

window, through which can be had a very fine view of Watertown Lake and the surrounding mountains. There is moonlight on the lake. We visit the Curio Store at the Hotel. They have some fine Hudson's Bay blankets and Capotes. We do not buy anything. We then return to our hotel. I am wearing a button in my lapel which Dick Sanderville gave me at Browning. It is a badge of Campbells Five Year Farming Program on the Blackfoot Reservation, and denotes membership in one of the farm chapters organized among the Piegiens to further that program. A very drunk Scotchman spots me in the lobby of our hotel, and takes my badge as an emblem of World War service. He is a veteran, and gives his name as MacTavish. He addresses me as Pal, and wants to talk about the good old days when he was a Gordon Highlander and won the War. Obviously, there is a touch coming. We repair to the hotel parlor, and the rest of the party trail in to see what happens. I introduce MacTavish to the Sellers and to Celina. He offers to sing us a song in English, Welsh and Ancient Irish. The hotel management gets worried and opens the parlor door a few times to see that all is well. MacTavish sings for us, without any urging to do so, and the English, Welsh and Old Irish songs all have the same words and the same tune. None of which can be understood. Then comes the touch, and I slip him a dollar. It would be a shame to have him sober up, and thus lose such a beautiful jag. Having done this good deed, we all go to bed. This Western Canadian Ale is not as good as the ale made in Quebec Province. It tastes and acts more like needled beer, that is, American or United States near beer, shot with grain alcohol, which is a popular beverage in Prohibition-land. The Sellers have had a good time, and I am sure enjoyed meeting MacTavish, and hearing songs in all those different languages. I have a good Canadian ale sleep.

Saturday, June 16. We get up about 6:00 A.M.. There are no Restaurants open, but the one across the street is due to open a little before seven. I meet a farmer from eastern Canada in the street in front of the hotel, and we talk about crops and depression. It appears that Canada is having a depression, ~~also~~ also. This proves that people can have a depression without having a Republican party in power, or a man named Hoover in charge of the Government. Our party assemble for breakfast, and we check out of the hotel. The beer parlor opens for guests of the hotel at 7:00 A.M. I go in there and have a couple. Mary Ellen follows me in. "Father, dear father, come home to me now!" Minors are not permitted in beer parlors in Canada, so the Bar man and I tell her about that, and she leaves. The Bar man tell me what he thinks of Prohibition in the United States. He says that women from the States, apparently of good families, come up here and get drunk, and that they never did this before the States went dry. He thinks that nice girls should not get drunk. He gives me a lot of beer labels, and desires me to mail them to President Hoover with his compliments. Celina comes in to the beer parlor, and we leave and go across the street to the Restaurant and have breakfast. After finishing breakfast we drive to the Prince of Wales Hotel so that Mary Ellen can see it. She was not with us last night. Sellers and I remain in the car, and Mrs. Sellers, Celina and Mary Ellen go in to the Hotel and look it over. They come out, and we start our return journey to Browning at 8:00 A.M. We head east to Cardston. On our north is the line of the Blood Reserve, and on the south of the road is Mormonland. The Mormons are a real asset to this country. They are good farmers, hard workers, are very law abiding, and are thrifty. There is another religious sect up here which causes the Canadian authorities a good head ache once in a while. These are the Doukhobors, a religious

sect that originated in Russia and migrated to Canada when the Russians made things too hot for them. The Doukhobors own all property in common, which in no way disturbs the general run of Canadians. They have only one habit, which bothers the average Canadian, and gets the Doukhobor into occasional conflict with the law. When the Spirit moves them they will strip stark naked, and men, women, girls and children will then amble down the street of a town, or down a country road, until the blushing Constabulary round them up and throw them in the Jail house, and their garments after them. This is a matter of grave concern up here in the winter time, when the temperature is at times sub zero, and when even a Dukhobor full of the Holy Ghost may freeze to death if he takes all of his clothes off. At such seasons the law must act with expedition, and herd these naked zealots into a nice warm jail before they get killed off by exposure. The Dukhobors do not appreciate these attentions from the law, and threaten to migrate to Mexico where they believe they can enjoy more religious liberty than here. This is not bad judgement on their part, as they could find some parts of Mexico where it would be warm enough all the year round to permit them to strip and parade in safety at any time they felt like it. And I doubt if the Mexican peon would care very much, once he got used to it. In fact, the female Doukhobor, if at all comely, might find herself very popular in parts of Mexico. We pass through Cardston. On the road to Cardston we have to stop a few moments, as Mary Ellen becomes car sick. She is rather tired, and it has been a hard journey. We turn south from Cardston, pass the Canadian Customs and Immigration stations at Carway, and then stop and clear United States Immigration and Customs at Piegan. We then drive to Saint Mary's lake, and stop at the narrows to get a photograph of Napi's head, or Saint Mary's head. I ask Sellers about tuberculosis among the Indians of the Blackfoot Reservation. He believes there is not as much as most people assume. That his experience is confined chiefly to the children who attend his Boarding School, and to ~~some~~ Indian school children on the Reservation. These children lead very irregular home lives. They go to bed when they feel like it and get up when they feel like it. They are never corrected or controlled by their elders, but grow up wild, like Topsy. Their meals are unbalanced, and are had at irregular hours. They do not suffer so much from insufficient food, as improper food, which is never served to them with any regularity. When these children are brought to the Boarding School most of them are far under weight, and many have colds. With regular living, fixed hours of sleep, and well balanced meals served at regular times each day, these children sometimes put on as much as fifteen pounds in the first four weeks at school. When the children are returned to their Indian homes in summer vacation they again lose weight, which is regained, however, upon their return to the Boarding School. For this reason Sellers ascribes underweight and colds among Indian children to improper home conditions, and not to tuberculosis, although he admits that such conditions might easily bring about tuberculosis, especially in a family at all predisposed to that ~~disease~~ disease. This looks like a pretty good size up of the situation, and is also a good argument for the Indian Boarding School. It is a sure thing that four weeks of proper diet and sleep would not clear up a case of actual tuberculosis, or even restore a genuine case to normal weight, and apparent good health. The facilities of the Hospital here are not adequate for careful or accurate diagnosis of tuberculosis. They have no Laboratory or X Ray machine. They do some blood work, but the samples must be sent to the Montana State laboratories for report, as there are no facilities for blood work here. This leaves the service Doctors doing most of their diagnosing by guess and by God.

I doubt if reliable figures as to tuberculosis on this Reservation are now available, as accurate diagnosis cannot be made with the facilities now available. We arrive at Saint Mary's Chalet, where we spent the night of Thursday, the 14th. The boat is to start for Going to the Sun Chalet, up the Lake, at twelve. We have time, as we arrive at Saint Mary's Chalet at about eleven. Sellers has been ragging me this morning about my friend Pal, the boozy Scotchman of the night before. We wait at the Chalet for the boat to start. While waiting there we are treated to an apparition. A very costly looking limousine, bearing a New York licence plate drives up to the edge of the wharf. A uniformed chauffeur is driving it. Inside is Mrs. Park Avenue herself, and a lady companion. It is a million dollars worth of front touring these Mountains. How did it stray so far from Tuxedo, Newport and all of those places? The uniformed chauffeur hops out and opens the door of the limousine with a flourish, but Park Avenue does not alight. Instead a passing native is hailed, and in reply to inquiry gives the information that the limousine cannot be driven up to the end of the wharf, where the boat is tied. This, evidently makes it impossible for the lady to take the boat for Going to the Sun, as she will not walk that far. So Park Avenue gives us the go by, and rides majestically off in a cloud of dust. We get on the boat, and find it pretty well crowded. We cast off and head up the lake for Going to the Sun. The Captain leaves the wheel while he collects the tickets from the passengers. While doing this the boat steers itself, and does a pretty good job of it. The lake is fairly wide, and there is no chance of going aground as it is very deep. We dock at Going to the Sun in about half an hour. We go up to the Chalet by a very steep flight of stairs. The Chalet is on the top of a cliff overlooking the upper lake, and with a fine view from the front of the surrounding mountains. Baggage is hauled up from the wharf on a skid way, on which is placed a sledge. A horse at the top furnishes the necessary power on the other end of the rope to get the sledge hauled up. At the Chalet we meet the resident Nurse. In the winter she is Nurse at the Browning High School. She is a friend of the Sellers, but as it is one of these very casual introductions we do not catch her name. Her duties here are not very heavy. A few sprains or mashed fingers, and some imaginary heart attacks from persons who imagine that this altitude will affect the heart. This class of patients usually start meeting their Maker late at night, or at any old time when it is most inconvenient for everybody else. All they require by way of treatment is any old thing that is close at hand, and a few kind words. In 1914 I met a Dining Car Conductor named Brenner on the Great Northern. He told me that on these transcontinental runs all the nervous passengers on board went to the Dining Car Conductor for medical advice when they felt they were in trouble. Going over the Marias Pass he generally had all the heart cases tune up. The altitude there is around five thousand, and wouldn't disturb the heart action of anyone's dying great grandmother. At least, not when sitting still. A person will get out of breath running foot races or leaping lightly from precipice to precipice at this altitude. Brenner used to give them whiskey in tea cups, telling them it was medicine. This saved face for the ones who would not drink rum for pleasure, which is the only way it should be drunk. We all go in to dinner. Our waitress is a tall, blonde, handsome Swedish girl. I will bet anything that she goes to the University of Minnesota. Most of the help out here are working their way through college. The girl you tip with two bits, may be going up for her Ph. D. next year. We have a very good dinner. We then go out on the terrace in front of the Chalet, overlooking the lake, and Mary Ellen feeds the tame gophers. We get

some photographs. There is a fine view of Goin to the Sun Mountain. There is an account as to how this mountain got its name from the Indians written on a placard in a prominent place in the Chalet. It is very romantic, and has love and an Indian princess mixed up in it, and I suspect it came right out from under the hat of some publicity writer on the pay roll of the Great Northern. The late Bob Hamilton told me that the mountain was so called because long ago a man called scar Face left the Piegans and went on a journey, and came finally to the lodge of the Sun. He started from Going to the Sun Mountain. The Sun instructed him in certain religious ceremonies, notably the Medicine Lodge, according to Bob, and healed the scar on his face. He returned then to the Piegan camp without a trace of his old scar, and the girl who turned him down because of the scar, and because he had done nothing to distinguish himself, consented to marry him. J. Willard Shultz, called Apikuni, says all of these versions are wrong, and that he named the mountain himself. I have a talk with gellers about the intelligence of the Piegans. He tells me that on the I-Q tests the Plains Cree children are superior to the Piegan children, but the Piegan children are superior on that test to most tribes. Father Grant, in 1926, told me down at Family Mission that these Indian children are very bright, and learn more quickly than white children, up to the time they are about fourteen years of age. After that most of them bog down, and cease being bright. Father Grant thought it a waste of time and effort to continue the school education of most Indian children after the age of fourteen or fifteen. After that age they lose interest, or slow down for some reason or other, on the majority of cases. But the Cree children must be good, as these Piegans are very smart people. I have noticed, however, in many cases, notably at the Agency Medicine lodge this year, at the Pipe Transfer ceremony in the Agency camp in 1926, and at the Fort Belknap Assiniboin Sun Dance in 1907, a Cree expert was called in to help out when the Indians found themselves in a pinch. From the Hotel we can see Louie Hill's cabin across the lake. He also has a cabin on a small island near the head of the lake. We gather our party and go down to the boat. A good per centage of the tourists out here this year are Jewish. The Glacier Park Hotel business is bad this season, and about twenty of the help are being dropped today from the Going to the Sun Chalet pay roll, and are leaving on this boat. So all of the staff of the Chalet are down to see the boat off, and all of the waitresses, our tall, blonde Swedish one included. I talk to the Nurse about the Blackfoot case, and tell her that if there is no recovery from the Court that this will probably be my last trip out here. But she thinks the Piegans will give us credit no matter how the case comes out. The boat pulls out, with much waving of hands and handkerchiefs. Why is this done for a boat, but scarcely ever for a departing train or automobile or bus or aeroplane? We arrive at saint Mary's and immediately set out for Glacier Park Station, crossing the Hudson's Bay Divide, the Milk River Divide and the Two Medicine Divide. Near Glacier Park Station we detour and visit Trick Falls and climb to the pool at the foot of the Falls. These falls look like the usual falls, except that a tunnel comes out of the rock, half way down the falls, and out of this tunnel another stream of water joins the main stream that comes over the falls. This tunnel either connects with the bed of the stream above the falls, or with the lake above the stream, as no water comes from the tunnel when the stream is low. This according to Sellers. The pool beneath the falls appears very deep and is a good fishing pool. We go back to the main road and resume our journey to Glacier Park Station. We go down the Saint Mary's - Glacier

Park Station road. It is along this road that the Park Service wish to obtain a strip of land from the Indians of the Blackfoot Reservation. Park Service do not wish to buy the land, but only to purchase a ~~scenic~~ "scenic easement." By this the Indians will sell to the Park Service any right to cut standing timber on the strip sold, or to erect unsightly **structures** on such strip of land. The Indians do not wish to sell. They suspect the Park Service. They blame the Park Service for not requiring the holders of hotel and other concessions in the Park to hire Indian guides and sell Indian goods in the stores. They blame the Park Service for not hiring Indian rangers, when extra rangers are taken on ~~in~~ the summer time. Instead Park Service hires boys from the east, who have political connections valuable to the Park service. Or so the Indians think. They also charge that the Park service, or the Government, robbed them of hunting rights in the area now occupied by that ~~part~~ of Glacier Park which is east of the Continental Divide. The Blackfoot Reservation as created by the Act of 1888 contained, in addition to its present limits, a strip of land extending west from the present west boundary to the top of the Continental Divide. In the Grinnell Agreement of 1895, ratified by the Act of 1896, a strip was ceded to the United States by the Indians of the Blackfoot Reservation extending from the present west boundary of the Reservation to the Continental Divide. The United States desired to purchase this land for mining development, as it was ~~thought~~ thought there was gold in this country. A reservation in this agreement provided that the Indians could hunt, and fish in the ceded territory, subject to the game laws of Montana, as long as the ceded strip continued to be public lands of the United States. Glacier Park was created out of part of this strip, the part east of the Divide, and Park Service do not permit hunting in that region, but do permit some fishing. The Indians also reserved the right to cut timber. They can no longer do so. The Indians claim that Glacier Park is still public lands of the United States, and Park Service has violated their agreement with the United states. so there you are. There is also a question about the boundary line itself, the Indians claiming it was not surveyed in accordance with the agreement of 1895. All of these things have made for some feeling against Park service, and the Indians refuse to sign away any "scenic easment" along the Saint Mary's road. Indeed as scenic easement cannot be very well explained in the Piegan language. The Indians should make the best bargain they can on this strip with the Park service, while they can bargain. The United States has an unpleasant habit of acquiring what it wants by fair means, if it can, and by foul means if it must. The timber on this strip is valuable to these Indians. But the road itself is of no value at all to these Indians, but only to the concession holders in the Park. We stop at Glacier Park Station, and Margaret Carberry is not at her store. I leave word there for her to call me at the Agency and give me a price on the Piegan Medicine Bag. In 1912 Tom Walker, Hugh Carter, Gert Nichols, Margaret Gillet, Bill Ellsworth the guide, and I ended our horseback trip through part of the Park. We rode forty miles in one day, and then Bill told us the horses had stampeded, so he could give them a couple of days rest. We were then at Two Medicine. Later we went on to Many Glaciers and up to Iceberg. I pick up the parafleche at Clark's Studio, and we drive on to the Blackfoot Agency at Browning. Arrive at Stone's house. General Scott has left. Willcome drove him down as far as Helena, and may take him right through to the Crow Reservation. Stone wants us to move over from Brott's to his house. We have dinner with the Stones and Sellers at Stones. Then the Sellers depart to the Boarding School. They

were both good travelling companions. We go over to Brott's and pack. Also we get our laundry, which we had left with an Indian woman to do while we were away in the Park. Mary Ellen stood the trip well, and was only car sick twice. She took it all like a good sport. She does not complain when tired, and takes things as they come along. Jim Brott throws me a farewell party in his kitchen. He lifted some confiscated beer from the Agency safe, and we enjoy it together. We then get over to Stone's house, and get to bed in our new quarters. Canada looks like a good country. It is larger than the United States, having 3,246,405,120 acres of land to the United States' 1,937,144,960 acres. Canada has a population of 10,376,786, as compared to the United States which has a population of 122,775,046. If a man should find fewer opportunities in the United States in the future, Canada would be the ideal place to immigrate to permanently. There is much to be developed in Canada, and the people are like ourselves, and do not much resemble the British.

Sunday, July 17. We all sleep late and have a late breakfast. Find that all the laundry has not been returned, and Celina and Elean Brott straighten this out with the Indian woman. The missing piece, which was mislaid, is, I believe returned. Forrest and I, in Forrest's car, pick up Doctor Shroeder, the Reservation Doctor, and go out to look over the ~~hospital~~/hospital. Stone and I have been trying to get these people a new fifty bed hospital, equipped with laboratory, X Ray, nurses and doctors quarters and ambulance, for the past three or four years. We have not had much success with Congress. The present hospital is located near the Indian Boarding School. It was an ~~old~~ building which was formerly used at Old Agency, and was hauled to its present site. It is a frame building, and no longer weather proof. On the way to the hospital I ask the Doctor about the syphilis rate among these Indians. He says no complete survey has been made, but one is being made with the help of the Montana State Laboratories and Public Health. But from an examination of all hospital admissions, which he thinks affords a good cross section of the Reservation, he estimates the syphilis rate here, old and new cases, at fifteen per cent of the population. As to gonorrhea, he says it is difficult, if not impossible to cure it among these people. The Indian men call it "the women's disease," and the Indian women call it "the men's disease." During the acute stages of this disease, when there is plenty of discharge or discomfort, the Indian patient will submit faithfully to treatment. But as soon as the acute symptoms abate, and any discomfort the Indian has disappears, he discharges himself from further treatment, without the formality of asking his Doctor if he is cured or not, and goes his sinful way rejoicing. He thus spreads the infection, gets a posterior infection, and God knows when he gets over his disease, if he ever does. Schroeder thinks these cases should be hospitalized, and placed in quarantine until properly cured. Which would go for syphilis too. But the best we can get is a fifty bed hospital, if we ever get that, and the whole hospital cannot be turned over to those who have loved well but not wisely. Besides, if getting locked up is advertised as part of the cure, the Indian who is diseased in this manner will keep away from the Reservation Medical staff, and go in for quack cures. Education of the Indian along these lines, and perseverance is about all that can be suggested. Fortunately these people are not prudes on sexual subjects, so there is no barrier there to educating them along certain lines. Stone says the trachoma situation here is about stationary. No increase, and no improvement either.

Stone did not have the figures as

the number of cases of trachoma on his Reservation handy. Doctor Yates, who formerly was physician on this Reservation, has perfected himself in an operation which takes care of trachoma. But there are a great many Indians, and Yates cannot be everywhere at once. Again, all operations are not successfull. Some times the procdure may fail, for one reason or another. The Indian agitators, the school boys of the Brookings institute, and the political Messiahs and tub thumpers in Congress, who are always saving the Indian by slandering some one else, seem to have taken pretty seriously the charge that the Indian Service has inflicted permanent blindness on many Indians by this operation. Such a report, spread about with the aid of certain irresponsible Senaotrs and Congressmen, pseudo scientists, and breed agitators, does not make the trachoma sufferers eager to come in and submit to this operation. As to tuberculosis, it is impossible to get reliable information, because facilities for making accurate diagnosis are lacking here. This lack of facilities is not due to lack of skill or diligence in the Field Service personnell, or in the Indian Bureau. Congress just cannot or will not put up the money. And it will take a lot of money to procure these facilities. Perhaps Public Health might lend a hand. Not every Piegan who coughs and spits, and is under weight has tuberculosis. It is impossible to go the rounds here and get a thermometer down every Piegans mouth every morning, to get morning temperatures. There are 4,000 Indians, and the Reservation covers 1,500,000 acres of land, with the Indians scattered all over the place. With the children, as Sellers pointed out, well balanced meals, and regularity in eating and sleeping works wonders with the children. As we approach the hospital we pass the Boarding School dairy herd. There are about fifty head of fine looking Holsteins. We drive up to the Hospital, and Stone leaves us there and goes over to inspect the new pump and power plant at the Boarding School across the way. He instructs Doctor Shroeder to show me everything he has in his hospital, including records. This is a thirty bed hospital. The building is of frame, and originally stood at Old Agency, and was hauled to this place, a distance of about thirty miles. In the hauling the building was pretty badly wrenched. It is an old building, now placed on a new ~~concrete~~ concrete foundation. In winter it leaks cold air, but the roof is watertight. The building has been painted in recent years. Heat is supplied from the central plant at the School, and likewise power for electric lights. It has running water. The average number of patients is in excess of the capacity of the hospital, being thirty five in a thirty bed hospital. There are two general wards, each occupying a wing, the offices being in the center, and the kitchen back of the offices. The beds in the men and women's wards are pretty close together, a little over two feet, I judge. In addition to these two wards there is a glassed in sleeping porch off the men's ward, which can be used, but not in cold weather. A three bed isolation ward opens in to the men's ward. Not so good. A small room above the offices, reached by a steep flight of stairs, contains the nursery. There are five cribs in the nursery. Other rooms on the second floor, which extends over the central part of the hospital, but not over the wings which forms/the wards, are used as store rooms. The operating room opens out on the women's ward, and is used both for surgery, treatment of infections and as a delivery room. The wards, kitchen, halls, latrines and offices are very clean, and all windows are well screened. There are no flies in evidence inside the hospital. In a hospital this size it is

impossible to have any noises proceeding from the delivery room shut off from the other patients. As we come in there is a patient in the operating room who is about to give birth to a baby. There is no need for steam tables in this hospital, as it is just a step from the kitchen to any part of the hospital. There is a large coal stove in the kitchen. The mess for the hospital attendants and employees adjoins the kitchen. The hospital has no Laboratory, and no X Ray. It is kept very clean and neat, and is very orderly. It has not the slipshod, ill disciplined appearance of the hospitals in Washington, D.C., but appears to be smartly and efficiently run. The general impression is that of a lot of efficient people running a good hospital, on very poor material, and with very little equipment. The delivery case is just about tuning up in the operating room. Shroeder says they give them a bit of ether here, to take the raw edge off the worst pains. Apparently have no gas. The head nurse says it gives her the jitters to handle child birth cases in the same operating room where infected cases are handled. The bed linen is clean, and the patients all look clean and well cared for. Although the beds are pretty close together here, air space just now does not appear to be an important factor, as plenty of air can get through the leaky walls of this building. It must be pretty cold here in winter. Any large number of contagious diseases must be handled elsewhere, as there is not room enough here to care for them. When the Boarding School had a measles epidemic last winter, they simply quarantined the school and let it go at that. The nursery here is in an inconvenient place, being up on a second floor, and removed from the center of things. Major operations are not attempted here. Such cases are sent to the hospitals in Great Falls, or to Choteau. Choteau is 75 miles away, and Great Falls 155 miles. Doctor Shroeder shows me the records. They had a record for the year of six deaths in the hospital in 3000 hospital days. They had one death last week. A woman developed puerperal insanity, and then an embolism cut her off. The patients in this place prefer to die at home. Unless death comes on them suddenly in the hospital, they manage to get their friends to get them home if they feel themselves slipping. At home they can be dressed properly for death before life has departed, and this appears to please them. This hospital served a population of 4,000 Indians, scattered over a Reservation that covers 1,500,000 acres. The medical service supplied these Indians consists of this thirty bed hospital with one Doctor and four Registered Nurses. In addition to this there is a Doctor stationed at the Agency, another Doctor at Heart Butte Sub Agency, and a registered Nurse at the Old Agency Sub Agency. This gives a total of three Doctors and five nurses. They have plenty to do, and getting around this country in the winter is no joke. As the girl in the operating room is just about ready to supply the Piegan tribe of the Blackfoot reservation with one more member, and the Doctor wants to help her get it over with, I shove out and rejoin Stone. We then drive to Charlie Buck's ranch, which is just off the road between the Boarding School and the Agency. Charlie Buck is a mixed blood Piegan Indian, who is married to a white woman. His wife was a trained nurse from Great Falls. Charlie is a prosperous rancher, and a leading member of the Republican party in Glacier County and on the Blackfoot reservation. He is the father-in-law of Ace Armstrong, the Indian boy and member of the American Legion that Scott Leavitt had removed as postmaster at Browning. Leavitt had a white man appointed in Armstrong's place. The Indian vote controls Glacier County. The Sherburne faction backed the white appointee. Sherburne owns the bank and the big Trading Store, and most of the Indians owe him money. Joe Sherburne is Mayor of Browning. I think the Sherburnes can control the vote in Browning, but not in Glacier County. Scott Leavitt therefore pulled a boner. But his friends are working hard.

This explains why Charlie Buck is not out actively backing Scott Leavitt at this time. This in spite of the fact that Leavitt, as Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and as a powerful man in the present Administration, has done very much for these Indians. We arrive at Charlie's front gate, and I get out and try to unlock the gate, which has a very trick lock on it. Stone gives me the laugh, but I finally get the gate open. Every gate in this country has its own peculiar lock, and there are no two alike. This makes it tough on the stranger who is passing through. Charlie lives in a very neat, well painted frame house. The house is thoroughly cleaned and polished inside as well as out. Charlie is very glad to see us, and we talk for a time. Charlie asks us to dinner, and we accept the invitation. Dinner invitations in this part of the country are made to be accepted. We wait for the ranch hands to come in from the fields, and then have a good old time, ranch dinner. The table is set on the back porch, off the kitchen. Charlie sits at the head, and his wife at the foot of the table. The ranch hands sit down one side of the table, and Stone and I on the other side, with a few more ranch hands with us, to balance the table. Most of the dinner is on the table when we sit down. There are heaps of fried chicken, cream gravy, mountains of mashed potatoes, plenty of fresh beets, string beans, fresh bread, butter, preserves, plenty of coffee and fresh milk and cream, and peaches and cake to top it off with. There is very little dinner conversation, as the purpose of dinner here is to get fed, with as little monkey business as possible. Second and third helpings are much encouraged, and the best way you can thank your host for inviting you is to enjoy his food, and show that you do by eating a lot of it. After dinner we all carry our plates out to the kitchen, and scrape and stack them. They want to exempt the visiting stranger from this, but I insist on carrying on with the rest. We get our tobacco out, and the ranch hands depart for the fields once more. Forrest, Charlie, Mrs. Buck and I adjourn to the Buck Parlor for more conversation. Charlie steps out of the room for a moment, and while he is out Mrs. Buck mentions Scott Leavitt. I put up as strong a talk for Scott as I know how, mentioning all of the things he has done for these Indians. I do not mention that I know about the Postmaster appointment down at Browning. Mrs. Buck listens attentively, and I hope she passes what I have to say on to Charlie. No opening is offered by Charlie to open up about Scott Leavitt, and as he does not bring up the subject, I cannot, under the present circumstances. We leave Buck's, and drive back to Browning. On the way Stone talks about Leavitt and his chances. He believes that if Scott would come up here and spend two days on the Blackfoot Reservation he could help himself a whole lot. Stone thinks of Scott Leavitt, with his wife, if possible, would come here, and drive out to Charlie's some day, arriving there at dinner time, and have dinner with Charlie, it would help him a lot. He thinks that Charlie has enough Piegan Indian in his make up to feel bound to support a man who had eaten his food. This would force him to give Leavitt some support. Just now he is doing nothing. Stone also points out that Charlie only employs white ranch hands. He finds Indian ~~labor~~ labor, in most cases, not too reliable. Park Service makes the same allegation, as does the Glacier Park Hotel Company. The same argument is advanced against selling Indian goods, made by Indians. They say they cannot rely on a constant supply of these goods in quantity. They are of the opinion that the Indian when he gets paid, will lay off, and not make goods, or sell his services either, until again in need of money. This is true of some Indians, but not of others. Some Indian women are very industrious, are proud of their handiwork, and like to turn out bead work all the time. Others do not. The same with labor.

The Indian is generally speaking a good worker, but must be handled by foremen who know him, and know how to handle him. The old time, loud mouthed, swearing Irish type of foreman would lose an Indian gang at once. The first bellow out of the foreman and they would quit. And they would not even come back for their pay. Indians have been used out here on road construction and construction of irrigation ditches, and have proved satisfactory workmen. But they had men over them who knew how to handle them. Under Campbell, as Superintendent, and under Stone, they have kept at farming and sheep raising. But they must be constantly watched and encouraged, and never bullied. The older Indians are better workers than most of the younger men. Tom Horn had a fine herd of sheep here in 1926, and has now, I believe. He had to go to town, and left his sons to look after the sheep. His sons found they had to go to a dance, and let the sheep look after themselves. It took Tom some time when he got home to get his sheep together again. But the same conditions will be found among white men. We arrive at Stone's and find they have been waiting dinner for us. After explanations Celina, Mildred, Mary Ellen and the Stone children have their dinner. Fortunately for Stone, Mildred was an employee of the Indian Field Service when he met her, and so she knows that when an Indian Superintendent leaves his house, he may be back in an hour or so, or he may be gone for a couple of days. After dinner we get packed, as we leave here tomorrow, and Stone arranges a meeting for me with Sam Burd and Tom Dawson at the Glacier Hotel tonight. Stone also telephones Tom Larsen, of Choteau, that we will stop there for dinner tomorrow. Mildred and the two children are driving to Great Falls tomorrow, and Celina, Mary Ellen and I go with them. Larsen is a cattleman, who has his ranch near Choteau. I met him in Washington last winter, when he was there with Forrest Stone, Doug Gold and Fred Fear, of Wolf Point. I wire Dr. Jimmie Flinn of Helena, that we expect to arrive in Helena tomorrow evening, leaving Great Falls on the train at 5:00 P.M. Also wire mother to the same effect. We then get in Stone's car, and with Forrest, Campbell, Mildred, the Stone children, Celina, Mary Ellen and I, start for Glacier Park Hotel. We will have dinner there, and then I will meet Tom Dawson and Sam Burd at the hotel, if it can be arranged. We leave Browning about 4:00 P.M., so we have plenty of time. We arrive at Glacier Park Hotel. I have a talk at the hotel with Last Star, Calf Tail, Bull Child, Fish, Short Man (also called Big Mike), and Owen Heavy Breast. We stopped at Margaret Carberry's on the way in, and I bought the Medicine Bag. Calf Tail is the oldest of the Indians at the hotel, and he seems to be in bad shape. He is out of breath all of the time. I talk with the Indians until train time, when they have to go down and put on a show for the tourists and dudes. We all go down together to meet the train. Our party and the Indians. The train is late, but we run into Sam Burd at the station. Sam says he will get the crowd, with Tom Dawson, together at the hotel this evening. Sam asked for this meeting after the Council Meeting on Tuesday the 12th. Bull Child inquires about Jack Farrell, and wants to know if Jack's interests are protected for the legal work he has done for the Piegans in times past. He is told that Jack's interests are well protected, and a contract was drawn to that effect between Jack, myself and myself, when Jack's health did not permit him to work on the case any longer. This satisfies Bull Child. The train pulls in from the west, and the Indians go to the platform, and beat their drums and sing, giving the Pullman passengers a treat. One woman gets down from a Pullman, sees the Indians, and beats a hasty retreat. She then stares at them from the window of the Pullman, her mouth wide open. As the train pulls out she is still glued to the Pullman window, and staring wide eyed and open mouthed

at the Indians. When she first stepped on to the platform and say heavy Breast and his merry crew, she clutched her escorts arm, but ~~ex~~ Then evidently figured that one escort was not enough to protect her, so she left him on the platform, and ran up the steps and into the Pullman. The hotel Company pays these Indians fifty cents a day, plus their food, and anything they can get out of the tourists, for putting on this Wild West exhibition of theirs. I tell the Indians in signs what happened to the lady tourist who took their show too seriously, and they have a good laugh. All of these Indians, except Fish, Short Man and Calf Tail, speak English. But they do not speak it nor pretend to understand it when tourists are around, as they are supposed to be wild Indians. With the exception of Calf Tail, all these Indians up here seem fat and well fed. A whole lot of this tuberculosis talk is just an excuse to cover up lack of food. The power over Indian affairs is in Congress, and Congress sometimes does not act wisely or well. Then an alibi becomes necessary, and either an investigation of the Indian Bureau and Field Service is in order, or some disease must be blamed for conditions. It is a safe bet that when Congress starts to smear somebody, they are in reality seeking a coat of white wash for themselves. In some cases the investigation, with all of its startling and lurid charges periodically brought as to Indian Service, is nothing but the efforts of politicians to discredit an Administration in power, and is as such a mere political device to raise issues in order to get votes. A reformer or a liberal is nothing but an ordinary burglar trying to look like Jesus Christ. Celina and I are taking the party to dinner, but there is disagreement as to where to go. We want to go to the Hotel, but the Stones want to go to the local Beanery near Mike's Place. So we go to the beanery. We eat, and then go to the Glacier Park Hotel. There the party leaves me and I meet Sam Burd and Tom Dawson. Tom Dawson is a half blood Piegan, his father having been in the fur trade. His father sent Tom to school in England, where he received a fine education. Tom prefers to live with his tribesmen, but the whites regard him as another Indian, and do not give him the credit Tom thinks he should receive by virtue of his education and talents. No one can be expected to be contented under these circumstances, and Tom is not contented. Sam Burd was Captain of the Carlisle Indian football team of 1911-1912. He is half white and half Piegan. Formerly he was a wealthy cattleman, but came upon hard times. He then went into bootlegging to keep the wolf from the door, and got caught. He is now under indictment for bringing liquor into the Indian country. After his indictment he ran for the office of Sheriff, and was elected. I suppose he is out on bail, awaiting trial, in his own custody. Sam Burd is a Councilman from the Seville District, which is over near Cut Bank. These men wish to talk over the unemployment situation among their tribe. They state that the Government had educated the Indian, and that both by education and natural ability the Indian is fitted to fill certain positions. When he has been educated the white man and the Government refuse to employ him in those positions for which they fitted him. The Indian, they argue, is fitted in Government schools, at the insistence of the Government, to compete with the educated white man. Then both Government and white men refuse to let him even enter the competition. They believe Park Service and Indian Service should employ more Indians. They think the Government should lead the way and give good example to the other white men in the matter of Indian employment, especially as it was the Government, and not the Indian, who insisted in the first place on the Indian being educated to fill certain positions which are now denied to him. Their reasoning is very good.

The white man is making the same mistake with the negro. They educate the negro, and then express surprise when the negro considers himself entitled to a race equality which is the necessary implication of that education. We want to make a negro an A.B., and then expect him to remain content as a field hand or a waiter. We make him a Ph. D., and then are amazed that he does not want a job as a Pullman Porter. We expect him to be a scholar and a gentleman, and content with being ~~Uncle~~ Uncle Tom at the same time. The Spaniards made the same mistake in the Phillipines. They made College men, and professional men, Doctors and Lawyers out of the Phillipinoes, denied them the social status and the opportunities of those positions, and reaped a Revolution as the result of that piece of foolishness. We appear to be doing the same thing with the Indian. Educate him as a white man, and when that is done keep on treating him as an Indian, and we expect him to be happy about it. The British have the same damn fool system in India. They educate the native as a white Englishman, keep on treating him as a native, and then with typical British stupidity are amazed when there is unrest and disturbance and agitation as a result. The Jesuit and Franciscan Missionaries had a more realistic view of Indian education. They gave them enough religion, with plenty of music and ritual, and hymns to sing, to satisfy his religious yearnings, as much book learning as they thought good for him, which wasn't much, and then gave him plenty of instruction in farming, stock raising, arts and crafts and the like, so he could earn a living. If an exceptional Indian showed up, who rated more education than that, he got it. We herd them all in, give them a haircut and a bath, a shot gun dose of book learning, and then turn them loose with a false idea of what they are worth, and a flat refusal to give them any sort of a job. This difficulty goes far deeper than these two men realize. It involves teaching wisdom to white men, before anything can be done toward properly educating or getting employment for Indians. This latter is a task that would stump Hercules himself. I point some of these things out to Tom and Sam, and also point out that the white man makes the same mistakes in educating white men. We also educate white men without regard to their capacities, fill them with false hopes, false estimates of their own worth, and ambitions that they can never realize, and then expect that this sort of treatment will make them happy. While we are talking Owen Heavy Breast joins us, looking like the cat who has just swallowed the canary, but he has little to say. Then Forrest Stone joins us, and the conference ends. I have lost sight of my family, but there is a lot of applause and commotion going on outside. It turns out that while we have been discussing grievances, the Piegiens have been adopting Celina and Mary Ellen on the porch of the Hotel. Calf Tail adopted celina under the name of Otter Woman, and Fish adopted Mary Ellen as Eagle Woman, because, as Fish told the people, she will fly high. The Indians gave Celina and Mary Ellen moccasins and other bead work as presents upon their adoption. Campbell introduces me to Kirkpatrick, representative of the Great Northern Railroad. He puts me down for the Great Northern Calendar, illustrated by Reiss with pictures of Piegan Indians. The President of the Great Northern is upstairs in the Hotel. He is in bed with a cold. His private car, a very impressive one, is on the siding at the Station. We tried to see Margaret Carberry, but she is away. It is late, and we assemble our party, say goodbye to the Indians, and start for the Agency. On the drive back Stone and I discuss Indian employment. It is much along the line we discussed it this morning. Stone says he built the road from Glacier to Browning, the new road, entirely with Indian labor, and with one white Foreman, who knew how to get along with Indians. The Indian

bureau in Washington criticized him for not hiring more white men on the job. But the Indian labor was very satisfactory, because the white Foreman knew how to handle that kind of labor. Tom Dawson was on the job for a while, and was a big nuisance. My own guess as to the solution of the Indian problem is that he cannot be taken over as an Indian. The solution is contained in the increasing number of breeds, and the diminishing number of full bloods. The Indian will be absorbed into the white race ultimately, and that will settle the problem. The process may easily take several hundred years. We will have some kind of an Indian problem with us until the process of absorption is completed. We arrive at Browning. As soon as we get to Stone's the fire alarm sounds. Stone, Campbell and I turn out to the fire. It is a two bucket fire in a small frame house. On the way to the fire we pick up several members of the Browning Volunteer Fire Department. The fire alarm empties every Pool Hall in Browning. But the fire is out as soon as we get there. The owner of the cabin was not at home. We return to Stone's and make report on the fire to our families, and then all go to bed. Jim Brott is writing his father in law, E.D. Mossman, Superintendent of Standing Rock, to take care of us when we come through that way about July 24th. We will get off the train at Mandan, North Dakota, and make our way to Mobridge, South Dakota, and stop off with Mussman at Standing Rock, if that is convenient with him. When Brott gets a reply from Mossman he will let me know.

Monday, July 18. We rise and shine at an early hour, and have breakfast. We tie the baggage on to Forrest's new Ford V8, and say goodbye to Forrest, Campbell and Joe Brown. We will have lunch at Choteau, 73 miles from here, and will make Great Falls, 131 miles away, at or before 5:00 P.M. The Helena train leaves Great Falls at five. This is a new Ford, and cannot be driven over 30 miles an hour, so we will have to be moving. Mildred drives the car. We hope to meet Larsen for lunch in Choteau. Mildred and the children are driving down to the Falls to visit Mildred's mother. At the last minute Joe Brown, Forrest and I go in to a huddle. We talk over the next delegation to Washington. An ideal delegation, if it could be arranged, would be Joe Brown, Jim White Calf and No Coat. This might bring the full bloods out here and the mixed bloods closer. Joe Brown is smarter than any three out here, and would do for the active member of the delegation, with Jim and No Coat to do the Indian part of the show, when that kind of an approach was needed. Dick Sanderville is as reliable as Joe, but thinks slower. Oscar Boy thinks fast, but goes on sprees, and thus the Indians do not trust him as far as they would otherwise. Also, Oscar is somewhat of a slicker. Before leaving the Blackfoot Reservation, a short statement of their history and condition and development might be in order. The Blackfoot, so called, were and are divided into three tribes: the Blackfoot and Blood, now in Canada, and the Piegan, now on the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana. The Piegan was always the tribe of the group which ranged farthest south, and was always located south of the other two tribes. These people are of Algonquin linguistic stock, and have the religion and culture of the buffalo hunting tribes of the Great Plains. They have always had that culture, have always been buffalo hunters and plains Indians, and have always, so far as we know, occupied about the same strip of country, ranging along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains from the North Fork of the Saskatchewan to the headwaters of the Missouri. The Piegans number about 4,000. The three tribes, and particularly the Piegans, first came into contact with white culture about 1730. At that time the Piegan were on the south branch of the Saskatchewan and the Bow rivers, and the Bloods and Blackfoot ranged north of them. South of the Piegans, holding the plains as far north as

the present Canadian boundary line, and perhaps further, were the Shoshoni Indians, and allied with them the Flathead Indians, from west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1730 the Piegiens were in friendly terms with the plains Crees and the northern plains Assiniboin. These were allied with the Piegiens from time to time in war against the Shoshoni and Flathead. The plains Cree and plains Assiniboin from contact with white men toward the east first supplied the Piegiens with iron knives, hatchets, arrow points, powder, lead, and guns. This gave the Piegiens superiority over the Shoshoni and their allies, who did not seem to be provided with these things. The Piegiens started to move south. About 1735 the Piegiens first heard of horses among the Shoshoni, and then saw their first horse. By 1754-1755, when Anthony Hendry first went among them from the Hudson's Bay posts, he found them in possession of many horses. Cocking who went among them in 1771 found them using clay pots of their own manufacture. The acquisition of metal pots soon did away with the making of the breakable clay pots. The acquisition of the horse changed the type of shields and bows used. Prior to the horse the Piegiens used a very long bow, which could be easily drawn, and a big wooden shield, that covered most of the body. As a mounted Indian he had to use a shorter bow, with a correspondingly harder pull. This bow was used by pushing the bow out with one hand, and simultaneously pulling the bow string with the other, a different method than that used in drawing the long bow, with its higher leverage. The small shield was also used to deflect missiles, rather than as a method of stopping missiles, which was the object of the big shield. It is believed that medicine emblems came into use on the small shield, to make up for its small size. There is not record of such emblems being used on the large shield. The horse, being able to carry larger loads, the Piegiens lodges could be made larger. When packed on dogs, the lodges could not be so large. Also more food could be carried on the horse, and this gave a wider range of distance the Indian could travel. The plains Indian was not limited in his activities by what food he could kill, or what food he could preserve by drying, but by the amount he could carry with him. The advent of the horse increased the amount he could carry. Before acquiring the horse the Indian caught buffalo by luring or driving it over a cliff or into a corral. This was a wasteful method of killing, as the amount killed could not be controlled. It was the whole herd, or nothing. When the horse came, and Indian on horseback could ride into the herd, and kill only as many buffalo as he required. The advent of the horse served to conserve the buffalo herd. The flint and iron were used by the Piegiens before they had white trade goods. Cocking describes their use of iron ore struck against flint to produce a spark. They did not use the stick rubbing device or the fire drill, as far as we know. In 1780, in raiding a Shoshoni camp which had been stricken by Smallpox, the Piegiens contracted that disease for the first time, and were very greatly reduced in numbers. The old timers say that at the time the buffalo herds and other game reduced correspondingly, but Thompson, who gives this story will not vouch for it. One thing is certain, that fewer Indians would tend to allow a greater increase of the buffalo herds. Because of their diminished numbers the Piegiens at this time made a change in their war policy. Up to then they had never taken any prisoners. They then decided, that due to their diminished numbers, that in the future they would keep as prisoners women and small children of the enemy, killing all able bodied men, or men not able bodied, of the enemy as hitherto. This policy led to a mixture of Flathead and Shoshoni, Crow and other blood into the Piegiens. Many customs and beliefs of these Indians may also have been introduced also, as the result. In 1800, if David Thompson is correct, there was an

infusion of white blood among the Piegans. The white whiskey traders, of whom Henry was one, were responsible for this. The Piegan so relished his whiskey, and the other good things the traders had to sell, that he was quite willing to loan his wife, sister, daughter, or any other women he had to loan, in exchange for these things. Some half breeds of French, English, Scotch, Orkney Island, and mixed bloods of all these combinations, with combinations of eastern Indian blood, was the result. About 1835 or 1840 Christianity was first brought to these Indians by the Jesuit. They had heard the names of the Christian supernatural powers before this time from the white and mixed blood traders, but the Jesuit was the first person to give the Piegan the idea that these supernatural powers were prayed to instead of being cursed at. The establishment of Fort Benton in 1846 on the Missouri River gave the Piegan his first direct trade with citizens of the United States. Hitherto he had gone occasionally to Fort Union, and before that had dealt largely with the British and French traders of Canada, but chiefly with the Hudson's Bay, and before that with the Northwest Company. Previous to dealing with white men he had acquired white goods through other Indians, who acted as Carrier or trader tribes between Piegan and white. The Piegan made their first treaty with the United States in 1855, and drew their first annuity payment goods through United States Agents after that treaty. They had to acquire a liking for coffee and tea, as well as salt and flour, and perhaps even sugar was an acquired taste. They soon acquired it. They took to whiskey from the start. It was love at first sight. Up to this time the Indian with his bow was better armed than the white man with his muzzle loader. But the white man had numbers, power to continue a ~~sustained~~ sustained effort to gain his objectives, and great power to organize and make co-operative effort. The Indian did not have these talents. They fought among themselves, their best military campaigns dissolved when the members of the war party decided they would rather go home and eat, and the white man could always play off one tribe against the other. But on the ~~weapons~~ weapons the bow and arrow was a better fighting weapon and hunting weapon than the muzzle loader. But by 1861 the breech loader came in, and by 1865 the repeating rifle was available. These required plenty of ammunition, and also encouraged less careful shooting than had been necessary with the muzzle loader. The white man then discovered that the Indian of the plains could not be downed as long as he had buffalo. In 1877 a bill to conserve the bison was vetoed by president Grant, and the Government policy as stated at that time was that the Indian could not be subjugated until his resources were destroyed, and that meant the buffalo must go. In 1880-1881 the buffalo became extinct, and this forced the Piegan on to the Reservation and the Government rationing system. It also changed his hide lodge into a canvas lodge, and his clothing became cloth instead of leather. ~~he~~ He suffered from famine, which reduced his ~~numbers~~ numbers. At the turn of the Century compulsory schooling for the Piegan became the policy. Many Indian boys went to Indian schools provided for them. Many had gone to these schools as far back as 1890. From 1880 on, it was possible to diminish Indian land holdings by threat of starvation. The money for the last sale of land running low, it would be pointed out to the Piegan, and others, that unless they sold some more land they could not get more money for more food. The last Piegan land sale was in 1896. By this time it became apparent to western Congressman that if all the Indian land was taken, and the Indian left utterly broke and landless, he might become a charge on local charity. Thus a move was started in the opposite direction, to prevent this. The local charities preferred the ~~Ind~~ Indian to remain as a Government and not a State charge. Except in Oklahoma

where Indians had oil and mining wealth that gave them feathers which were worth plucking. The next turning point in Piegan history is the death of White Calf. Old White Calf was one of the last of the actual chiefs of the Piegans. His death at Washington in 1906, marks the end of the long haired full blood Indian control of the Piegan, and the start of the control of that tribe, as far as it can control itself, of the educated full blood and mixed blood Indians. The short hairs. The War of 1914-1918 gave a boost to the cattle and horse selling business, and more automobiles came into the Piegan country. Indians began to get used to them, and occasionally to drive them. By 1925, or thereabouts, a canning factory was established at Butte, Montana, which canned horse meat for shipment to Central Europe, where the people there consumed it as food. Hoses were bought for this factory for as little as five or ten ~~dollars~~ dollars each. By 1926-32 horses had disappeared from the Blackfoot Reservation, and were being bought for the cannery from Indians in Canada. The horse had departed from the Blackfoot Reservation by 1932. The Piegan acquired the horse about 1730-35, and lost the horse between 1925-1932. In its stead he acquired the second hand Ford. The life of the women among the Piegans has not changed as much as that of the men. After the ration house was substituted for the vanished buffalo in 1881, the women still had their usual duties. Hewing wood, drawing water, cooking, ~~feeding~~ mending and making clothes and child bearing. The men lost their principal occupations of war and hunting. They had to find some occupation calling for the use of the talents required for war and hunting as a substitute. They found this ~~action/substitute/in/politics~~ substitute in politics. War requires a great deal of planning and scheming, to get into position to best fight and kill the enemy, or take his property. The planning takes a long time, and the fighting, when the plan is well laid, can be finished in a hurry. The same with hunting. It takes a great deal of planning and forethought to get into a good position to strike the game. The killing of the game can be accomplished in a few minutes. In politics the preparatory planning and scheming and jockeying take a long time, but the votes are counted within a short time, and the result of the preparation becomes known. This leaves the male Piegan politics as a substitute for hunting and war, and he certainly goes for politics, Reservation politics, with great enthusiasm. This, the old leadership having died off, leaves the ~~tribe~~ tribe broken upon into many factions, the personnell of each faction constantly shifting and changing, and makes tribal unity on any subject hard if not impossible. It also puts the long haired Indian in the back ground, as the short haired, English speaking Indian, and the breeds, besides controlling the majority in any contest, have the advantage of speaking English. In 1926 Campbell told me about a change in the morals of Piegan women. They had become more loose than formerly. There has been a sort of cycle in this. In 1800 Henry reports that in their eagerness to get white goods and whiskey the men readily lent their women to the traders. Then according to later reports the morals became again more strict. Then under the ration house system morals loosened up again. Campbell blames infusion of white blood, but contradicts this by saying that the older full blood woman are as bad as the rest. It seems there are several reasons that will explain this. First of all the old standards of conduct and culture died out with the passing of the buffalo. Some of the forms remained, but with the departure of buffalo and enemy Indians a system broke down, the old cultural and religious system of the plains Indian. Many of the forms remained. The white man's religion and culture has not yet had time to take hold. The Indian has been exposed to it, but it has not had time to take. Thus he is left for the present without the old restraints, and not having yet acquired a new system to take their place.

The Indians whole hearted acceptance of the white man's religious and ethical system is somewhat checked by his observations on how the white man practices that system in his own life. Another thing which affects the Indian woman is that she does not lead as laborious a life as she did in the old days. At least, this is true as far as the buffalo hunting tribes are concerned. She has the same duties, but they are much easier to perform. No skins to dress, or at least not in such numbers as before. She buys cloth instead. This gives more leisure to the Indian woman than she ever had before. Add to this a less plain diet. The old diet of unsalted meat, tallow, berries, fat, broth composed of the water in which the meat was boiled, and plain water to wash it down with, has been changed. She now has salt, pepper, sugar, tea, coffee, and many spices and condiments. This highly seasoned food and more abundant leisure may explain to a certain extent, a corresponding increase in sexual desire. Again, they may not be accustomed to certain things to which the white has become case hardened. The white man has been deluged for a long time with erotic excitants from all ~~quarters~~ quarters. His women are constantly using every provocation possible in manner and dress, his poetry, drama, literature and music, as well as dancing, are mostly erotic in their nature. He has been worked over so long that it takes a whole lot now to get a white man or woman sexually aroused. The Indian is not accustomed to this flood of mental aphrodisiacs, and it may have some effect on them, men as well as woman, where they are exposed to the same. Eventually they too may fag out from over stimulation, just as the white man has done. But the chief evil these people have to contend with is not enough work to do. They are intellectually capable, courageous, and industrious, if shown that they can reap some understandable reward from their industry. They regard most courage, ability and a good reputation for having those qualities as desirable ambitions, but do not regard acquisition of wealth as a desirable ambition. Campbell's Five Year Farming Program sought to bring out a spirit of competition and rivalry between the different groups on the Reservation, as to which group would have the best farms and farm products. This worked out all right, as long as a man could closely supervise it. Unless continued for a long time, under strict supervision, it cannot become permanent. As soon as the guiding hand is relinquished, the whole structure will fall. But enough of the Piegiens. We arrive in Choteau, and Larsen is there at the hotel to meet us. Larsen is dressed just as he was on the ranch, and apologizes, as he says that Stone had not told him that I had my wife and daughter along, or that Mildred and the children would be there. He just expected Forrest and I were coming through together. Larsen brings a pint of rye whiskey with him, and we adjourn to a back room of the hotel and polish it off before dinner. We have dinner, say goodbye to Larsen, and start for Great Falls. It is pretty late, and Celina takes the wheel on this last lap, and runs the car over 30 miles an hour. We arrive at the Great Northern Railway Station at Great Falls at about 4:45 P.M. We there say goodbye to Mildred Stone and the two Stone children. We find that in the interest of economy the Great Northern has taken off its regular train, with the Observation Car, and substituted a car called the Galloping Goose. This is a gasoline driven car, half baggage car and half day coach. Only one car. The regular train goes down at noon. This takes the place of the afternoon train. This change just went into effect today. The Conductor who had charge of the regular train has charge of this train, and he is very disgusted. He has three stripes on his sleeve, denoting long service in the Great Northern employ, and until today had charge of a crack train.