

center pole design is carved on all of the center poles, which indicates this design was used in every Sun Dance lodge here back to 1930. Beyond that time there are no poles standing. The wood and brush of the lodge can be used for other purposes, but the center pole must stand until it falls naturally, under stress of time and weather. The carving of the center pole was the same as that used in 1906, and I have seen pictures by Matteson of the 1905 lodge which shows that the carving was the same that year. I shake hands with First Chief and Charlie Bear and I return and sit in our car and watch the dancing. Charlie regrets that he cannot give me a pipe as a present, but says a visitor asked him for the last one he had, and he had to give it to this visitor. I take the word for the deed and thank Charlie just the same. Charlie says he wants to send me a pipe, and will do so some day. We then talk of the times when Major Logan was Superintendent back in 1906. Charlie says the Major had the Fort Belknap cattle herd sold, because he advised the Indian Bureau that having cattle made Indians lazy, because all they did then was to kill them and eat them. But Charlie says he found the cattle allotted to him among the cattle of Major Logan's private company off the Reservation. Then, says Charlie, I knew I was licked. Charlie also described going to the Agency one night and seeing one of the Major's wagons, from his own cattle company, backed up to the ration house, and loading Indian rations for use in the Major's own cow camps. Charlie grins at this. I think he and the other Indians appreciated the Major. He did just what they would have done, had he occupied the Major's position and had his opportunities. Why should a man be honest in his dealings, except with his own people and tribesmen? Why be honest with strangers? At least that is how an old time Indian would look at it. I hear my name called out from the dance circle, and so leave Charlie and go out to the center of the circle. There Iron Man Number Two is standing waiting for me. He is a Gros Ventre. He presents me with a fine beaded buckskin jacket, which is fringed. It fits me as if made to measure, as I find out later. The Elliots, Bollings and Carters are then invited into the Owl Dance. I draw Mrs. Bigbie and Mrs. Charlie Bear as partners. Do not observe who dances with Celina and Mary Ellen, but believe that Bigbie and Charlie Bear do the honors. The treaty medal I gave First Chief was for the year 1841. We watch the Gras Dance and Squaw dance, and other dances, and return to the Agency at 9:00 P.M. Wash up and rest, and return to the camp with the Elliots and Bollings at 10:00 P.M., where we shoot off fireworks on the edge of the camp, near the southwest corner. They tell me of an old Assiniboine woman, who does fine porcupine quill work, but we cannot locate her. We go back to the Agency Club House at 11:00 P.M. and turn in. Tomorrow is Curly Heads Thunder Pipe ceremony, and Medicine Robe leads the fool dance. The Fool Dance has not been given here since 1906, when my brother Hugh took part in it. Medicine Robe was leader then. Dan Johnson has given the Fool dancers a cow, which is necessary to the dance. Simon First Shoot tells me that since Hugh took part in the dance the Assiniboines always called Senator Carter by the name of "The Fool Dancer's Father." Write up notes at Club House, and then get some sleep.

Sunday, July 5. We get up at 5:00 A.M., and drive to Harlem early for breakfast there. The Gros Ventre Council at yesterday's meeting at Hays asked me to draft two letters for them, one protesting a Fort Belknap tribal organization which will fuse the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine into one tribal organization, and requesting a hearing on the same in Washington, and another letter protesting any proposed transfer of Superintendent Elliott to another post. They like Elliott and want him to stay here. Mrs. Elliott wants him to take an exchange off posts with Boyd, Superintendent of Warm Springs. Since Elliott nearly

froze to death within a couple of miles of his Agency, on the Agency-Hays road last winter, Mrs. Elliott has not liked this station. It is true that a man traveling about this country in the winter time with a car takes his life in his hands. If the roads are blocked with snow, which is sometimes the case, and his feed line freezes, or anything goes wrong with his car, or it gets stuck in a drift, the position is pretty dangerous. Walking through drifted snow, when drifts pile over six to ten feet, is impossible. The Agency Doctor, the nurses, the Superintendent and the Father's down at the Mission, who have to turn out for sick calls, have a hard and a somewhat dangerous life here at certain times in the winter. We get to Harlem, and find that Father Wemenjer is not expected down this morning until 11:00 A.M. After breakfast I borrow a typewriter from the desk clerk at the New England Hotel, and draft my letters. The Gros Ventres asked me not to make use of the Government stenographers at the Agency office. Earlier in the morning I made a pencil draft from notes taken of the letters the Council wished me to prepare. The Council gave me a general idea of what they wanted to say, and all I am doing is drafting their ideas into the form of a letter. I ask the clerk in the drug store if Harlem had any community Fourth of July celebration. He said no they didn't, but that there were about two hundred individual celebrations put on by the private citizens of Harlem. It seems most of the citizens are anchored this morning to their beds of pain, and are moaning faintly for ice water. I am shown a copy of the Harlem paper which gives an account of the party and adoption at Hays last Sunday. It is a very good account of the Gros Ventre celebration at Hays, and their adoption of Celina, Mary Ellen and myself, and there is also an account of the Gros Ventre judgment, giving my estimate of the amount each Gros Ventre will receive as per capita payment under the judgment. As most of this money will be spent right in Harlem, the news should be of interest here, and Harlem certainly appears to be interested. So far a good part of this town has been on relief. The farmers from the valley spend some money here. The beet sugar crop in the valley is reaped by seasonal Mexican migratory labor, and so there is not much employment for the local people from this source, even if they would consent to do that kind of work at the wage paid to Mexicans. I ask the Sherriff if the Mexican labor gives much trouble. He says they do not. On pay days they buy a cheap grain alcohol in town and get drunk on it. But they only fight among themselves, and occasionally kill each other in knife fights. The authorities have insisted to them that they bury their own dead, but overlook the killings when they occur, as the County is poor, and there is no sense to wasting County money on such expensive procedure as murder trials for drunk Mexicans. I think they are wise in this. There will be no more meals at the Agency mess, as Josephine, the cook, and her pals are all out celebrating the holidays. Hence no more grub at the Agency mess. Celina decides that she will not go to the Thunder pipe ceremony with Mary Ellen and myself, as she wants to get things straightened out for our departure to Glacier Park tomorrow morning. She will go to church in Harlem at 11:00 A.M., and Mrs. Elliott is going to help her to locate a laundress to do our shirts and things, and mail them on to us at Glacier Park Hotel. We drive back from Harlem to the Agency in our car, and there meet Superintendent Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Bolling. Celina keeps the car that the Agency loaned us, and I go with Elliott in his car, while Mary Ellen goes with the Bollings in their car. We all take our cameras, and I take pencils and note books. Outside the Agency Elliott and I pick up Iron Man Number Two, the Gros Ventre who presented me with the beaded shirt down in the Assiniboine camp yeaterday. We are giving him a

lift down to Hays from the Assiniboin camp at the Agency. We start out with our car leading, and the Bollings and Mary Ellen following in their car. Some Gros Ventres are to meet us at Hays and guide us to Curly Head's place. We leave the Agency about 8:45 A.M. Iron Man Number Two is in the back seat of our car, and as he does not admit speaking or understanding English, conversation is closed as far as he is concerned. I sit up with Superintendent Elliott, and show him the two letters drafted for the Council. I know, and he knows that I know that his transfer to Warm Springs Reservation is in the bag, so he says that the letter requesting that he remain here is all right with him, if that is what the Gros Ventre Council wants to send. As to the adoption of a Charter for the Fort Belknap Reservation, under the Indian Reorganization Act, and the Gros Ventre protest to such a charter being granted, the Council's position at present is weakened by the fact that the Indians on this Reservation, including the Gros Ventres Indians, have already voted in favor of a Constitution of a Fort Belknap tribal organization under the Indian Reorganization Act. I think they are only trying to drive a bargain with Washington and hold out on the Charter until Washington promises them some money. They think, and rightly, that Washington wants them to adopt this Fort Belknap Organization, and in that belief that Washington wants it, figure that Washington can be made to pay for what they want. I think their attitude in this is a sound one. In fact I have hitherto advised them that this whole Indian Reorganization policy and Act involves no legal problem as far as they are concerned, but is to be handled by them, since Washington wants the tribe to adopt the plan, on the general principles governing horse trading. Do what Washington wants, in the end, but get all you can out of Washington first, before consenting. When this Reorganization Act, providing that the different Indian Reservations should adopt Constitutions and be chartered as political organizations, or as corporations, was before the House Committee on Indian Affairs, I was present and heard Commissioner of Indian Affairs Collier tell the Committee, in response to inquiry, that all the Indians would ultimately adopt the Organization plan, because those who did would receive money and benefits, and those who did not would get nothing. Two can play that game, and this is exactly what the Gros Ventre Council are doing. Elliott is interested in a provision of the Organization Act which holds that no white person can inherit lands from an Indian. In theory this is good, but in practice I believe the provision can be defeated in the courts. Indian estates are probated under the laws of the State in which the Indian had his property. There is no Federal Probate law governing estates of intestate or testate Indians. Suppose Dan Johnson dies without a will, and the Montana law says his wife, a Jewish girl from New York, is entitled to an interest in his land, or suppose he leaves his allotment is left to her by his will? Can a Federal Act intervene to set aside that part of his will, or to set aside the laws of Montana? I think this provision can be beaten in court. Elliott tells me that they have had to sell most of the beef herd of these Indians for meat, as there is not feed enough for them. The Indians cattle are therefore cleaned out, and they must start again from scratch. Some outside cattle companies have leased land from Indians on this Reservation for both sheep and cattle. The range looks like it needed a couple of years lay off on grazing in order to recuperate. The sheep, especially, have cropped the grass pretty close. These Indians and many whites could get employment in the beet sugar fields, if we could get rid of the Mexicans. Those who cannot show birth certificates or other proof of birth in the United States should be deported to Mexico. We are far too easy going in these matters. It is time we cleaned house.

We arrive at Hays, and drop Iron Man Number Two, and pick up, at the pool hall, a Gros Ventre Indian who is waiting to guide us to Curley Head's place. It is 10:15 A.M. The car with the Bollings and Mary Mary Ellen is right behind us. We turn east from Hays on the gravel road that runs to Lodge Pole. About five miles east of Hays we turn north over a road which consists of two ruts in the prairie, and drive about a mile toward the north face of the Little Rockies. There in a draw which enters the cliff that forms the north face of the mountains is the allotment and the log cabin of Curley Head. There is a great gathering of Gros Ventre Indians assembled there. Most have come in automobiles of every description, shape and vintage. Some have come horseback, and some by wagon and team. Most of the Gros Ventres are good Catholics, and have not footed it over here, after hearing Mass at the Mission. In this drouth and plague of grasshopper and beetles they are overlooking no bets, and passing up no supernatural aid, from any source whatsoever. And why not? The only difference between an Indian converted to Christianity, and one not converted, is that the converted Indian believes in and worships new powers, according to his idea, without forgetting or ceasing to worship the powers that his long haired forefathers recognized and worshipped. You can teach a man anything, but you cannot teach him to forget. North of Curly Head's cabin is erected the lodge in which the Thunder Pipe ceremony is to take place. It is a very large lodge, composed of the poles and lodge coverings of two lodges put together. This makes an oval shaped lodge, the long axis of the oval being east and west, and the entrance of the lodge being to the east. South of the lodge and east of Curly Head's cabin is the frame of a small sweat lodge. There are traces of a recent fire near the sweat lodge, to the south, and stones had been heated. There is no cover on the frame of the sweat lodge, so it is not possible to determine in what direction it faced. Presumably it faced east, like the lodge prepared for the Thunder Pipe ceremony. In 1909 Running Fisher in telling me of the Thunder Pipe stated that the pipe had four parts and four names. Two of the names are Flat Pipe and Thunder Pipe. I do not know the other two names. Running Fisher also stated that in the Thunder Pipe ceremony the order of four ran throughout the ceremony; that there were forty four sticks or poles in the sweat lodge, forty four stones used in the sweat lodge, for heating and providing the steam, and forty four sticks or poles in the lodge in which the Thunder Pipe ceremony was held. I did not count the number of sticks in the sweat lodge, or the stones or the poles in the lodge where the ceremony is held, and am therefore unable to verify this. The sweat lodge is of the usual type. Willow wands are placed in the ground, being stuck in the ground in a circle. They are then bent over and lashed together, forming a dome shaped structure, which is covered with blankets. It is now 10:30 A.M. Curly Head has evidently had his sweat bath to purify himself for this ceremony sometime before our arrival here. We go in to the lodge where the Thunder Pipe ceremony is to take place, and are given seats on the north side of the lodge. Curly Head is there. His face is painted with red paint, but in no particular design. The paint is merely smeared on. Curly Head's assistant is Iron Man Number One. In 1906 and 1907 Iron Man Number One was known by the name of Tall Iron Man. There is no fire in the lodge, a fire outside of the lodge, to the south east of the lodge, furnishing the coals required for incense. Iron Man Number One is Curly Head's assistant in the ceremony. The lodge is well crowded, the men sitting around the north and south sides, and the women on the east side, near and around the door of the lodge. At the back of the lodge, that is at the west end, is an altar prepared to receive the Thunder Pipe bundle when it is brought in. The foundation for

the altar is of round cakes of cow dung, representing the old buffalo chips. These are placed in rows of three each, and there are five rows of these chips. They are placed close together, and the long axis of the altar is east and west. On top of the cow chips is placed a layer of sage brush. The tops of the sage brush point east, and the roots west. The bunches of sage overlap each other, and are spread over the cow chips forming a fairly thick covering. On top of this sage brush cover is now spread a cow hide. The inner side of the hide is painted red, and the inner side is laid against the sage brush, the hairy side being upward. Iron Man brings in a live coal from the fire, carrying it upon an incense paddle. This is a stick, flattened at one end, and used for the purpose of carrying coals from the fire for the burning of incense. The coal is placed directly in front of the altar by Iron Man. Curly Head is seated beside the altar, to the north of the altar. Iron Man takes his place to the south of the altar. A pipe and pipe bag are laid at the southeast corner of the altar. Two women now enter the lodge, carefully carrying the Thunder Pipe bundle between them. It is about a foot and a half thick, and four feet long. In shape it resembles a bedding roll. The outer cover is of canvas, securely tied with cords. The women make three feints with the bundle, as if to set it down, and the fourth time they make this motion they do set the bundle down upon the cow hide, which is the altar prepared to receive it. In the foregoing account I have made a mistake. Iron Man is seated north of the bundle, facing south, and Curly Head is seated south of the bundle, facing east. Curly head now takes spruce leaves as incense between the fingers of his right hand, and sings four songs. After each song he deposits some of the spruce upon the live coal which is in front of the altar and the bundle. Meantime Iron Man facing south has carefully untied and unwrapped the first or outer wrapping of the Thunder Pipe bundle. The first two songs, Curly Head faces north, without, however, moving from his seat, and holds his hand and arm out north of the live coal, and then deposits the incense after each song upon the live coal. The second two songs Curly Head holds his hand with the incense east of the live coal, and after each song deposits some of the spruce upon the coal. With John Buckman interpreting, Curly Head then states for the benefit of the white people present that this is his religion; that he prays to a spirit above the same as the white man does and that we should believe in the Thunder Pipe. The bundle is unwrapped. The outer skin is of elk skin, and may be renewed from time to time. The inner wrappings are some of them very old. Curly Head tells the story of the origin of the Thunder Pipe, John Buckman still acting as interpreter. It is much the same story that Running Fisher told me about the origin of the Thunder of Flat Pipe in 1909. There was a camp. A man lived in a lodge in the camp with his wife and son. One night the man had a strong dream that a storm was coming and he told all the people to drive down their lodge pegs, and he moved his lodge outside the camp. That night a great storm came with thunder and lightning. In the morning the people looked out, and saw that the man who had told them of the dream was sitting on the ground with his wife and son, but their lodge and all their property had disappeared. The faces of the three were painted red, and their hair was done up in top knots on the tops of their heads. The man held stem up before him a pipe. The people came in his direction, but he told them to stop where they were. He told them to build a lodge in the middle of the camp to receive him and the pipe. He told the people to build a trail of buffalo chips between the place he sat and that lodge. The people did as he told them. The man with his wife and son came to the lodge in the middle of the camp, walking over the buffalo chips. The man carried the pipe. It was the Thunder Pipe. The man was poor, having

lost all that he owned when the storm gave him the pipe. The storm also took up his lodge and all his property. But he soon became rich, because the people made him many presents on account of the power of the pipe. The pipe is both danced with and smoked. Sweet pine incense is given for the privilege of smoking this pipe, and it is smoked to promote health and prosperity. The man who first received the pipe had the ceremonies and songs belonging to the pipe, and transmitted them to his successors. Four drums are required to dance with the pipe, and four songs are sung while dancing with it. In the wrappings the mouthpiece of the pipe stem is showing through the wrapping. A bear skin, very old, is the inner wrapping. Curly Head tells us it is very important to keep a promise made to the pipe, and if such a promise is made and not kept the results are serious. Onece, Curly Head said, there was a man who promised an elk skin to the Thunder Pipe bundle, and then did not give the elk skin as he had promised. A year from the day he made the promise that man was struck dead by lightning. The pipe can be opened and sweet pine burnt before it in severe electric storms. Curly Head continues that the opening of this Pipe bundle brings rain, but this should be done early in the spring, if it is desired to have rain in the summer. It may be too late to be of any benefit now, says Curly Head. He also remarks that the people by failing to worship this pipe and pay attention to the supernatural powers, should not complain if the Pipe and these other powers forget them, and that droths, grasshoppers and Mormon beetles destroy their crops, and they have to sell their cattle. This is due to their neglect of the great powers. Curly Head is giving the Gros Ventres the same talk that Father Menenjer gave the Catholic farmers in his sermon at Harlem last Sunday. He may have heard of this talk by round about channels, and thought it was a good idea. But I think that he did not hear of it at all. The drouth and general poverty in this country just gave the same idea both to Curly Head and Father Menenjer. I move over, with the rest of the party, to the south of the lodge. The Pipe Bundle has been opened by Curly Head, after being untied by Iron Man, without further ceremony. John Buckman now speaks up, and puts over a fast one in favor of Roy Ayres, who is running for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the State primaries. John says that inasmuch as Superintendent Elliott, Roy Ayres and myself have contributed to the Thunder Pipe ceremony, no further charge will be made for us, and Elliott and I can look at the stone face in the Thunder Pipe bundle free of charge. I am sure that Roy Ayres never heard of this ceremony, does not know it is going on, and did not contribute. But it makes a hit with the Gros Ventres present, who are voters, and if Roy has not picked up 100 or more votes on the strength of John Buckman's remarks, then I have missed my guess. When this announcement is made by Buckman someone passes a card around among the people. The card carries a picture of Roy Ayres on it, with his name and a request to vote for him in the popular primaries as the candidate for the Governorship on the Democratic ticket. Many look up from the picture on the card, and take a hard look at Bolling, the Extension Agent. They know Bolling, but Bolling looks like Roy Ayres, only taller and not as heavy set. They may think Bolling is related to Ayres on account of this slight resemblance. Bolling is popular with these Indians. The Gros Ventre men have all left their hats **offside** the Thunder Pipe lodge, or removed them on entering the lodge. Fortunately Elliott, Bolling and I removed our hats when we came into the lodge, as we observed the men in the lodge were not wearing their hats. But John Buckman told me that he forgot and was caught. The penalty for wearing a hat, for a man, in the Thunder Pipe lodge is a fine of one dollar. John got fined for wearing his, he tells us. The Pipe bundle has

been opened without any more ceremony than what has been described. Tom Maine says the ceremony and ritual used to take three or four days to get through, but most of it has been forgotten in course of time. We are now to be permitted to see the face in the Pipe bundle. In order to see the face a special contribution must be made, by those who have not already done so. This is not required of Elliott, Bolling or myself. I give a couple of dollars to Mary Ellen so that she can comply with the requirement and see the face in the bundle. The bundle now lies opened upon the altar, with Curly Head sitting just north of it, and so close that the opened wrappings of the bundle are over his knees. Curly Head is old, stout and short of breath. Elliott tells me he has heart trouble, and bladder trouble as well. During the unwrapping of the bundle he had to leave the lodge on one occasion, and I suspect the bladder trouble was responsible for his leaving. Iron Man is seated now south of the bundle, but to the west, well in the back of the lodge. After Elliott has gone forward and looked at the face in the bundle I am called forward. As I go up Tom Maine calls out that now I will have lots of good luck, as all persons have luck who see the face in the bundle. Curly Head has me sit very close to the bundle, and then pulls back a piece of wrapping, which reveals a face carved out of catlinite. Only the face is shown, so I do not know what the rest of the figure is, or whether the face is carved on some other object or not. The face is distinctly Mayan. The forehead slopes back, the nose is high bridged, the eye rather bulbous, the upper lip short, mouth half open, the lower lip slightly protruding, and the chin receding. A part of the ear shows, and it is large, and carved in some detail, but there is no carving in the lobe to represent an ear plug. While I examine the face carefully, Curly Head watches me like a hawk. I look up to him, finally, and nod and say good, and he is satisfied, and I retire. Mary Ellen and Mrs. Bolling and Mr. Bolling then go forward and see the face in the bundle. As the persons come forward to see the face they lay down their offerings, or hand them to Curly Head, or to Iron Man, who appears to take charge of the collections. Tom Maine and John Buckman say that Curly Head only knows one days ritual of the pipes four days ritual. Mrs. Shultz (Stevens) sees the face, and makes an offering of tobacco. Rose Stevens offers cloth to see the face, and sees it. Mrs. Takes the Bow brings cloth to see the face in the pipe bundle, as does Mrs. Skinner. Clarence Brockie, the councilman, gives tobacco to see the face. Buckman and others give money, an amounts ranging from fifty cents to a dollar, or a dollar and a half. The face being seen, other wrappings are removed. Curly Head takes out of the bundle a piece of hair, the whisker of a white buffalo. It is painted red. He says when a person is sick they pay to have this rubbed over them, and then they get well. He then unwraps an elk hide, painted red. No song is sung. He then unwraps a bear hide. No song. He then unwraps a calico cloth wrapping, making four passes with the right hand on so doing. It is not a very elaborate ritual. Curly Head is ready to exhibit the Thunder Pipe, and we are told we may photograph it. At this point The Boy desires to be heard, and Curly Head gives him permission to talk. The Boy wants to tell about Turtle Pipe, also called Feather Pipe and also called Cord. Otter Robe was the last keeper of this pipe, back in 1909, and before him the keeper of Turtle was Lame Bull, father of The Boy. Lame Bull was known to white men by that name, but known to the Gros Ventres as Crow Moccasin. Otter Robe was the last keeper of Turtle, which now has no keeper. But the story The Boy now tells is the Hell Diver Myth, which is the origin story of the Arapaho Flat Pipe, is known to the Gros Ventres, and to many other tribes. According to The Boy, and he gives the general

outline of the story as it is usually told, in the beginning a Man ~~was~~ walked alone on the water with the Pipe. There was nothing but water, and no earth. He wanted land on which to rest the Pipe. He took animals, some say out of the pipe, and sent them down to dive under the water to get earth to make land on which to rest the Pipe. Different animals dived down into the water to get earth. Hell Diver, Beaver, Muskrat went down, but were drowned and got no earth. Mud Hen and Turtle went down and came up with a little earth. They were not drowned. The man took this earth, and when it dried he threw the dust to the four directions, and whenever he threw the dust, solid ground appeared, and earth was created on which the man rested the Pipe. The Arapaho say the Pipe was Flat Pipe. Some of the Gros Ventres think the man was Nixant. Nixant is the Napi of the Piegans. The Boy tells the story, and Elliott asks him how men and women came to be made. The Boy gives him the story from the book of Genesis in the Bible, about God making Adam, and putting him to sleep, and making Eve out of his rib. The Boy is always anxious to tell what he knows, but somehow I doubt if he gets his story very straight all the time. In 1909 Running Fisher gave me the story of the origin of the Turtle Pipe, called Feather and Cord. It has three parts and three names. The lodge and sweat lodge for the Turtle Pipe ceremony consists of thirty three sticks or poles for the lodge and the sweat lodge, and thirty three stones for the sweat lodge. The owner of turtle cannot own or eat a dog. If a white buffalo is killed the skin goes to the owner of Turtle Pipe, that is to say, its keeper. Running Fisher said that long ago the Gros Ventres had a camp, and there were two young men in the camp who wished to go out and distinguish themselves. These young men went far to the north and came to a lake, which had an island on it, and a stream running into it. They got on this island and could not get off, and nearly starved to death. Finally two swans came over the lake, and took them off the island, and gave them the Turtle Pipe, and instructed them as to the rites and prohibitions of the Turtle Pipe, and the young men then went home bringing the Pipe to the Gros Ventres. The swans gave the young men new names, calling one Broken Knife and the other Starver. Running Fisher says that during the Turtle Pipe ceremony the names of Broken Knife and Starver are called out. This story sounds a little more authentic to me than the one related by The Boy. In connection with Running Fisher's account of the origin of Turtle Pipe a curious thing happened some years ago. Dr. N.D.C. Lewis, chief of Psychiatry at the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington showed me a drawing made by a dementia praecox patient there. The drawing was of a lake with a stream flowing into it, and a small island was in the middle of the lake. Two swans were swimming across the lake to the island. The patient was a white man, and his educational background was such that it was extremely unlikely that Gros Ventre Pipe legends were part of his intellectual equipment. I told Doctor Lewis Running Fishers story of the origin of the Turtle Pipe, of which the patient's drawing could serve as an illustration. Then the Doctor showed me something. It was a very rare book on archeology, one that it was highly improbable that the patient had ever seen, even granting that books on archeology were in his line, which was also doubtful. In this book was a copy of a drawing found on the walls of a cave in Austria. The cave had been inhabited in the stone age. This drawing showed the lake, stream, island and two swans swimming toward the island, and was a duplicate of the drawing made by the patient. Not an exact duplicate, of course, but in substance and form the same.

But to return to the Thunder Pipe Lodge. Curly Head, now that The Boy has finished, uncovers the Thunder Pipe and holds it up for us to see. Only the pipe bowl is exhibited. It is of catlinite. The material of which the pipe and the stone face are made indicates at least the point of origin of the material, which is known. Catlinite is found in the great pipe stone quarry on the Mississippi River, in country held, within historic times, by the Sioux or Dakota Indians. The pipe bowl proper is a cylinder, with a thick lip, which makes it look like a steam boat funnel. Forward of the bowl is a shank, which is a prolongation of the stem, and the shank is rather pointed at the end. This is the usual design of the Dakota or Sioux bowls. The stem back of the bowl where it would connect with the regular stem of the pipe, when attached, has rising from its back, like a dorsal fin, a thin tablet, which is carved from the same material as the bowl, and appears to be part of one piece with the bowl. This tablet is shaped like a Hopi rain tablet. At the outer corners of the upper end of this tablet starts a wavy line, which terminates in the middle of the tablet at a point. This is the shape of the upper end of the tablet. The sides are straight up and down to the stem. There are two semi circular holes at the bottom of the tablet, next to the stem. The straight lines of the semi circles are on line with the stem, the arches of the semi circles being up in the tablet itself. The entire bowl is about five inches long, along the stem, and the bowl itself is about two and a half inches above the stem. The tablet is not quite as high as the bowl. A string of large blue beads is hung from where the bowl joins the stem, from the side nearest the tablet, and forward, under the pipe stem and bowl toward the forward shank. After observing the bowl, Curly Head holds it up so we can photograph it. During this his back is turned toward us, he facing to the south west. We take a good many photographs, Mary Ellen and Mrs. Bolling taking them. Mrs. Bolling has for some time been worried about our being late in getting back to Elliott's, where Mrs. Elliott is having lunch for us. I start to leave the Thunder Pipe lodge, and all the old women sitting near the door stop me to shake hands with me, and so it takes some time to get out. The Bollings and Mary Ellen leave. Outside the lodge Mrs. Mormon Zack Larsen and her daughters stop me. They want to make inquiry about a case that Mr. Serven, Guy Patten and I handled for them. The Interior Department refused to put them on the Gros Ventre tribal rolls. We brought a Mandamus proceeding in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, before Judge Siddons, against the Secretary of the Interior, Wilbur. We lost the case there, and also in the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. On the advice of one of Mrs. Larsen's sons, who was handling the matter with us for the family, we did not go to the Supreme Court of the United States, although we were willing to do so. Mrs. Zack Larsen asks me about their case, and I tell her all this. I think she probably knew it, but says she didn't. She may have been just checking up. I advise the Larsens to apply to the enrolling commission, which is to be formed to draw up the roll for per capita payments of the Gros Ventre judgment. They are Gros Ventre Indians by blood, and not by adoption and have lived with the Gros Ventre Indians all their life. They should have no trouble getting on this payment roll. They seem satisfied with the information and advice given them, and we shake hands all round. Then Superintendent Elliott comes up and I join him with The Boy, Rufus Warrior, Clarence and Victor Brookie, John Buckman, Tom Maine, Bradley and others in a group near Curly Head's cabin. Elliott is giving me the opportunity I have asked to make a talk in favor of loaning or giving the Turtle Pipe to the National Museum in Washington. They all

listen very attentively to what I have to say. I point out that no one can now be the keeper of the Turtle Pipe, nor open the pipe bundle because the last keeper, Otter Robe, failed during his life time to transfer the pipe with its ritual to any one else, and that after his death it could not be transferred. No one now could with safety to himself or the Gros ventres open the Turtle Pipe bundle. No one had the right by transfer or purchase. That the bundle, I had been told, was now hung in an empty cabin, far from any cabin which was inhabited. That no Indian would molest or dare to touch the pipe bundle there, but how about other people? There were ignorant white men and tourists passing through the country, as they well knew. Suppose these ignorant people would break into the cabin, and cause a fire there, whereby the pipe and its bundle would be destroyed. The Gros Ventres, who allowed this sacred object to remain in an unprotected place would then be to blame. Suppose these white men in their ignorance opened the bundle. The Gros ventres could be a better judge of what evils might flow from that than I could. Suppose that rats or gohpers, or other small animals got into the cabin and did harm to the bundle, could the Gros ventres, who left it in that lonely and exposed place be entirely free from blame? I made them an offer. I promised, if they consented, and thought well of the matter, to take the bundle to Washington, with all honor. To provide it with a berth in which it could journey to Washington. That in Washington the pipe bundle and the articles with it would be placed in the National Museum, a handsome stone building, and that people could come to that place from all over the country, and all over the world to gaze upon it. That in that building the Turtle Pipe would be well secured and safely guarded. That there the young men of the Great White Father, dressed in uniforms of blue cloth and wearing buttons of brass like the soldiers wore, would constantly guard and keep watch over the Pipe bundle by day and by night. That there it would be secure and safe, as long as the country of the Great White Father existed. To this the Gros Ventre council members and the other Gros Ventres made no direct reply, but Elliott seeing that they were reluctant to answer, gave us all a way out. Elliott said that the Agency had some funds available to a purpose he had in mind. That if the Gros Ventres did not wish to have Turtle Pipe leave their country, yet he thought it should be kept in a safer place than it was kept at present. He proposed to use funds he had at the Agency to build a secure shelter of concrete, near Hays, where the pipe could be kept in safety. With this out presented to us, the Gros ventres and I agree. Then The Bow says he has the right to show me the Turtle Pipe bundle, although not the right to open it, and has the key to the cabin where it is kept. So we all agree to go and see the bundle. Meantime the Bollings and Mary Ellen have departed. The promise I made to take the Pipe to Washington in a lower berth has a good precedent. In 1925 there was a celebration at Fort Peck to commemorate the founding of old Fort Union. A delegation of Piegiens from the Blackfoot Reservation went to the celebration at Fort Peck on the Great Northern train. They took the night train east to Poplar. One of the party of Piegiens was keeper of one of the Piegan sacred pipes, and had to take the pipe and bundle with him, as the keeper cannot take a journey without his pipe bundle. On the journey down on the Great Northern train that night, the pipe bundle was laid in a lower berth which was made up for it, and the keeper sat beside the bundle throughout the night, his face painted red, as the train went on through northern Montana to Fort Peck. Elliott and I get in his car and start for Hays. At Hays we turn north on the road to the Agency. We are doing about 55 miles an hour. The Gros ventres promised to overtake us and guide us to the cabin where Turtle now

resides. The Gros Ventres pass us in a car driven by Rufus Warrior. We are making 55 miles an hour on a gravel road, which is fast enough. Rufus and his party pass us like we were standing still. They are certainly moving along. I hope we can keep them in sight. Elliott tells me that Rufus is a big figure on this Reservation in Democratic politics, and was sent as a delegate from this county, Blaine, to the Democratic State Convention in Great Falls this year. Elliott says that between cheering and drinking whiskey at the Convention, that poor Rufus was so hoarse that he could not speak above a whisper for two weeks after his return to the Reservation. We continue north along the Agency road until we reach a point between Three Buttes and Wild Horse Butte, where we turn to the right, or east, and follow a road over the prairie which consists of two ruts. The Indians in their car waited for us near the intersection, and we followed them down this road. After going about a mile we come to a solitary log cabin, to which has been added, on its south side a one story frame house, of one room. The cabin is a one room cabin also, but not connected on the inside with the house. No one lives here now. We all get out, and The Boy produces a key and unlocks a side door in the log cabin. We go in. There is one room. The long side of the cabin lies east and west. On the north wall of the cabin, opposite to the door we came in, hangs the Turtle Pipe bundle. With it are travois, saddles, and a white buffalo robe, all of which are part of the paraphernalia of the bundle. On the west wall of the cabin is hung a picture in colors, which is a reproduction of a famous painting of the Last Supper. The Boy removes his hat, and so we all remove our hats. The Boy steps forward to the pipe bundle and makes a talk. He introduces us to the Pipe, tells the Pipe who we are and what our business is. The Boy then steps up to the pipe, while I am looking at the white buffalo robe, opens the outer canvas covering, and removes a scalp. The scalp is stretched on a hoop of willow, and the inner or skin side is painted red. The long hair of the scalp is painted red, and a piece of string is attached to the hoop on which the scalp is stretched, which may indicate that the scalp has been remounted at a fairly recent time. The string and the hair show traces of red paint. The Boy hands me the scalp with a speech. Tom Maine translates that The Boy says "You have won a victory, and should therefore come home with a scalp." At the suggestion of the Indians I tie the string attached to the hoop to my button hole in the lapel of my coat, so that the hair hangs down the front of my coat. The Boy remarks when we leave the cabin, "If you have bad dreams, don't blame me." I promise The Boy that if I have bad dreams I will smoke to the scalp and talk nicely to it. The Boy then tells about this scalp, which he says is very old. One hundred years ago a war party of Gros Ventres went north, and they met a large party of Blood Indians, and found themselves outnumbered. It looked like the Bloods would wipe the Gros Ventre party out. Then one of the young men in the Gros Ventre party made a vow to Turtle Pipe that if the Gros Ventres beat off the Bloods and got away, he would take a Blood scalp in the fight, and give it to the Turtle Pipe. The Gros Ventres then attacked the Bloods, drove them off, and the young man killed a Blood Indian and took his scalp. This is the scalp he took, and gave to Turtle Pipe on his return. In 1909 the Turtle Pipe ceremony was almost given between Hays and Saint Paul's Mission. A structure was erected which resembled a very large sweat lodge, capable of seating many people. North of this was a smaller sweat lodge. Then Otter Robe, the keeper, was stricken, and the ceremony could not be held. The Gros Ventres said they thought Otter Robe became ill because he kept dogs. Keeping dogs

was forbidden to the keeper of the Turtle Pipe. This, in the old days before the Gros Ventres had horses, was a great hardship, because then all of their transport was on dogs. This meant that before the coming of the horse the Turtle Pipe keeper and his family had to carry in their arms or on their backs, all of their camp equipment and provisions, and had to drag their lodge poles with them by hand. Tom Maine says that he heard that a strange thing happened during the singing of the songs in the Turtle Pipe ceremony. Although only men were present and singing at the ceremony, a woman's voice was always heard joining in the songs, although no woman ever appeared. He says he does not know the reason for this, and that none of the Gros Ventres he has talked to ever appeared able to tell him why this happened. Elliott and I say good bye to the Gros Ventres, to The Boy, John Buckman, Tom Maine, ~~Rufus and~~ Victor and Clarence Brockie, and Rufus Warrior. They return to Hays, and we drive on to the Agency. Elliott says that Curly Head has no one to succeed him as keeper of Thunder Pipe. As the old fellow does not appear to be in such good shape it is evident that soon the Thunder Pipe will be without any keeper, as the Turtle Pipe is now. These are the only two Medicine Pipes of the Gros Ventres. Elliott seems to think that John Buckman would like to become keeper of Thunder Pipe. This would be good, as John is a religious man, and a leading Catholic down at the mission. He was mission interpreter in 1907 and 1909, when we spent part of the summer at the mission. He was also carpenter, and made good coffins for such of the Indians as needed them. One day when Frog was reported to be close to his finish, John made him a coffin, and John and Father Piet departed to Frog's, John driving, Father Piet on the seat with him, and the coffin in the wagon. This was in 1907. The Father was to give the last sacraments to Frog, and John was right there with the box to put him in when all was over. Frog forgot to die, in all of the excitement, so the Frog family nailed shelves in the coffin, stuck it up in one corner, and it made a fine cupboard. We arrive late at the Elliotts, the Bollings and Mary Ellen having arrived about an hour ahead of us. On the way in Elliott asked me if Mary Ellen had gone with the Bollings, or if we had by mistake left her at Curly Head's camp with the Gros Ventres. I told Elliott there was nothing to worry about, as the Gros Ventres would send her on to the Agency in good shape, if we left her there. Elliott figured it that way also. We had dinner at the Elliotts, and then drove down to the Assiniboine camp to take in the Fool Dance. I have a side bet up with Mary Ellen. At first I wanted to bet her that Curly Head's Thunder Pipe ceremony would be followed by a rain storm. She wouldn't bet on that one, so I bet her two dollars, even money that Curly Head's Thunder Pipe ceremony would not be followed by a rain storm. She took that bet. The Fool Dancers are led this year by Medicine Robe, who led the last Fool Dance held here, which was in 1906, and which my brother Hugh took part in. Dan Johnson has given a cow to the dancers, and the cow is a live cow, as the dancers have to kill their own meat. The Plains Cree Indians have this dance also, and it has been miscalled there the Windigo dance. Windigo, Wittiko, or witko, is a word used by the woods Cree and woods Chippewa, who are of Algonquin linguistic stock. Witcke is a word used by the Assiniboin and Sioux, of the Siouan linguistic stock. Whether the word is the same word, or a word borrowed by the people of one linguistic stock from those of the other linguistic stock, or is an entirely different word in each stock, of different origin, is a matter of which I am not competent to judge. Among the woods Cree and Chippewa Witco refers first to an evil spirit, who kill, mutilates and eats people. Second, it refers to a person who

is possessed by a witcko, and is a man or woman who is afflicted with a desire to kill and eat people, the desire being uncontrollable. In 1799 David Thompson first observed this mental disorder among the woods Chippewa, and declared that it existed only among the woods Indians, but not among plains Indians, and that it did not exist among the Athapascan stock, the ~~pene~~, and among any tribes north of the 56 parallel of North Latitude. In recent years there is a report of a white man who went Witcko up north, and was killed by the Canadian Mounted Police, because he would not submit to capture. He had terrorized the natives by his ferocious killings before he was killed by a posse. But witke among the Sioux has a different meaning, and has several meanings. A literal translation would be crazy or fool or foolish. The word as applied by the Sioux or Assiniboin to a woman means a prostitute, which is a fool woman. The average woman acts normally, gets married and loves one man. The fool woman does not act normally, but in a crazy fashion, receiving presents or money from many men, and giving a little bit of love to each in exchange for the money or presents. The term as so used is no compliment. But fool or crazy, witke, applied to a man has a different meaning, in the connection with the word dog. Crazy dog or fool dog is applied to a member of a warrior or fighting society, and is as such a compliment. The normal man does not like to risk his skin, but the warrior does not act like the normal man. He goes out against the enemy and does risk his skin, and run a fair chance of getting himself killed. Also the word witke, meaning Fool or Crazy is applied to hunters, and is there used in a complimentary sense as we would say clever or smart. The hunter cannot walk along like a normal man if he wants to catch game. He must watch the wind, and approach the game with the wind blowing against him, and he may have to crawl on his stomach, seeking cover, which is not the posture of the normal man. He therefore must act crazy, or like a fool. Simon First Shoot tells me these Fool Dancers are selected from the smart and able hunters of the tribe. This Fool Dance we are about to see is the dance of a hunters society. It is the same among the Plains Cree, who may have borrowed the dance and the term for the dance from the Assiniboin, with whom they were allied for many years after their break with the Sioux. The Plains Cree dance certainly has nothing to do with windigos, as the Plains Cree did not have them. The woods Cree did have windigos. But back to the Fort Belknap Assiniboin Fool Dance. We get to the camp at 4:00 P.M. We have our car, and the Elliotts also come in their car. We also have the Bollings, who come in their car. The lodge of the Fool Dancers is erected inside the camp circle in the southeast quarter of the circle. It is a large tipi. The Fool Dancers are getting ready, and one of them comes out and takes up a collection for their feast. I am over at a hot dog stand, which sells coffee and pop, and is located just northeast of the Sun Dance lodge, at the time of this collection. Celina therefore contributes, and is assured we can photograph the whole dance. The hot dog stand went up a bit before the Sun Dance lodge was erected. I forgot to mention it before. I caught First Chief, the director, in there having a cup of coffee when he should have been fasting. But coffee was not known to primitive Sun Dancers, and so might not be included under the prohibitions of the Sun Dance fast. Just as smoking is not a breaking of the fast with Catholics. We all move over now to the Fool Dancers lodge. It is clouding up, and this dance may end in a storm, and I may lose two dollars to Mary Ellen on the Thunder Pipe before I grow much older. The Fool Dancers emerge from the door of their tipi, which faces south. The leader, Medicine Robe,

is in advance. He carries a long coup stick, with rattles attached most of its length. These rattles are bits of bone, which make a noise when the stick is moved up and down. Otherwise he wears the same costume as the other dancers. This consists of a mask, like a square shaped sack, with eye holes, and a very long nose, a piece of cloth stuffed, which sticks out from the mask like a sausage. The rest of the dress consists of gunny sacks, flour sacks and the like, in the form of a sort of robe. A long willow whistle, which emits a thin reedy pipe, protrudes from the mouth hole in the mask. The other dancers wear the same kinds of masks and costumes, but some wear girdles of tin cans. Some of the masks have ears, or points at the square corners that resemble ears. There are about fifteen dancers in all. The last Fool Dancer is a short man, bent over, with a sack on his back, and carries a very crude bow and arrow. He is the meanest of the lot, and frequently breaks out of line and chases the spectators, threatening them with his arrow, and often as not actually shooting at them with it. The dancers proceed in single file, piping a slow and low note on their whistles, and sounding like a flock of reed birds or of curlews. They proceed west along the south of the inside circle of the camp, until they reach the southernmost point of the circle. There they form in a circle, the leader in the middle. The leader moves his coup stick up and down, striking its butt on the ground and thus shaking the bits of bone on the stick to make them rattle. The circle of Fool Dancers about him hop up and down stiff legged, going in a clockwise circle, and piping their whistles in time to the rattle of the coup stick. Then the circle of dancers suddenly throw back their bodies and let out a loud laugh. After this the Fool Dancers again form in single file and lead by Medicine Robe, proceed around the inner side of the camp circle, clockwise, until they arrive at the westernmost point of the circle. There they again form in a ring, and go through the same performance. As the Fool Dancers move along, piping their whistles, the little man with the bow and arrow and sack who brings up the rear of the line, makes frequent rushes at the spectators, driving them away in all directions. Bill Berry, who is with me, says that the Fool Dancers have four leaders, Medicine Robe, the man with the bow and arrow, and two others besides. The procession now moves to the northernmost point of the camp circle, and there go through their dance, and they have their final dance before leaving camp at the easternmost point in the camp circle. They then proceed around the circle to the southernmost point, and then turning south leave the camp and head for the Fair Grounds which are just south of the camp. We all get in our cars and leave the camp by the road that goes to the Hays road by the southwest corner of the camp circle. We go a short distance on this road, and then take a dirt road east to the Fair Grounds, and there stop in line with a large number of cars and at a safe distance from the point where the Fool Dancers will kill their meat. On the other side of the field is a similar line of cars. But all keep a safe distance, as the Fool Dancers like the spectators to come close so that they can hit them with missiles of offal, ripe guts, dung, and whatever else comes out of a freshly killed cow. The cow in question, with feet tied together, is lying in the center of the open field, where she has just been thrown and tied. The head of the cow is toward the north, the feet to the west. The Fool Dancers are approaching from the camp, which is north of the field. Celina stays in the car, but Mary Ellen and I with cameras go forward and take places about twenty five yards west of the cow. Up with us is Bill Berry, wearing his pith helmet. One of the Fool Dancers is provided with a repeating rifle. When about fifty yards north of the cow

the Fool Dancers break their single file formation, and spread out in line in scout formation. Thus deployed, and piping their whistles on a low note, they approach the cow. The ritual demands that the cow be shot four times, but that the fatal shot must be the fourth shot. This calls for pretty good shooting, as the cow is flat on the ground, and the Fools are approaching from the north, and have only the head as the best target. The Fool Dancers approach with abundant caution, and the Fool with the rifle fires the first shot, wounding but not killing the cow. At this shot the Fools blow their whistles ~~shrilly~~ shrilly as if in great alarm, and take flight, falling over each other in their haste. But they soon recover, and blowing their whistles softly, again approach the cow, deployed as scouts. The second shot is fired, wounding but not killing the cow, and again the Fools make their panic flight from the spot, their whistles shrilling with alarm. They approach deployed for the third time, blowing softly on their whistles, and the third shot is fired, wounding but not killing the cow, and again the whistles break out in alarm, and the Fool Dancers run for their lives, getting in each others way, and falling all over each other in reaching a safe distance. They approach the fourth time, and the fatal shot is fired, killing the cow, but the Fools run away just as before, showing even greater fright. Now it is the turn of the Chief of the Fool Dancers, Medicine Robe, to count coup on the dead cow with his coup stick. To be the first to strike a dead enemy, or to strike a living and armed enemy, was rated among the plains tribes as a greater war honor than to kill an enemy outright. Hence the satire involved in counting coup on a dead cow. I am busy getting photographs of all this, and Mary Ellen, Celina and I, with the Bollings, appear to be the only ones around permitted to take these photographs. Celina says that some other people who came by and attempted to take pictures were ordered off the field by the Indians, and had to cease taking pictures. The Fools again deploy in scout formation, the chief Fool Dancer with his coup stick leading them, and they again sneak up on the dead cow, their whistles blowing softly and cautiously. But the coup stick is not thrown, and the dead cow is not struck with it, because they all lose their nerve when in striking distance, and with their whistles screeching in alarm, and tumbling all over each other in their haste, they fly from the spot. Twice more they approach the dead cow, the chief Fool each time prepared to count his coup, but each time they lose their nerve at the last moment, and make a mad scramble to get away. The last and fourth time they approach, the Chief Fool Dancer throws his coup stick, which falls across the dead cow, and the dancers with their whistles screaming in alarm, rush madly from the spot. This concludes the killing and the counting of battle honors on the cow. The Fool Dancers now seat themselves in a circle about twenty five yards north of the cow, and other Indians come forward to butcher the cow. The cow is turned, with head to the south, and is then turned on its back. A very neat, workmanlike and efficient job of butchering is begun. Back in the years from 1901 to 1905 at the Montana State Fair at Helena, there used to be contests between the butchers as to which butcher could kill and dress a beef in the shortest time, and I have been present at many such contests. But it would be hard to beat anywhere the perfect job of butchering that these Indians put on. They work with speed and precision. And they enjoy the work. There are about six Indians on the job, including old Many Coups. The cow has not been dead for over four minutes before they have his skin off, spread underneath the cow on the ground. The butchers are blood all over, hands, arms and elbows up to the shoulder. Their faces are red with blood, because they wipe their faces from time

to time with the backs of their hands. There is blood in their hair even. They are grinning from ear to ear, and their eyes are bright. They are the happiest bunch of Indians I have seen in a long time, these Gros Ventres butchers. Meat, cutting, and the warm blood seems to cheer them up immensely. The cow is disintegrating rapidly. Mary Ellen does not care so much for this part of the spectacle, so she departs to keep company with Celina in our car. I stay up front with Bill Berry and we are joined by Raymond Feather, one of the helpers in the Sun Dance. We are the only persons close to the dancers and butchers, and we keep seated on the ground most of the time, as Bill Berry tells me that the Fool Dancers have a rule that prohibits them from throwing guts or offal at any one who is sitting down. At this point the butchers are preparing ammunition for the Fool Dancers to throw at the people. Sections of intestine are cut up into suitable lengths, but not cleaned, as this would deprive them of their effectiveness as missiles. At each severed end the intestine is closed and tied with a piece of string, to keep the contents intact. The string is, however, sufficiently thin and weak so that when the intestine hits an object the string will break, discharging the contents of the intestine upon whatever it strikes. In 1906 I was with Sumner Matteson, the photographer, in the Assiniboine camp when three Fool Dancers nailed him at once with three pieces of intestine, and all three broke. Sumner was a mess from his head to his heels. I made a hundred yards in at least eight seconds that day, thus lowering the world record for all time. But I did not get hit. Other missiles are also being prepared. The chewed up grass from the cows stomach is being moulded into large green balls of convenient size. This matter will scatter very nicely when it hits, but will not have the staying powers on clothing that the intestines will have. Meantime the raw liver of the cow is removed, and is carried dripping to Medicine Robe, the head Fool Dancer. He cuts it up into suitable morsels, and then seats himself in the middle of the circle of Fools. He starts around the circle from the west, and moving clockwise, tosses a morsel of raw liver to each Fool. At each toss, three feints are made first with the morsel, and the liver is thrown to the Fool Dancer on the fourth try. After each feint all of the Fools throw themselves backward and roar with laughter. When the Fool are served some of them eat the raw liver, but I observe that the younger men only pretend to eat it. At this stage of the proceedings the masks of the Fool Dancers are shoved back on their heads, exposing their faces. The lips and faces of some of them become smeared with the blood from the raw liver. The eating of the raw liver and kidneys was a very usual proceeding among hunters of the plains tribes. It was generally the first thing they did after killing a buffalo. It had no symbolic or religious significance. Hunters are usually hungry and the softer parts of the dead animal, like the liver, kidney and such parts, were easy to eat at once, without taking the time to cook them. The more epicurean Indians sometimes sprinkled the juice from the broken gall bladder over the raw liver to give it more flavor. The meat is now loaded on a wagon, drawn up for that purpose, and the Fool Dancers are issued their ammunition in the form of grass balls from the stomach and cud, and guts. Each dancer is well laden with these missiles. ~~Frank/Baby~~ Bill Berry, Raymond Feather and I then leave, and go back to the cars. Celina there tells me that an Indian just passed her car carrying the heart and part of the lung attached, of the cow. Both were fresh and dripping, and the Indian made a feint with them toward Celina, as if to throw. When she ducked, Celina says, the old fellow nearly died laughing, and then passed on. Celina and Mary Ellen go back to camp by the road. I decide to walk back

to camp, following the Fool Dancers with Bill Berry. While at the line of automobiles a strange Indian came up to me and said the camp was short of food and would I ask Superintendent Elliott to issue rations. I asked him why he didn't ask Elliott. He said he did not know where to find him, not having seen him about. I pointed out Elliott's car to him, and told him I had just seen Elliott get into it, and he was sitting there at the time. The Indian moved off in an opposite direction. This is just given for an example. This Indian had it figured out that being with Elliott, and being a stranger, there was an outside chance I would ask Elliott to issue the rations, and another outside chance that Elliott might issue some. Then he, the Indian, would claim the credit for having obtained this extra supply of food for the camp, and this would add to his reputation. If the plan failed, then nothing was lost but the effort. Leo Crane, former Superintendent of the Navajo, and also of the Hopi, once said "They" the Indians "are a great people for solid experiments." I hurry back to where the Fool Dancers, loaded for bear, are trekking back to the camp, and join Bill Berry who is walking near the procession. We walk near the line, but not too near, and keep an eye on them. The rest of the spectators are doing the same. The tendency seems to be to keep close enough to tempt the dancers to give chase, but far enough away to be able to stay out of range. The same tendency is found in a game of tag. But we get to camp in good shape, the dancers making a few feints, as if to rush, and scattering the crowd in all directions. Their trick is, Bill Berry tells me, to behave themselves until the crowd feels secure, and gets too close, and then to turn loose and give the crowd the works. Another trick, Bill says, is that they pretend to look to the right, and make a few moves as if to rush in that direction. Then they break to the left, and catch the crowd that has closed in on that side, expecting to see the boys and girls on the right of the line get messed up with fertilizer. Bill Berry and I enter the camp, and go to Bill's tent to get a drink of water, being very thirsty. But the children have drunk all the water, and there will be no more along for a couple of hours, when the wagon with the water barrels comes in from Snake Butte spring. So we go without, and stay thirsty. The Fool Dancers form their circle and do their dance just inside the camp circle, at its southernmost point, which is the point at which they entered. There is a gust of rain and some wind. The dancers go westward inside the circle, and do their usual dance at the westernmost point of the circle. They rush the crowd several times, but the crowd gives way fast, and no direct hits are reported. Bill Berry still insists that if I sit down on the ground when a Fool Dancer charges me, he will not hit me with what he carries. I take his word for that, but keep my distance, and stay on my feet so as to be able to make a fast get away. When the Fool Dancers have danced at the west point of the circle, they move to the north of the circle. On their way there one of them makes a direct hit on an automobile with a ball of cud. That Fool Dancer makes a fine throw, and the Big League should have a scout out here. There are some fine fielders among these dancers. When the dancers have finished at the north end of the camp and start for the east point in the camp circle, I go back to our car. Celina is driving, and Mrs. Bolling and Mary Ellen are in the car. There are many other cars around us. We are near the hot dog stand, and moving east to see the dancers do their stuff at the east point of the circle. Then the storm hit. It was a twister, and hit very suddenly. The automobiles turned on their head lights, but the blackness blotted them out, and all of the cars stopped moving at once. The wind was very high, and the dust and darkness so great that we could not see the radiator cap of our car.

Fortunatley most of the windows were closed, as a precaution against the activities of the Fool Dancers. We close the rest very quickly. There is a sprinkling of rain with the wind, but wind and dust make up most of this storm. In a few moments we are in the vortex, and the air clears for a few moments. We see a small boy outside the car. He is shielding his face, and is having a bad time of it. I open the door and pull him inside. He is the son of one of the Agency employees, according to Mrs. Bolling. Just as we close the car door, the storm hits again, the vortex having passed. A few more moments go by, during which we wonder if the car will be blown over. Then the storm passes as quickly as it came. We can see it move off, and it is cone shaped and black. The point of the cone touches the earth. That is the point that touched us. Some of the tents and tipis of the camp have been blown down. The Fool Dancers, I learn, laid themselves flat on the ground during the storm. Their tipi was blown down. The canvas roof and some of the timbers of the hot dog stand near the Sun Dance lodge have been blown away. But the Sun Dance lodge stood up without damage. It is very stanchly built. The Fool Dance has to stop for the time being, as the Fools cannot return to their tipi until it is put up again. This is done in a few minutes, as it does not take long for the women here to erect a tipi. We let the boy out of our car. They start to repair the hot dog stand at once. This is the place where I found First Chief having his coffee during the erection of the Sun Dance lodge. It appears that the fast First Chief had to observe during the time from his arrival at camp to the entrance into the Sun Dance lodge only demanded abstinence from food, and not from liquids. After First Chief and the other dancers entered the Sun Dance lodge the fast demanded that they take neither food nor liquids, but the men could smoke. This fast was strictly observed by all. The Foll Dancers tipi is soon erected again, and the dancers proceed to do their dance at the east point of the camp circle, just as if nothing had happened. They then proceed to their tipi at the southeast quarter of the circle, inside the circle. They march east of the tipi, and then turn and appreach the tipi from the south, going up to its entrance. They are piping their whistles slowly, and a few rushes are made at the people, and some entrails are thrown, but no direct hits are spotted. I ask Celina if she ever spent a Sunday quite like this one, and she declares she never did. But Celina went to 11 o'clock Mass in Harlem this morning, while Mary Ellen and I were off taking in the Thunder Pipe. I pay Mary Ellen the two dollars I owe her as a bet on the Thunder Pipe. Enough rain fell to justify her collecting the bet, and besides the twister was worth two dollars, even without the rain. The Fool Dancers in single file march up to the door of the tipi. The leader, Medicine Robe, after making three feints with his coup stick, finally throw it into the tipi through the smoke hole, and follows it in. The other dancers each in turn take the sack which is carried by the dancer last in line, he with the bow and arrow, and after each has made three feints with the sack, he throws the sack through the smoke hole, and enters. After each dancer enters the sack is thrown out for the next dancer to feint with and throw before entering. The man with the bow and arrow throws the sack and enters last. As the sack is thrown the whistles are shrilled as if in alarm. But there is no running backward as there was when moving up on the cow. The little fellow with the bow and arrow stays mean up to the last, and keeps threatening to hit someone over the head with a string of guts he carries, or else to shoot them with an arrow. The meat wagon drives up to the Fool Dancers tipi, and meat is passed inside, and they proceed to have

their feast. The Fool Dance being over, we leave the camp and drive back to the Agency Club house to wash up. When I was here in 1907 there was no Fool Dance, but the Fly Dance was given instead. The Fly Dancers are young men, and they carry long sticks with gads on them. They circle the camp as do the Fool Dancers, forming a circle at each of the four points of the compass in the camp, and proceeding around the inner side of the camp circle clockwise. When they stop to dance, they spread their blankets, and bow down, buzzing to imitate the gad fly. They chase the spectators and prod them with the sharp ends or gads on their sticks, and thus imitate the bite of the gad fly. The 1907 Fly Dance broke up in a riot. When the dancers reached the west point in the camp circle they prodded some old fellow, who drew a six shooter. Superintendent Logan and Powder Face the Arapaho rushed in fast and disarmed the old fellow. It was later reported that the fight was planned by some Indians who did not like Logan, and thought that if a fight started, he could be easily killed by a stray bullet, an accidental shot, fired during the mix up. But Logan and Powder Face moved in too fast. I saw the gun later, Logan showed it to me. It was an old Colt 45, and loaded. It drills a hole as big as the Holland Tunnell. When washed up we join Mrs. Elliott and she drives us over to Harlem. We take the soiled laundry with us, and leave it by with a woman in Harlem recommended by Mrs. Elliott. We leave money for the laundry, and money sufficient to have the laundry, in the suit case in which it is packed, mailed to us at Glacier Park Hotel, Parcels Post. I see the Station Agent and arrange to have the first section of the Oriental Limited flagged down for us here tomorrow morning. The Agent says that the train is running two sections now, for the rush season at Glacier Park. We then go to Olsen's Garage to see if a car can be sent out to us in the morning. The Manager is very frank there. He says he can try and get us a car sent out, but can promise nothing in that regard. He knows of no one in Harlem who would get up that early in the morning even to earn a couple of dollars. There is a lot of relief money being distributed here, and the people have grown to dislike work, having found that they can get money for not working. But they will all vote on the side that keeps on giving them the relief money. Meantime it is difficult to get any one to do work. This laudress is an exception, according to Mrs. Elliott. She will still take work. Her husband is on relief, and she must keep it dark that she likes work, because if it got around her husband might get no more of that good Government money. I do not know what our Pollyana in the White House has done to the rest of the country, but he has certainly helped to make bums out of a lot of people here in Harlem. We drive back to the Elliotts quarters, and there meet Superintendent Elliott and the Bollings. We have supper there. Elliott says he will drive us over in the morning. We will load our baggage in the car he loaned us at the Club House, and then come over to Elliotts quarters, and he will drive us to Harlem. While at supper an Indian comes up on the porch and wants to talk to the Superintendent. Mrs. Elliott reports the Indian is stewed. She does not use that word, but that is what she means. Elliott goes out and talks to him. He just dropped by, feeling good, to tell Elliott a few things. The Indian wanted principally to talk about himself. About what a good, great and wise man he was, and how much influence he had among his people. Having gotten all of this off his chest, he departs satisfied. We look over Elliotts Indian collection, which has some fine things in it. I asked Elliott on the way up from the Turtle Pipe cabin about the scalp I had.

Joking about it, I asked for a ruling from him on a point of law. There is an old statute which makes it a misdemeanor for any white man to take or accept from any Indian any gun, trap, article of clothing, fur or peltry. Elliott says he is familiar with the statute. I ask him if in his opinion a scalp is a peltry within the meaning of the statute. He laughs, and rules that a scalp is not a peltry. We joke each other about it. But this statute was no joke when it was enacted. It was made law for a very good reason. In the good old days, when the United States made its annual distribution of annuity goods and provisions among the Indians, they really distributed some very prime goods. This included gins, ammunition, traps, blankets, clothing and provisions. Then the whiskey trader would move in fast, and with a few dollars worth of cheap alcohol buy up all of these goods for a song. The trader would then move to a nearby town and be able to sell these goods at a fine profit, but by reason of the fact that he had bought them at such a cheap price, could sell way below the average market price of the other merchants, and put these other merchants out of business. The fur and peltry prohibition of the law was to keep the business of fur trading, as well as other Indian trading in the hands of licenced Indian traders. These traders make a formal application for licence, with proper endorsements and recommendations and on being granted their licence must post bond to comply with all laws and regulations made and to be made in the government of trade in the Indian country. So a person running a store in Indian country is a licenced trader, even though his store looks like a soda fountain, a country store, a drug store, or a gasoline filling station. Sometimes it looks like all of these things lumped together. But Mary Ellen cannot get used to having the places referred to as trading stores, or their keepers as Indian traders. Nevertheless that is just what they are. The law says so. We visit with the Elliots and Bollings after supper. We have a fine time. It appears that Cupid has been busy at the Agency Club House this week, but I was away and missed most of it. Celina and Mary Ellen saw some of it. The Mexican, or Indian, who was glad he was so civilized had married, by elopment, the daughter of a rancher in the valley. They were at the Agency mess Monday, but Tuesday the girl's mother showed up, with a Deputy Sheriff. The mother was, it is said, a most determined looking woman. The Deputy looked sheepish and uncomfortable. He knew, as well as anybody else, that an Indian Reservation is United States property, and under Federal jurisdiction, and the writ of a county Deputy Sheriff was so much waste paper on this Reservation. He had no authority and knew it. But mother took daughter home by force. Then daughter must have given mother an earful of very private information, because the day following, which was Wednesday, mother came back with daughter, and dropped her like a hot potato at the Agency Club House. The couch we had moved up to our room for Mary Ellen was intended for the bride and groom originally. The groom is employed at the Agency. But when mother descended, the couple thought to wait awhile before setting up house keeping, until the problem of mother was settled for good. I did not get a chance this trip to see the old Mission church at Saint Paul's and am sorry that I did not. The church had a very interesting painting on its ceiling. Above the altar was painted God the Father, on a pink cloud. He had long black whiskers. Around him were seated a number of white men in black stetson hats, and black frock coats. They also had beards, and were probably prosperous white whiskey traders who had arrived in Heaven on a last minute quarterback sneak. Below, over the body of the church was Hell. It was full of Indians, looking most unhappy, and looking upward toward God and his friends on the pink