dust and a loud roar, and something whizzed by us that looked like Forrest's car. He was going down the road like a bat out of hell. He has an appointment with Governor Erickson tonight, and expects to be back here in Browning tomorrow morning. Helena is 190 miles from Browning. If Forrest makes the time he was making when he passed us, for the rest of his trip, he will have plenty of time to talk to the Governor. I wonder how Wright Hagerty will enjoy the trip. Mackenstead, Field Auditor of the Indian Service, and his son have supper with us at Brott's. They are stopping at the Agency Club House, but stopped for the evening as guests of Jim and Elean Brott. He is here to audit the Agency accounts. He was formerly Chief Clerk at the Flathead Agency, and I first met him when Serven and I were at Flathead in 1924, and had our famous Holy Thursday riot and council meeting with the gentle Selish and Kutenais.