absent for the time, Bill Berry takes one of the chief pipes and fumigates it over a smudge, first having filled the pipe. The smudge is a live coal with sweet grass on it located half way between the seat of Charlie Sebastian, fire keeper, and the fire. Bill Berry purifies the pipes by running the mouthpiece and then the bowl through the smoke of the smudge, moving them in a clockwise circle while so doing. First Chief's songs being near their end, Bill Berry lights one of the chief pipes and carries it to Takes the Shirt, the Assiniboine from Battleford, Canada, and offers it to him. Takes the Shirt smokes the pipe, thus giving his formal acceptance of the request that he sing his songs in the lodge. After a song leader has sung his first songs in the lodge, it is not considered necessary to again approach him with the pipe if he is called on to go up and sing them again. Thus when Takes the Shirt's turn comes again in this lodge, he will not be presented with the pipe, but will step up and give his songs without further formality. First Chief concludes his songs, and goes back of the screen, and takes his proper place, which is just to the right, or west of the entrance to the screen. He dances thereafter just as the other dancers. Takes the Shirt then takes up the song leader's rattle, and sits down in the place just vacated by First Chief. His song begins with a sort of chant, after he has announced how he came to own the songs he gives to this lodge. Takes the Shirt gives two songs, each of which are sung four times. During the singing of the second song, and along toward the conclusion of it, Takes the Shirt stands up, turns his back on the drummers, faces the center pole, places an eagle bone whistle in his mouth, and begins to do the regular Sun Dance. He then turns back for the completion of his set of songs. Bill Berry comes over and tells me that the buffalo skull will be smoked by the four helpers at 4:00 A.M. tomorrow, and asks me to be here to see it. So we all leave the Sun Dance lodge shortly after midnight, and return to the Agency Club House. Celina and Mary Ellen turn in to get some sleep, and I work on notes and diary until 1:30 A.M. Then turn in to catch a little sleep.

Friday, July 3. We all rise and shine at 3:30 A.M. We drive to the camp, celina, Mary Ellen and I, and arrive there a little before 4:00 A.M. The Morning Star is up, and daylight is just about breaking. There is one gasoline lamp burning low in the Sun Dance lodge, and the fire there has died down. The lodge party are all asleep, but one man laying in front of the center pole, wrapped in a blanket, sits up and says How! I see Bill Berry, in his pith helmet, walking from his tent in the southeast part of the camp circle, toward the Sun Dance lodge. Bill and I meet, and Bill says the smoking of the skull was again postponed by First Chief last night, and will not take place until about 6:00 A.M., or thereabouts. So we are up, dressed, and with lots of time on our hands. Celina says nothing, but Mary Ellen does not care so much for the situation. We decide to go to Harlem and see if we can get some breakfast. Harlem is asleep, but going west on the road to Chinook, on the west outskirts of Harlem we find an all night lunch room on the south side of the road. There is a girl about twenty years of age taking care of the counter. We go in and order breakfast. The girl is very cheerful, considering the time of morning, and cooks us some breakfast, with plenty of coffee. After breakfast, which took place at 4:30 A.M., we take a short drive west up the road toward Chinook. There are clouds and lightning ahead. The lightning comes down straight, and looks like a white hot rod. It strikes the prairie. We turn back and go to the Agency Club House and rest awhile. Then I hear the drum beats from the Sun Dance lodge, so we drive to the camp, arriving at the Sun Dance lodge at 8:30 A.M. They have
just finished smoking the buffalo skull, according to Bill Berry. It is possible that these people may be stringing me along. The dancers are slow in getting started. My seat is assigned to me on the bench, my back to the screen, and just in front of the director’s place, back of the screen. I am next to the west end of the opening in the screen, and next to George Rock, the pipe handler. The women’s place in the lodge is the south end, near the door. First Chief procures a wagon seat and places it there so that Celina and Mary Ellen can have seats and be comfortable. They are allowed to take all of the photographs they wish. I also ask them to make sketches of the paint designs on the dancers, which they do. Each have note books and pencils for that purpose. The paint designs show up better in the day time. Last night many of the dancers started out dancing in their undershirts, which were of white manufacture, and did not have body paint, but only face paint, but most were stripped and had body paint on too. I count forty dancers this morning. Thirty men, eight women, and two boys. Later in the day more boys and young men appear in the dance. Four of the women I know. They are Mrs. Bigbie, Mrs. Frank Buck, Mrs. Standing Bear and Mrs. Attacks. The two boys are Johnnie Flea and Dick Shaw, who danced in the secret tipi. First Chief who stands just at the west of the opening into the brush screen, leads the dancers of the west wing of the screen. Medicine Boy, who stands just at the left, or east, of the opening into the brush screen, leads the dancers on the left or east wing of the screen. The bodies of all the dancers move up and down with great uniformity, and the whistles are blown in unison. They take their time from the drum beat, and the drummers take their time from the beat of the rattle of the song leader. John and Charlie Bear are dancing together on the west wing of the screen near First Chief. Behind the east wing of the screen near Medicine Boy, I see Raymond Feather and Herbert Soldier dancing. Bill Berry is seated just east of the entrance in the screen, and on his left is Charlie Sebastian, the fire keeper. Wind Chief is song leader. Bill Berry says they went through all the songs last night, ending up at 12:30 A.M., after which they got a bit of sleep, and started again about 5:30 this morning. The lodge gradually fills up, and by 7:30 A.M., or shortly after, all the dancers are on their feet, and going good. The scouts, headed by Speak Thunder sit next to me on the bench. Speak Thunder is directly on my right. This seems to be my fixed place in this lodge, between the pipe keeper, and in front of the director, as every time I go out of the lodge, and come back in, all the old Indians wave me to that seat, and insist that I sit there. The shell I noticed in the secret tipi, which was there placed just east of the song leader’s rattle, now hangs suspended by a cord from the roof pole near the place where First Chief dances in the lodge. Upon the willow uprights in the screen some of the dancers have attached skins of various animals. The day is bright and clear, and promises to be very hot. Bill Berry has discarded his pith helmet, and is wearing a wig instead. It is a white wig, with long hair, which stands up and flies in all directions, giving Bill a very wild look. Bill wears no face paint, and is dressed in trousers, shirt and moccasins. He carries an eagle bone whistle, suspended by a cord to his neck, and has two eagle wing fans. Bigbie is dancing near Charlie and John Bear. I believe that the helpers, Frank Buck and Bull Chief are also dancing, but it is not always possible to recognize these dancers when they get well painted up. First Chief has his body painted yellow, which is laid on solidly. On each arm, between shoulder and elbow, there is a red crescent, horns pointed downward. There are red teat, or lightning, marks painted from each eye. The marks run back from the eyes toward the hair line, then curve down the
cheek bones, and each line ends in a fork. The sign is clearly one of lightning, but the location of the marks is in a place where the tear signs are usually painted. He carries the two eagle wing fans. The usual solid body paint used here is yellow or orange, and this appears to be the ordinary sun color. The crescents represent the moon, and also water, and the red zig zag marks represent lightning, and red circles may either represent sun or earth. In the secret tipi the circle was meant to symbolize earth. The blue color represents thunder, or the thunderbird, and there is one dancer who has a black surface, dotted with white spots on his chest, that suggests the black paint of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Sun Dance lodges. Fred White, the gros ventre is painted a dead white, even including his hair. From the outer corner of each eye Fred has a blue sickle shaped line drawn, which goes back toward the hair line, and then curves down either cheek, each line ending is a pointed fork. It is the same design that First Chief wears, only the color is blue, instead of red, and the lines are much heavier. Fred wears a wreath of sage brush, tips forward over the eyes, on his head, and carries eagle wing fans, a wing in each hand. He uses a very pronounced lip and jaw movement with each blast that he blows upon his eagle bone whistle, and he holds his head well back at a sharp angle, and he never misses a dance. He is up and coming all the time. Medicine Boy, who leads the dancers of the left or east wing of the screen, and stands just east of the entrance to the screen, wears a very striking paint. He is painted a solid battleship grey. Down each shoulder, and as far as the middle of each forearm he has a wide blue line, dark blue, outlined with dots of white paint. In each dot is glued a white breath plume. Tears, or lightning, marks run from the outer corner of each eye, back toward the hair line, and then form a sickle shaped circle down each cheek. The color of these stripes is dark blue, outlined with white dots, and in the middle of each white dot is glued a white breath plume. These breath plumes are the downy feathers of a bird. He wears a head wreath of sage brush, tips of the sage forward, and the wreath pressed low over his forehead and eyes. He carries two eagle wings, one in each hand. He was in the dance last night, but did not come up in his place behind the screen until 8:00 A.M. today. I think he was getting painted up in proper style, and it took time. His manner of dance is unusual. He does the ordinary sun dance, by flexing the knees in time to the drums, and blowing his eagle bone whistle in the same time, and he always keeps his eyes fixed on the Thunderbird nest in the crotch of the center pole. But at times he bends his body far to his right, or to the west, at the same time twisting his head so as to keep his eyes on the Thunder nest. When he does this he extends his arms, holding out the eagle wing in each hand, and giving the appearance of the eagle gliding in space. He then brings his body upright again, at the same time fadding in the eagle wing fans across his breast. Near Fred White, behind the east wing of the screen, is an Assiniboin from Fort Peck. He is a stout man, and no one seems to know his name. I label him, unconsciously, Al Jolson or Andy, because of his lip paint. He is painted a solid white, even to his hair, which is done up on the top of his head in a top knot. His lips are thickened by a wide band of red paint, to an extent only affected by negro minstrels or Hollywood stars. The sickle marks extending back from the outer rim or edge of each eye, and curving down the cheeks, take the form of red dots. He bends well forward in dancing, and bounces up and down in time with the other dancers, giving the impression of a big white balloon. To the left of Medicine Boy stands Raymond Feather, helper. He
wears a head dress that resembles the old Piegan or Cree fur cap. On closer inspection this turns out to be a head piece composed of feathers. He wears a light wash of red paint, of no particular design, and with no special marks. He simply looks slightly reddened up. Next to Raymond Feather stands his nephew, Connell. Connell has much white blood in him, which is evidenced by his blue eyes. Connell has his hair cut short, but wears a breath plume in it. His body is painted, as well as his face and head, a solid orange color. On each shoulder is painted a red circle, and from the circle, down each arm, to the middle of the forearms, are painted red zig zag lines. These are not properly zig zag lines, as they are wavy lines, and they end in two sharp forks on the forearms. They represent lightning, and the circles probably represent earth. He wears an orange handkerchief around his neck, and carried an eagle wing fan in each hand. He dances with body bent well forward, and head back at a sharp angle, so as to keep his eyes fixed on the Thunder nest. His eyes never blink, and they stand out from the orange paint as if they were made of blue glass. These are some of the body paints, but each dancer is painted differently, and wears different ornaments. But the above gives a general idea of the patterns employed. There are only three men in the lodge wearing white paint. Medicine Boy, the Fort Peck Assiniboine and Fred White, the Gros Ventre. Orange, red and yellow is the solid body paint of the rest. On the west wing of the screen, where John and Charlie Bear, Bigbie, First Chief, and Johnny Flea and Dick Shaw stand, some of the dancers carry birds wings around their necks. Others the skins of animals around their necks, in such a way that they resemble the fur neck pieces worn by white women. This sun dance lodge belongs to the type known as the Arapaho type of sun dance lodge. The lay out of the interior of the lodge follows the lay out of the Plains Cree lodge. The center pole carving is unique, and is seen in no other Sun Dance lodge, but is peculiar to this place alone. Thunder and Buffalo are the two principal powers prayed to in this ceremony. Thunder, the power above and buffalo the power here below on earth. Thunder gives rain, and this gives grass, and life to Buffalo, and buffalo feeds the people. So the blue thunder, who is blind, is on the center pole. The crescent above him takes the place of his eyes. The forked red trough below is the lightning, which connects thunder with earth. Below is the head of the buffalo. Thunder sends rain, rain produces grass, the buffalo follows the grass, and the people have buffalo to eat. There is another explanation from the gros ventres. Running Fisher in 1909 described the gros ventre Sun Dance to me. The last Gros Ventre Sun Dance was held in about 1885. Running Fisher said the buffalo skull in the Gros Ventre lodge was placed against the center pole, facing the entrance of the lodge. It represented a buffalo standing and supporting the lodge on his back. Above this skull in the crotch of the center pole was the bundle of brush called the Thunder nest. Thunder, says Running Fisher, revealed to the people the necessity and propriety of having a Sun Dance ceremony, but Buffalo revealed to the people the ritual of the ceremony. I think this style of Sun Dance lodge did not come into existance until after the white men had supplied the Indians with iron and steel cutting tools. When Matt Stirling was among the pygmies of New Guinea he found them a stone age people. He saw them cut down trees with stone axes. He tells me that it took two pygmies one day, with stone axes, to cut down a fair sized tree. Sixty fair sized trees have to be cut down to make up this Assiniboine Sun Dance lodge. That means that with stone axes this lodge represents Sixty work days for 120 men, to cut down the timber necessary. This excludes the work of trimming the trees and hauling them to the place of construction. It also excludes the business of digging post holes, with sharp sticks,
or the shoulder blades of buffalo or deer, and the putting up of the lodge. While people would do this amount of work to build a permanent lodge, to live in, as did the Mandans and Hidatsa, the Minitari and the Arikari, I doubt if they would do it to build a temporary lodge to be used for a two or three day ceremony, the lodge to be then abandoned. I think this type of lodge is therefore of recent development, and came in only after iron and steel axes were fairly plentiful. In 1835 or 1840 (I forget the exact year) the employees of the American Fur company attended a Piegan Sun Dance. The lodge there consisted of a center pole, into which ordinary tipi or lodge poles were run, the butts of the lodge poles resting on the ground, and the whole covered with brush. I think this was the original type of Sun Dance lodge, which is the Crow type. But the Crows I believe have no center pole, but only a chief or principal lodge pole, and otherwise build a very large tipi for their Sun Dance. Lewis and Clark found an abandoned lodge of the early Piegan Sun Dance lodge type above Great Falls on the Missouri in 1805-6. They did not know what it was. It is getting very hot, and we need some rest. Celina and Mary Ellen have obtained many photographs, and made quite a few sketches of body paints. At 10:30 P.M. we leave the Sun Dance lodge and return to the Agency Club House to wash up and get some rest. We take it easy, and I write up notes and diary, until about 11:30 P.M., and we return to the Sun Dance lodge at Noon. First Chief goes to the center pole, standing north of the pole facing south, and wipes his eyes several times. He is crying for mercy to Thunder and the other powers. Bill Berry goes forward to the center pole, stands at the north side of the pole, and leaning his head against the pole, shakes his shoulders, and cries noisily. He too is crying for mercy. The dancing continues, and Mary Ellen lets some of the Indian girls take shots with her camera, which they enjoy doing very much, and the girls tell her interesting things about the Sun Dance. I have been put back in my old seat, next to George Rock. All the scouts are present, headed by Speak Thunder. Bill Cresco comes into the lodge. Takes the Shirt goes to the center pole and spreads out gifts he has brought from Canada. These are chiefly hard tack, tea and tobacco. He spreads them before the center pole, at its north side. The dancing still goes on. There is not as much gift giving here as there was back in 1906 and 1907. Then there was much giving of beaded shirts and leggings, moccasins and blankets, and even horses. But these people are much poorer now, and have less to give. First Chief at 3:00 P.M. changes his body paint, and moves from his position as director, just west of the skull, to a place three dancers west of that position. He must be getting weak in the knees. His body is now painted yellow and a large red crescent, outlined in black or dark blue, covers his forehead and the bridge of his nose. The horns of the crescent are pointed downward, terminating a little below the cheek bones. Connal, he of the orange body paint and blue eyes, has his eyes and eye lids painted red, which serves to bring out and accentuate the blueness of his eyes. At this point a number of women, bearing photographs of three children who have died, enter the lodge. They stand in line west of the center pole, facing east. Friends of the children who are dead go up and touch the photographs, and the dancers get up and dance in their memory. I doubt if these photographs would have been touched thirty years ago. In 1907 Cloud Eyes came in to the Sun Dance lodge carrying a picture of his dead son, and singing a death song. In the same lodge a prayer dance was had for the Male, or Nosey, who had died since the previous Sun Dance. These prayer dances for the dead, are, I believe of modern origin. I doubt if they had them much prior to 1907.
These Indians had no ideas about praying for dead people prior to the advent of the Catholic missionaries. But some dance to strengthen the heart of the bereaved, or for their honor or consolation is entirely possible. Other votive offerings are made during the dances. Offerings of cloth, calico of red or blue, are made by various individuals, and Bill Berry ties these to the center pole, which is by now quite covered. A few prayer dances are also indulged in. Different individual dancers are called out from behind the screen and dance in front of the center pole. They do this dance either whistling with their eagle bone whistles to the Thunder nest, or else with heads bowed, and not using their whistles, but flexing the knees in time to the dance. For this the dancers receive some gift from the person requesting the dance. The dancer's position is usually to the north or northwest of the center pole during this dance. On one occasion the dancer takes position to the south of the center pole. South of the drummers are seated a large number of women who assist in the singing. They join in the chorus of the songs. At times the drummers cease their song, and even their drumming, and the women carry the chorus alone. There are not as many prayer dances as there were in 1906 and 1907. This may be due to the greater poverty of the people now. In former times there were many bead and quill work leggings and shirts, moccasins and gun cases, carrots of tobacco and horses to be given away. The people now have not the same amount of property to give, and shirts and leggings of bead work or quill work are very scarce. Many Coups is the only Indian in the lodge who wears a full costume of leather, garnished with porcupine quill work. The other Indians wear white men's clothes for the most part. The women calico or cotton dresses, and the men wool or cotton shirts, and trousers or overalls. Many of the men wear shoes, instead of moccasins, but most of the old Indians stick to moccasins. Only one horse is given away in the lodge this year. Persons desiring a blessing also arrange to smoke one of the chief pipes. George Rock prepares the pipe, and Bill Berry presents it to the person desiring to smoke it. I cannot find out what payment is required for this, or if any payment is required. No adotpins are made in the lodge, as in 1906, when Long Knife adopted my brother Hugh here, giving him the name of Little Bull. No children are named, as in 1907, when the old men prayed over a baby, and gave him the name of Returns with the Pipe, because an old woman in the lodge had dreamed that the baby rode back to camp with the stem of a pipe. They meant to name the child returns Flying, because the child had been taken out by the mother the day before when she was helping to bring in brush for the lodge. But an old woman rose in the back of the lodge and told her dream of the night before, and the child was named in accordance with her dream. There is also no magic in this lodge. In 1907 Eyes in the Water attempted to bring rain down the center pole of the lodge. That is not done this year. Charlie Bear says this bringing down of rain was sometimes done to give new strength to the dancers. When the party came in with the photographs of the dead children, gifts were made in honor of the dead. One of the women dancers is observed dancing with her baby in her arms. The baby does not appear to mind the jogging up and down. Many of the dancers are observed, especially the young men and boys, to take time out behind the screen to catch a nap during the heat of the day. The older men appear to have better endurance. This was also observed in 1907. Then the dance ran three nights and two days, without let up. The old men jogged right along, somewhat grimly, and I saw some young men just hanging on to the willow wands, their jaws fallen down on their chests, their heads wobbling, and their eyes rolled back in their heads. A
difference is noted in paint designs between this and the 1907 lodge. That lodge was run by a director who was a Plains Cree Indian, and many Plains Cree took part in the dance. Many of these had Thunderbirds painted on their faces, done in dark blue paint, and following the same design as that on the center pole of this present lodge. These birds were not large, and looked like Van Dyke beards in the firelight. Some of the dancers in 1907 had a Thunderbird painted on their faces which covered the whole face. It was dark blue in color, and in the firelight gave the illusion that the whole face of the man had disappeared, or been shot away. There are no Thunderbirds painted on the dancers in this Sun Dance lodge. At 3:30 P.M. Celina, Mary Ellen and I decide to drive to Harlem and get something to eat. Since the holidays started, Josephine, who has charge of the Agency mess has quit doing her stuff, so for the time being there is no Agency mess. We drive to Harlem and get a good dinner at the Cafe attached to the New England Hotel. I get some cartons of cigarettes, and some money from the bank. On our way to Harlem we stop at the Agency Club House and get a forty minutes nap. We return to the camp at 5:30 P.M. Bill Berry meets me at the entrance of the Sun Dance lodge, and says I have just missed the smoking of the buffalo skull. They seem to wait until I have left camp before attempting this ceremony, or perhaps I am just in tough luck. The lodge is just having its final dance. The last thirty one songs are sung in honor of the thirty one roof poles of the lodge, Charlie Bear tells me. Everyone is standing up. A dancer stands at the south end of the pole, blowing his whistle up to the Thunder nest. The drummers with their drums and the buffalo hide are standing up. All the scouts and the men seated before the screen are standing. Bill Berry goes back to his usual place, and does the dance he has been doing off and on throughout the day. He has an eagle wing fan in each hand, and holds his arms outstretched to the Thunder nest, as he flexes his knees in time to the drums, and blows his whistle toward the nest. Superintendent Elliott is in my old seat, and so I stand southwest of the pole and dance with the others. Celina and Mary Ellen are at the door of the lodge. Everybody seems very happy. The drumming and singing are full of enthusiasm. There is an incense smudge burning before the nose of the buffalo head on the center pole. It has been freshly lighted, although it has been going off and on all day. The final song concludes. All the dancers have come through the ordeal, and none have dropped out because of fatigue or exhaustion. I wait in the lodge until Charlie Bear come out. He says he feels good, but the muscles of the backs of his legs are very sore, and ache from the movements of the dance. He seems in good shape otherwise. John Buckman, the Gros Ventre, met me outside the lodge. I am to meet the Gros Ventre Council at Hays as soon as I can get there this evening. I tell John we are leaving at once. So is he, and the other Gros Ventre spectators present. Celina, Mary Ellen and I start for Hays at 6:00 P.M. We arrive at Hays at 7:30 P.M., and Celina and Mary Ellen drop me at the small schoolhouse there, where the Council meeting is to be held. They drive on toward the Mission. Celina will give Mary Ellen a driving lesson up the road, and they may drop in and see the Sisters at the Mission. The Council are all present at the school house. Clarence and Victor Brockie, Tom Maine, Mrs. Schultz, The Boy and Rufus Warrior. There is a sound truck outside with Roy Ayres name printed on the side. It delivers canned speeches by Roy, all about what a good Governor he will make. John Buckman is at the Council meeting, although not a member of the Council. I open proceedings by presenting Victor Brockie with $30, and a speech. He is to give the money to Curley Head for a feast for his Thunder Pipe
ceremony, which comes off this Sunday. This is a good break. The Gros Ventres all know, because news travels out here, just what I have been doing in the Assiniboine camp, and how much I gave First Chief. Their feeling toward the Assiniboine is not too good, or they say it isn't, and I am supposed to believe what they say. I have explained that I have been covering the Assiniboine Sun Dance at the request of some people in the east, and they believe that. The chance to make a gift to the keeper of the Thunder Pipe, in the same amount that I made to the Sun Dance lodge of the Assiniboine, clears me of any charge of playing favorites. The meeting then gets under way. The complaint is that the Piegan got more money out of the Blackfoot case judgment than did the Gros ventres. I pass the buck to the Court of Claims. They also talk much about the Assiniboine being present on their Reservation. We go over all that ground again, and Victor Brockie suggests I am getting in his hair when I suggest that there was a time when they were glad of the Assiniboine tie up, which was just after their break with the Piegan, and they needed allies badly. In 1830 the Assiniboine were around Fort Union, at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers. By 1875 the malcontent Sioux were on the lower Yellowstone, and had been there since about 1870. The Sioux and Assiniboine were enemies. In 1870 the Red Stone, canoe and Girl's Bands of Assiniboine were on the Missouri, at its junction point with Milk River, west of Fort Union. Between 1865 and 1868 the Gros Ventres broke with their old allies the Piegan, and they went to war. For a time thereafter the Gros Ventres tied up with the River Crows who were enemies of the Sioux, Piegan, and Assiniboines. Then the Assiniboines, pushed westward by scarcity of buffalo and the Sioux, who in turn were pushed westward by scarcity of buffalo, and the whites, came into this country. The Gros Ventres, in need of allies against the Sioux and the Piegan, tied in with the Assiniboine in 1872, and there was a great deal of intermarriage that year. The Piegan alliance which was broken in 1865, had been in existence as early as 1754. The Assiniboine and Gros Ventres got together about 1872, and the River Crows who were enemies of the Assiniboines left this country and settled, after 1876 or 1877, on the lower Yellowstone. After 1876 Sitting Bull's Sioux moved to Canada, and harried the border, making things hot for the Indians at Belknap and at Blackfoot. The River Crows stayed on the Yellowstone, where, as one Agent reported, gambling, drunkenness and prostitution, and stealing, had more attractions for them than the joys of civilization. A company of U.S. Cavalry about 1880 took the River Crows and kicked them on to the reservation with their kinsmen the Mountain Crows. They are still there. In 1881 the hostile Sioux surrendered, and the menace of Sioux in Canada had been removed. But the Assiniboines were here to stay, having signed an agreement with the Gros Ventres in 1887 setting up this Reservation. This agreement became the Act of May 1, 1886. The Gros Ventres argue now that they did not mind the original Assiniboine. They were all right. But, they say, they brought in a whole lot of their dead broke Canadian relations, who came as visitors, and remained as members in good standing, on the Belknap tribal and allotment rolls. This makes them sore. We talk it out, and get nowhere, as no one has any remedy to suggest, except they would like to sue the United States for some more money. Having tasted honey from the Treasury once, they find they like it. At least that is what I figure all this talk amounts to. About 10:30 P.M. Celina and Mary Ellen come in to the school house. The meeting breaks up at 11:00 P.M. We drive back to the Agency, but get so sleepy on the way that we stop near Three Buttes, park the car and sleep
for a half an hour or so. We then drive on, and arrive back at the
Agency Club house, get something to eat from our emergency rations,
and turn in. I get in some licks on my notes and diary before
going to bed. Celina tells me that one of the Sisters at the Mission
told her of an interesting burial custom that had grown up among the
Gros Ventres, but had been abandoned by them about 1929. In 1908,
when I was here, many still practiced burial in boxes above ground,
but gradually after that time the Indians were persuaded to adopt
burial in the Catholic cemetery at the Mission. By 1928, when I was
here last at the Mission, such burials were practiced exclusively.
After these cemetery burials became common, it also became the
practice for relatives to visit the graves. They would take with them
for such visits some favorite food of the dead person, and offer it
on the grave. They would then sit and visit with the dead, telling
them how much they missed them, and telling them about their friends,
and giving all the news that they thought would be of interest to the
dead person. After 1929, when the depression came, and food was scarce,
this custom was discontinued. We arrived at the Agency at 1:30 or
2:00 A.M. I get to bed about 2:30 or 3:00 A.M.

Saturday, July 4. Up in time for breakfast at 8:00 A.M. at the Agency
mess, which I find is functioning this morning, although yesterday I
thought it had gone out of business for the holidays. We have breakfast.
At 9:00 A.M. Superintendent Elliott calls for us in his car. He has Mr.
Bolling with him. We have a large thermos of iced tea, nots books,
cameras, film, pencils, a ruler, a tape measure, and shovels. We are
headed to look at the deposit of buffalo bones on Lodge Pole creek, which
Rodnick mentioned, and which the Assiniboine, Bill Cresco, has given us
the location of. The car belongs to Bolling, and is driven by him. We
take the road up to the brow of the bluffs overlooking the Milk River
valley from the south, and there out south east, directly across the
bench land, toward Lodge Pole Creek. The grass is brown and dry, and it
is very hot. We occasionally pass through a current of hot air bearing
the odor of dead cow. The same air streaks are encountered on the road
from the Agency to Hays. In fact, the Agency is about ten dead cows
distant from Hays. It literally rains grasshoppers. If we keep the car
windows closed, we stew inside in our own grease. We try keeping the
windows down a bit, to get the hot breeze. Grasshoppers then pour into
the car. The strike the face with the sting of buckshot. Two hundred or
so grasshoppers cooped up in a limousine body make very lively company on
a journey. We stop and get rid of these passengers, before they make us
get out and walk. We then proceed with all windows closed, but the grass-
hoppers hit the windshield, and squash there, until we have to stop and
clean it off to see where we are going. The road is just two parallel
ruts in the prairie, made by the passage of other automobiles. We pass
in sight of Mrs. Shultz's (Stevens) ranch. It looks green from a distance,
and has a windmill, so they must have a well and some water. The front
of the car, the radiator cover and screen, is one mass of pulp, represent-
ing what is left of grasshoppers. We reach Lodge Pole creek, and start
looking for a way to get to the east bank. The west bank is a straight
dirt-cut, down to the bed of the creek, and the creek is about 100 feet
below us. We run along the edge looking for a way down. We are looking
for the so called old crossing. Bolling runs pretty close to the edge,
or it seems so. These clay banks are not too secure. But Bolling and
Elliott know this country. After going south about a mile we find a draw,
and get down to Cut Bank Creek. Rather the bed where the creek flowed
before it dried up and disappeared. We turn north again down by the creek
following oclose by the bed of the creek, along its west bank, and pass the site of an old CCC camp. Where the creek veers east to an overhanging bank, which rises sheer for about eight or nine feet above the dry stream bed, we strike out first traces of bone deposit. It is a very thin deposit, about three or four feet above the stream bed, and five feet below the surface of the prairie. At this point off Lodge Pole creek the bank to the west is much higher than the bank to the east. In this bone deposit, and in a narrow streak a foot or so above it, is what appears to be a thin line of wood ash, which is black. This may be nothing but old prairie fire, as it runs to too great a length up and down the creek to have been a fire built and kept by men. This is below the place indicated by Bill Cresco, so we move up the creek, south, about 100 yards, and there find a better bone deposit. This is a strata of bones less than half a foot thick, and in most places thinner, about five feet above the stream bed, and as many below the surface of the prairie above. In one place there is unmistakable signs of the hand of man. Two water worn boulders are placed on either side of a very old buffalo skull, the inner sides of the boulders, nearest the skull, and touching it, showing blackening from fire. There is also some wood ash. Careful search along the bone deposit, and below toward the creek bed, where rain fall or melting snow could have washed stones from above, fails to disclose any stone implements or other artifacts. That does not mean there are not. It simply means that in the course of one hours careful search, five people could not find any. With the help of Superintendent Elliott and Mr. Bolling, we caved off about five feet of the bank. The section prised off, which was already separated by a fissure running down from the prairie about two or three feet back off from the lip of the bank, reveals nothing new. The same strata of bone fragments, some of it ground pretty fine. This is evidently a place on the creek where a large number of buffalo who broke through the winter ice, came down the creek, and their bodies were left on the bank by the subsidence of the water in the late spring. Indians used to cut up these drowned buffalo and eat them. In one place they evidently cooked a buffalo head over a fire. Generally they cut up the meat and took it away, but hunters usually took a quick snack right on the scene, when butchering the dead animal. It is not likely that stone implements, or other implements, would be found here unless lost or mislaid by accident by the Indian owners. Henry the younger on Red River in 1801 describes the thousands of drowned buffalo along that stream in April of that year, and how the Chippeways cut them up for food. When the streams froze hard in winter the buffalo, crazed by thirst, would crowd upon the ice, which would break under them, and large numbers would drown. In the spring thaws, and consequent spring freshets, these buffalo would drift down stream, and either lodge on the banks down stream, or be deposited on the banks as the streams subsized after the freshets. Indians finding these dead buffalo would butcher them, and if hungry, would eat a portion of the dead buffalo on the spot, cooked or uncooked, depending on how they felt at the time. Lodge Pole, of course, has cut its way down gradually through the underlying clay of the prairie. How the soil was deposited above these bone strata I do not know off hand. Snow, rain and wind may have all combined to help move the dirt of the prairie. In addition to cutting its channel deeper as time goes on, Lodge Pole has also less volume of water than it did in the old days. Elliott tells me that the old irrigation flumes put in by the Army in 1885-90 on upper lodge pole.
creek to supply water for these Indians, now have their head gates well above the water level of the present stream. Cutting of timber in the mountains for the mines there, and the use of part of the water by the mines may have helped to diminish the water supply further down stream. The cultivation of the land at and near Lodge Pole by the Assiniboines there, and the diversion of much water for irrigation will also diminish the flow of the stream below. Again, the water would have a much higher level during the spring freshets. Bolling also makes the suggestion that these streams on the reservation formerly had a greater flow of water, before the wiping out of the beaver. The beaver dams along these streams tended to store water, and keep the general level and flow of water much higher than at present. This Bolling believes is an important factor. Whenever the whites have utterly destroyed some form of wild life out in this country, they have usually found out some new thing, usually to their great sorrow. Each animal has his place and his use, and to wipe that animal out destroys a certain balance, and leads to very bad results. When President Grant and the chief officials of his Administration gave both covert and active encouragement to the extermination of the buffalo, in order to force the hostile prairie tribes by starvation to surrender and subsist on Government bounty, they cleared these plains of both buffalo and hostile Indians, and set the stage for the cattle business. The cattlemen in the years from 1879 to 1895, found that wolves and coyotes killed and fed upon the young calves, and even cut out old and weak or sick cows and bulls from their herds. In these years the cattlemen by offering wolf and coyote bounties, set a large class of professional wolf poisoners and killers loose, and the wolf and coyote population was in time vastly reduced in numbers, and became almost extinct. These same wolves and coyotes had for centuries worked upon the buffalo herds, without producing any appreciable effect in cutting down their numbers. What the cattlemen forgot to look into were the other components in the wolf-coyote ration. They also ate prairie dogs and gophers. When the wolves and coyotes were cleaned out the prairie dog and gopher had no check on their increase, and soon became, and now are, very numerous. Now the prairie dog or gopher is omnivorous, and will eat a dead prairie dog or a dead gopher if he finds one to eat. But they are not meat killers, and therefore live mostly on grass roots, and other vegetable matter. So when the farmer planted in these parts he discovered the prairie dog and the gopher, or rather he was discovered by these rodents. The prairie dog and gopher benefited hugely by the presence of the farmer, but the association did not please the farmer any. All of which results from killing wolves and coyotes before first discovering what they are good for. The Indian observing the white man in all of these activities above mentioned, has come to the silent conclusion that the white man is something of a damn fool. We end our examination of the bone deposits, and turn the car around and proceed south up Lodge Pole creek, toward Lodge Pole, which is at the mouth of the gulch or canyon where the creek comes out of the Little Rocky Mountains. Lodge Pole is a small group of buildings, and has a sub Agency and Trading Store, and is also the center of a farming district, like that around Hays. The Assiniboines center about Lodge Pole, as the Gros Ventres do around Hays, which is about twenty-five miles west of Lodge Pole. As we get near Lodge Pole the grasshoppers gradually disappear, and the Mormon beetles, or crickets take charge of human destinies. We stop the car and get out and examine a Mormon beetle. He is green, well armored, full of sharp points, and is altogether mean looking. He can clean up a growing crop just as fast as the grasshoppers
can. Lodge Pole up near the canyon, is a flowing stream, which vanishes when it gets well out of the mountains. The same as Mission creek up at Hays. This stream is irrigating some very fine looking fields of alfalfa, and vegetable gardens, but the beetles are in and busy reaping the crop. It won't be long now. The movements of these beetles and grasshoppers are like the movements of a hail storm. No one knows when they will show up, and when they do their course and movements are simply unpredictable. Like the hailstorm, they will make a bee line for the lush fields of the unjust neighbor, and when you think the unjust neighbor is about to get his, they will swerve, and leave his fields lush and green, and pounce upon those of the just man, who has the adjoining field, and clean him out in no time. The best rule to determine the appearance of hail, blight, beetles or grasshoppers over your fields, and the cleaning out of your crop, from talking to farmers, I find to be the following: You have a bumper crop, within a week of harvest, and the market price is the best in years. You go to town, and the baker, who holds your note, knowing this condition, and knowing that when you have marketed your crop you can not only pay your back interest, but make a substantial curtail as well on your loan, is so pleased to see you that he shakes hands twice, and buys you a drink or a cigar, or both, and is more affable than you have seen him in several years. That means the stage is all set. Within a few days you can bank on hail, blight, beetles or grasshoppers moving in and taking the farm right out from under you. The next time you go to town, and see the banker approaching down the main Street, you will step into the nearest drug store, and hide in the telephone booth, or run up an alley, to avoid meeting him. I think Selena and Mary Ellen are getting the general idea that a large part of our population spend their lives on the knees of a very tempermental God, and live more by luck than by skill. We stop in Lodge Pole and look over the new community hall there, which is in course of building. Indian labor is building this hall, the same kind of labor that built the community hall at Hays. Like the hall at Hays, this one is built of logs. The walls are up, and the floor is being raised, and the roof put on. We take the road going west toward Hays. It is a good gravel road, and skirts the north face of the Little Rockies. This north face is a high limestone cliff. About ten miles east of Hays we pass, to the north of us, the allotment of The Boy. The Boy has a good allotment, well watered, by melting snow which comes down from a draw in the limestone cliff which forms the northern rampart of the Little Rockies. This water can be impounded and used when needed. The soil of the allotment is rich, and The Boy could, and did raise good crops of alfalfa, for which there is a good market both on the Reservation and at the Zortman-Landusky mines in the Little Rockies. The Boy was a prosperous farmer. He then became ambitious, and opened a Trading Store, according to Superintendent Elliott and Mr. Bolling. All of his friends and kinsmen were very glad to patronize the store, and opened charge accounts, and forgot to pay their bills. The store and The Boy went broke. Now The Boy is against anything and everything. So The Boy's story is this, in brief: Prosperous Farmer; Capitalist; Merchant Prince; Bankrupt; and now Anarchist. If The Boy resigned from the Council and from politics and went back to the allotment which is still his, and get back to alfalfa raising he would be wise. Near Hays we turn north off the road toward the north wall of the mountains. We stop at the foot of a limestone outcropping of this wall that rises about 75 feet above the road. There is located here in the clefts of the limestone an old Assiniboine burial
place. In a cleft in the limestone are a number of large boxes which contain the dead. The covers of two of these boxes have been knocked off, either by stray horses, animals, or perhaps by wind. There are some recent burials of children here, but these children were buried in the ground, and the graves marked by being outlined with stones. As far as can be determined the dead buried here on the surface, have dessicated, or mummified. While the bodies exposed appear to have shrunk and wasted noticeably under their wrappings, the cloth of wool or cotton which clothe the bodies, or cover their faces, have stood the weathering in fine shape, and appear just as good as they were on the day of burial. There is no disagreeable odor around the place, and there is nothing particularly gruesome about it. Broken dishes, a broken baby carriage, broken children's toys, old tin cups, lodge poles, and like objects scattered about near and among the boxes, and some beads, give the place rather the appearance of a neglected attic, or a city dump. What interests me is how well the cloth, cotton cloth covering the faces of the dead, and woolen blanket material, have stood exposure to the weather. We leave the burial place, Superintendent Elliott tells me that there is a cave near by full of bones. In a great measles epidemic here back in the Eighties, people died so fast that it was impossible to bury them with much ceremony. The survivors dumped their dead into a large cave in the face of the north rampart of the Little Rockies. No one knows exactly where this cave is, or if they do know they are not giving out the information. We drive on to Hays. We ran out of the iced tea down at the bone deposit, and I have been thirsty for the last hour or so. The others feel the same way about it. Near Hays, close to the sub Agency office, there is a pipe driven into the dry bed of Mission creek. There is a fair flow of clear water coming out of this pipe, and we stop, and all hands fill up on water. This is water from a limestone formation, and is very hard, and after drinking a quantity of it thirst is not quenched. It is very cold water. We turn north along the Hays-Agency road, a good gravel road. We leave the road near Three Buttes, and go straight across the prairie toward Three Buttes. There is a slight trace of a road, and we pass a sheep herders covered wagon, and drive to a ridge south east of Three Buttes where there are some tipi rings. These rings are situated about a half mile from a spot on the south face of Three Buttes, the south face of the southernmost of those buttes, where I found traces of an old spring in 1909. The circle stones are also about a half mile or so from a branch of People's Creek rising near Three Buttes. It was not a large camp, consisting of eight circles, marking tipi sites. In the old days the inner lining of the tipi was secured tightly to the ground by weighting it down with stones. This lining extended about a quarter of the way up the wall of the tipi. The outer covering, or covering of the whole tipi was pegged to the earth, leaving slack spaces between the points where it was pegged. This allowed a draft to go up between inner and outer lining which aided in air circulation, and helped the smoke go up through the funnel shaped top of the tipi and through the smoke hole. This kept the tipi both warm and well ventilated, and free from smoke. When the tipi was struck, the inner lining was simply pulled up, leaving the stones in place in their original circle. The circle of stones around the fireplace, put to keep ashes from blowing about in the tipi, were also left in place when the tipi was struck and moved elsewhere. At present the inner lining of the Assiniboine tipis and Piegan lodges are simply pegged down securely. A very snug tipi is not necessary in these days, as the tipi is used only in summer, and these Indians live in cabins in the winter. I think this
belongs to a period prior to the time the Indians here possessed horses. In this part of the country the horse was introduced about 1735, being obtained from the Shoshoni and Flathead Indians. The Gros ventre legend, as stated to me by Running Fisher in 1909, is that the Gros ventres occupied this land until driven north into Canada by the Shoshoni. That the Gros ventre obtained horses from the Flathead and Shoshoni, and with the Piegan drove the Shoshoni south and the Flathead west, and regained their own country. The southern advance of the Gros ventre and Piegan began between 1730, when they got guns, knives and iron arrow points from the Assiniboin and Cree in Canada. The obtained their first horses about 1735, and the Piegan and Blackfoot, Bloods and Gros Ventres were well mounted by 1754. But whoever the Indians were who had this camp site, I believe they had no horses, and that they had neighbors and enemies who likewise had no horses. The tipi stones show no camp circle, but the tipis pitched in line, with doorways facing east. This has no significance, because small camps were pitched that way after horses were acquired. But the tipis were on a ridge against the sky line, and visible for a long distance, and about a half mile from water, and consequently from any possible undergrowth. Horse owning Indians liked to be a bit closer to water, so as not to be compelled to drive their horses too far from camp to water them. Therefore they camped down in the valleys, near the water supply, and put their scouts and outpost on the hills around the camp. Horses giving them great mobility in fighting, on the enemy approach, they could ride out and attack. These Indians, who put these circle stones here, and their enemies were foot Indians. They camped on a ridge, with plenty of clear ground about the camp, and a good lookout station, Three Buttes, nearby. An enemy on foot could not get within rushing distance without being seen, as the ground, free of cover, sloped in a sort of glacis in all directions from the camp. Horse Indians could cover this interval easily and quickly, but not Indians on foot. This also explains the distance they kept from water. Water means undergrowth, and that would give shelter for Indians on foot to come in at night, and have the camp within easy rushing distance at daylight. This is the right defensive site for a camp before horses came into the country, but would be a bad site for Indians with horses. The position could be rushed by a mounted force, and horses would have to be taken a half mile from camp to water them. The present site gives a good view from the camp of any possible enemy approach, and ample time would be had to receive any party of Indians on foot from this site, but not sufficient for a time for preparations against a mounted rush. The diameter of the tipi rings is another point. When dog transport was used the tipis had to be smaller. Both De Smet, and Coronado, one in 1845 and the other in 1541, noted that the Indian dog could only carry between 30 and 50 pounds. Thompson noted in 1798 that the Indian horse would pack a load of from 150 to 240 pounds. This meant the dog could carry only a much smaller tipi than the horse, and these tipi stone circles are only half as large as the average tipi of today, and somewhat less than half as large as some of them. This is another reason for believing that the tents used on this tipi circle site were carried by dogs. For fuel in this camp, as later on, dried buffalo dung, called buffalo chips, was used. Southwest of the camp, about three miles, and in plain view, Superintendent Elliott points out the site of an old buffalo drive, a cliff over which the buffalo were lured in the days before the Indians had horses. This method was also used after the horse was acquired, but hunting buffalo on horseback was a much more speedy, certain and economical method of killing them. I find what I think may be a stone scraper on one of the tipi circles, but the stone
may have obtained its edge by splitting from frost, and imagination can make artifacts crop up where no artifacts exist. The stones are lichen covered, and all, including the stones about the old fireplaces, are deep in the earth. Nearby there is a grave, surrounded by colored stones. It is the grave of a sheep dog, however. Some sheep herder had a favorite dog, and gave him the best looking grave that the means he had at hand permitted. We drive back to the main road, and head north for the Agency. We reached the Agency at 3:00 P.M., and had lunch with the Elliots at the Bollings. No Smile is good company. I find out that these people have drawn so many screwballs from the east out here, that now they look the stranger over pretty carefully for a time before getting too friendly with him. As described by the Elliots and Bollings, some of the things these pilgrims say and do when out here are, to say the least, most amazing. I know that I have not met so many screwy people in the east, although they doubtless exist there. Perhaps they are normal when at home, but when they get out here the wide open spaces and the mountain air does things to them. On approaching the Agency we are met by one of the employees, a woman, who asks Superintendent Elliott to give her an order on the carpenter to prepare a coffin. It seems the Lodge Pole Assiniboines have had some more bad luck. They were delayed a day coming to this camp because a woman died and they had to bury her. This afternoon another woman has just died in the Lodge Pole band, and they want to box her up and take her back to Lodge Pole with them. It is hot, so they have not much time to lose. These people do not have the coin to put up for embalming. They say this woman was very old, and queer in the head by reason of great age, and had to be watched pretty constantly. So there is some relief at her departure to the Sand Hills. The boxes made in such cases are more like those made up in the east for the outer casing of caskets when they are shipped. They are large, square pine boxes, plainly fashioned, but neatly planed and joined. They are large enough for the body, and for such things as it may be desired to bury with the body. We have something to eat at Bollings, and then drive to the Assiniboine camp. The Sun Dancers are all rested and fully recovered. The brush forming the outer wall of the Sun Dance lodge has been in part removed, and has been erected as a brush wall at the western side of the camp to form a shelter for a dance ring where sociable dances are conducted. There is dancing going on. The dancers and their friends sit in the shade produced by the wall of cottonwood boughs, which are stuck upright in the ground, west of the dance ring. The drum is in the middle of the ring, and is a large bass drum. There are seats around it for the drummers, although some prefer to squat on their haunches. A ring of automobiles encloses the dance circle on the other sides, but there is some space left open to the north and the south of the circle. We drive our cars up into the circle of automobiles. Some are parked in a second row, behind the first row nearest the ring, making a double row of cars. I find Charlie Bear, and then First Chief, and we walk together to the abandoned Sun Dance lodge, and I examine the buffalo skull and the altar arrangements back of the screen, and First Chief and Charlie answer my questions, and volunteer much information. I take the opportunity to pay off Charlie Bear the balance I owe him in bright round, western silver cart wheels, and also present First Chief with a treaty medal. Both appear very much pleased. Charlie Bear is very earnest in asking me not to touch the buffalo skull, a thing I had no intention of doing. The only person who can carry, paint or handle the buffalo skull is its
custodian, who is Charlie Sebastian, the fire keeper. As soon as
the camp has broken, and it becomes time to take the skull back to
Charlie's tipi or tent, he will take the cloth offerings which now
enwrap the skull, and conceal it, and take these offerings to the bluffs
and the bench land to the south of the camp. There he will spread the
cloth out on the ground, and weigh it down with stones, so that it will
not blow away. No one will dare touch this cloth, for it belongs to the
powers to whom it was offered. This explains the cloth or calico strips
that I saw on this Reservation in 1906 and 1907, and also the calico
offerings Mary Ellen and I saw on the hill above the Rocky Boy Agency
in 1933. I believe the same disposition is made by Charlie Sebastian of
other calico offerings in the Sun Dance lodge, although the offerings
to Thunder and Buffalo on the center pole are left in place, until blown
down or disintegrated by the weather. The altar arrangement behind the
screen is just as it was described to me. First Chief and Charlie Bear
describe the smoking of the buffalo skull which I missed. This ceremony
is done twice during the Sun Dance lodge ceremonies, once toward the
beginning of the ceremony, either on the first night of the dance in the
lodge, or the next morning. The second ceremony is performed just before
the dance in the lodge ends. The ceremony resembles the smoking around
the earth circle by the four helpers in the secret tipi, just prior to
the start of the night ceremonies there. In smoking the skull the four
helpers take their seats about the skull, two on each side of it. The
pipe handler outside the screen lights one of the back stone bowl or
chief pipes, and passes it back to the helpers, before passing the pipe
back it is run through the incense smudge before the fire keeper, the
mouthpiece first and then the bowl. The motion of running the mouthpiece
and bowl through the sweet grass smoke is clockwise, the motion starting
at the east. The handler then passes the pipe, stem parallel to the ground,
bowl foremost, very carefully and reverently to the helper who sits to the
east of the skull. The helpers all sit closely gathered about the skull.
The pipe is then smoked around the skull by each of the four helpers in
turn, going clockwise, and be passed stem parallel to the ground and
bowl foremost with great care and reverence. The pipe is thus smoked
around until empty. It is then handed out to the pipe handler, who fills
and insences and lights the second chief pipe, which is passed and smoked
in the same manner as the first chief pipe was smoked. When the second pipe
is smoked completely by the helpers, it is passed back to the handler, and
this concludes the ceremony. In holding the chief pipes the right hand is
held under the stem near the bowl, and the left under the stem near the
mouthpiece. I was shown how to do it when handling and smoking one of
the chief pipes in the night ceremonies of the secret tipi. The secret
tipi was taken down as soon as it was abandoned, which was just after the
director and his party entered the Sun Dance lodge. The first smoke is
to Thunder and Buffalo with the silent prayer that the ceremonies to be
performed be done in a proper and fitting manner. In the final smoke the
silent prayer is that the rites having been properly performed, and done
in a fitting manner that Thunder and Buffalo will see to it that the
children grow up in these ceremonies, that is, do not neglect them. The
last 31 songs are sung to the 31 roof poles. That is why they have 31
roof poles, says First Chief. Not too clear. If in a hurry, says First
Chief, to end the ceremony, 1 song can be sung to 1 roof pole, and 15 songs
to the remaining 30 roof poles, taking them 2 roof poles for each song.
In the last dance in the lodge a woman dancer stands south of the pole,
and a man dances north of the pole, out in the lodge, dancing and blowing
their whistles to the Thunder nest. Charlie, First Chief and I examine
the center poles of the old Sun Dance lodges still standing. The same