June 25, 1936 to July 31, 1936. DIARY.

Thursday June 25.

Saw Mr. Serven at office in morning. To bank and ticket office and got traveler's checks and transportation. Packed. Johnnie and Dorothy Graf came by to take us to the train at 10:30 P.M. Johnnie suggested that I look over the reported village site at Fort Belknap which Dr. Rodnick made mention of. Arrived at Union Station early. Drawing room on Capitol Limited for Celina, Mary Ellen and self. Train left on time at 11:59 P.M. (Peter Koch, Life on the Upper Clyde, 1879; in Montana History, 1929; Contributions.)

Friday June 26.

Drought through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Streams are very low, and recent moisture along their banks would indicate recent shrinkage. Were due to arrive in Chicago at 5:10 P.M., but arrived at 5:30 P.M. Transferred luggage from B & O Station to Union Station, then took taxi to Congress Hotel and there ordered a planked white fish dinner for seven o'clock. Then took taxi drive up Lake Shore to cool off. Dinner in Pompeiian Room at seven. Took plenty of time. Had one dance with Mary Ellen. Drove to Union Station at 9:30 P.M. Went on Board the Empire Builder, Great Northern. Heard Roosevelt nominated by acclamation over radio in club car. Went to bed as train was leaving Chicago yards at 11:30 P.M.

Saturday June 27.

Up when we arrived in Saint Paul. This town was originally founded as a bunch of saloons and dives to take care of the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Snelling. It was then known by the name of Pig's Eye, which was the name of a dive keeper in the early days, who was very celebrated. We crossed the Mississippi (Ojibway word: Michi, big, sipi, water), near the falls of Saint Anthony. These falls were so named by Father Hennepin in 1680. The Indians in his time sacrificed buffalo robes to the spirit in the falls. Now the spirit in the falls
no longer receives buffalo robes, but has been put to work grinding wheat into flour. Have breakfast as we are leaving Minneapolis. The translation of minneapolis is Watertown, from minne, a Sioux or Dakota word for water, and polis, a Greek word meaning city or town. Quite a combination. Are now going through Minnesota, which is a Sioux word derived from minne, water, and sota, blue, hence bluewater. Through Minnesota and North Dakota there has been no rain for two months. The brakeman tells me that the farmers are turning their cattle loose in the wheat and corn, as there is no possibility of saving these crops now. It might be possible to feed up the cattle, and sell them while they are fattened up, and thus salvage something out of the wreck. We are due to arrive at Harlem, Montana at 6:30 A.M. tomorrow. Harlem is a flag stop, so the train will be halted just long enough for us to get off. Go to bed early. Are traveling through the western part of North Dakota, and will cross the Montana line early in the morning.

Sunday June 28.

Up at 5: A.M. The Empire Builder is a half an hour late. Have a light breakfast in the dining car. Arrive in Harlem at 7:00 A.M. Station master takes our luggage and stows it in the telegraph operator's room. Walk over to the New England Hotel to get our bearings. Go to Saint Thomas church for eight o'clock Mass. Father Memenjer, a Jesuit, formerly on the Alaskan mission, said Mass. Go to Olsen's garage to make arrangements for transportation. Olsen does not rent automobiles, he only sells them, so our chances do not look so good. Telephone Fort Belknap Agency from Olsen's garage, and talk to Superintendent Elliot. He drove in at once and picked us up, and took us, with luggage to the Agency. It is a four mile drive from Harlem. The Milk River is very low, in some places running below the headgates of the irrigation ditches. The drouth here is severe. But the pools left by the shrinkage of the river make excellent breeding ground for mosquitoes.
The mosquitoes are plentiful, and very hungry. Superintendent Elliot puts us up at the Agency employees club, which is the old boarding school building. The mess there is run by Josephine, an Indian girl of the Ojibway tribe. We have a room and bath attached, the only one of its kind at the Agency. It is used for the accommodation of visiting inspectors and officials of the Indian Service. Cleaned up, unpacked and rested. Lunch at 2:30 P.M. Boiled beef, boiled potatoes, sliced tomatoes, bread butter and coffee. At 3:30 P.M. Superintendent Elliot, his wife and daughter called for us and we drove forty miles to Hays, where the Gros Ventres had organized a celebration because they are getting some money at last. They need it. Gros Ventres adopted me, giving me the name of Weasel Horse; and Celina with the name of Singing Woman; and Mary Ellen with the name of White Woman. The Boy handled the adoption of Celina and myself, and Fred White took care of Mary Ellen. We all received presents, and I made a speech. They then had a victory dance, a dance of honor and the owl dance. Buckman, Indian Judge at Hays led me in the dance of honor, and The Boy led Superintendent Elliot. A big time had by all. They seem very happy. Party concluded with a feast. Our party sat down with the councilment Victor Brockie, Clarence Brockie, Mrs. Shultz, Tom Maine, Rufus Warrior and The Boy. John Buckman and Bradley were also with us. Dan Johnson and George Cochran put in an appearance for the Owl Dance. What with the celebration, and the fact that it was also George's birthday he was as high as a kite. Dan put some steps into the Owl Dance that have never been seen before, among the Gros Ventres, or any place else. Started back to the Agency, arriving there late. The road from the Agency to Hays is a new gravel road. The gravel is loose, which makes the going rather nervous business at times. The run can be made in an hour and a half. When we took this journey on horse back, or in a wagon, thirty years ago, it took about ten hours. But nearer twelve hours.
Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my concern regarding the recent incident involving Mr. Smith. I believe it is important to address this issue promptly and fairly.

I understand that Mr. Smith was dismissed from his position due to alleged misconduct. However, I have some reservations about the procedure followed in this case. I believe that the procedures were not followed as rigorously as they should have been.

I would like to request a thorough investigation to determine the true nature of the allegations. I believe that fairness and transparency are crucial in such matters.

I believe that the company should consider reinstating Mr. Smith if the investigation reveals that the allegations are unfounded. I am sure that with proper guidance and support, he can contribute positively to the company.

I am available to discuss this matter further at your convenience. I appreciate your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
People's Creek, named for the fact that it rises near Three Persons or Three People's Butte, now known as Three Buttes, is bone dry. It is one of the principle creeks on this reservation. Dead cattle were seen along the road, and others did not have to be seen. They made their presence quite noticeable. The country is very parched, and where sheep have been grazed the grass roots have been destroyed and the top soil is being carried off by the wind.

Monday June 30.

Did nothing all day. Plans with superintendent Elliot evidently have miscarried. Neither he nor his family were at the Agency. After supper we went over to the Agency, and then to the Agency Hospital. Miss Holden, the head nurse, showed us over the hospital. It has two stories and a basement, is is complete and modern in every appointment. It has a good operating room, a delivery room separate, laboratory, X ray room, and first class isolation ward for tubercular patients. But the money ran out when it came to putting in an elevator. They hope to get one this year, but in the mean time the place is known as a nurse killer. Carrying bed ridden patients down three flights of stairs to the basement for X Ray, and then carrying them back again up three flights wears the help out. The Agency doctor is away in New York, and a doctor from Harlem is doing the surgery. Miss Holden is doing everything else, including X ray, maternity, minor surgery, and what ever else falls to her lot. She is also breaking in two new cooks, as the regular cook is upstairs in a ward recovering from an appendicitis operation.

She is a very busy woman is Miss Holden. Telephoned Olsen's garage in Harlem from the hospital, and they sent over Percy Grey, a demonstrator, with a Ford. Drove to Harlem for tobacco and other supplies, and then drove back to the Agency and on to the Assiniboine camp which is forming a mile and a half south of the Agency, and a half a mile east of the Agency-Hays road. Saw Charlie Bear, an Assiniboine
Indian at his tipi. Also Bill Berry, the camp crier, who was Chief of Indian Police here thirty years ago. Charlie Bear agrees to be my interpreter, and that he will talk to First Chief, director of the Assiniboine Sun Dance tonight. Charlie is a great grandson of Crazy Bear, a famous Assiniboine chief, who accompanied Father DeSmet to the treaty of Laramie in 1851. The Assiniboine name is Mahato Witko, which the French translated as L'Ours Fou. He is mentioned by Charles Larpenteur, who was Clerk at the American Fur Trading Company's post at Fort Union. Show Charlie and Bill Berry a picture of The Male, who was First Chief's father, taken in 1908 by Sumner Matteson the photographer. Will give the picture to First Chief. Back to the club house and to bed.

Tuesday June 30.

Saw Superintendent Elliot at the Agency office. He had sent us a government automobile yesterday for our use while here, but the man he gave the order to misunderstood, and drove the car to the Agency garage, instead of to the club house as intended. The auto is sent for at once, is driven up to the Agency office, and the keys are turned over to Celina. Met First Chief and Mrs Bigbie in the superintendent's office, and had a talk with them, Mrs Bigbie acting as interpreter. Drove to Harlem for supplies, and stocked auto with emergency rations, consisting of crackers, canned meat, two-quart cans of tomatoes, for drinking, and can opener. You never know in this country where you are going to find yourself each day. The tomatoes are important. Drinking water is very scarce. The supply we get at the Agency is hauled in from the Snake Butte spring, thirteen miles away, in barrels. The butte is called Snake Butte because the rattlesnakes like that spring water too, and are about there in large numbers. The water used here for washing is so heavily chlorinated that you cry every time you wash your hands. Drove to Hays for a meeting with the Gros Ventre council.
The meeting was public. Arrived at Hays at 1:00 P.M. Celina and Mary Ellen left me at the meeting, and drove on up the Mission Canyon to see the natural bridge. Later Mary Ellen had a horse back ride on one of the ponies belonging to an Indian boy. Many of the Gros Ventre Indians were present at the meeting and all asked questions. All the council were present, and in addition John Buckman and Bradley. I furnished two cartons of cigarettes which kept the party going in good shape. They smoked all of the cigarettes. Meeting recessed at 4:30 P.M. until Friday night. Returned from Hays to the Assiniboine camp near the Agency to see Charlie Bear, but Charlie had left the camp to get some meat. Went to Agency club house for supper at 6:00 P.M., and then returned at once to the Assiniboine camp, and met Charlie Bear. Also met his brother, John Bear, an Assiniboine from Fort Peck. We walked over to First Chief's tent for a talk. Present there: First Chief; Charlie Bear; Bigbie, who is construction boss on the sun dance lodge; Mrs. Bigbie; Celina; Mary Ellen and myself. Made a talk to First Chief, gave him his father's picture, and he explained to us the nature of the revelation that his father had about the sun dance. Made a gift to the sun dance lodge. First Chief said that we could see, photograph and take notes/everything that went on, and that he and his helpers would do all they could to assist. As Bigbie put it: "You will see everything from soup to nuts." Then called on Bill Berry, the camp crier. Some Gros Ventres are in camp, having pitched their tipis and tents in the northwest corner of the camp. They are Paul Horse Capture's people. There are also some visiting plains Crees in camp, some Sioux and Assiniboine from Fort Peck; some of Rocky Boy's band, and some Canadian Assiniboine. Left camp and visited with Superintendent Elliot and his family at the Agency, then drove on to the hospital, as Mary Ellen has a sore throat from the alkali dust we have been breathing for the last
few days. Back to the club house and to bed.

**Wednesday July 1.**

First Chief said last night that the secret tipi would be erected this afternoon. It was to have been erected yesterday, but a band of Assiniboine from Lodge Pole on the reservation could not come in until last night. This delay was due to the death of a woman in their camp, and they had to take time out to bury her. First Chief said he hated to delay the start of the sun dance in this way, because it was unlucky, but that under the circumstances there was nothing else he could do. Talked to Superintendent Elliot in his office this morning. Curly Head the Gros ventre is giving his Thunder Pipe ceremony on Sunday. Also discussed the matter of getting the Feather Pipe for the National Museum. It has no keeper, and no one now knows the ritual, so that it cannot be opened. Also talked about the village site which Dr. Rodnick mentioned, the location of which is known to Bill Cresco. Mary Ellen slept late. Celina and I drove with her to Harlem, where she had her breakfast. Met Percey Grey and J. Rhodes in the cafe. J. Rhodes is an old time cow puncher, and was range boss in Will Logan's old cattle outfit. He was a friend of Charlie Russel. We swapped yarns while Mary Ellen ate. Decided to have lunch in Harlem. Went back to camp from Harlem. Visited around the camp. Witnessed the raising of the secret tipi. First Chief was there, assisted by Frank Buck, one of his helpers, and Many Coups. The women who raised the poles were Mrs. Frank Buck, Mrs. Bigbie, Mrs. Attacks and Mrs. Standing Bear. Back to Harlem and then to supper. To the camp after supper, and First Chief called me into the secret tipi. Charlie Bear came in shortly thereafter. Outside of the singers the secret tipi party consisted of First Chief, director of the sun dance; Charlie Sebastian, firekeeper; Herbert Soldier, pipe handler and helper; and Frank Buck, Raymond Feather and Bull Chief, helpers. The songs were given by First Chief; Wind Chief; Takes the
Shirt, a Canadian Assiniboine from Battleford; and Bull Chief. Two
boys, Dick Shaw and Johnny Flea took the part of dancers. The ceremony
was due to last until daylight, but as the songs ran out about midnight
the ceremonies ended at that time. A good account of the ceremonies was
obtained, and a complete translation of the songs. Charlie Bear and
First Chief gave every assistance possible, and Charlie and I were given
seats directly back of First Chief, near the pipes and the altar, and
just west of the buffalo skull, where we could observe all that went on.
Celina and Mary Ellen were directed to drive the automobile right up
next to the wall of the tipi, and so were taken care of. Back to the
Agency club house at about 12:30 A.M., and had some crackers and tinned
meat. Looked over notes just taken and then to bed, about 1:30 A.M.

Thursday July 2.

Up at 6:00 A.M. No time for breakfast, and no breakfast to be had at
that hour. In camp by 7:00 A.M. Drove to secret tipi. The scouts were
gathering there to start out to find the center pole of the sun dance
lodge. The had just been summoned by First Chief, and were arriving on
the scene. Scouts are dressed as if going on a war party. First Chief
does not go out with the party, which is lead by Speak Thunder. Celina,
Mary Ellen, Charlie Bear, John Bear, and myself go in our automobile.
The Scouts, in other cars, are Speak Thunder, leader; Old Thunder; Lupin;
Talks Different; Coming Day; Strong; Many Coups, and Many Robes, who is
also known as Lame Chicken. Very hot in the grove, which is on Milk
River, and about four miles north of the camp. There are plenty of
mosquitoes. We took Many Robes in our car, at the request of Charlie
sebastian, the fire keeper. Charlie remained in the tipi with First
Chief. After the scouts had found and marked the tree, and recited before
it their war exploits, we all returned to camp. There witnessed the return
of the scouts, in battle formation, and their report to First Chief,
who stood north of the tipi and received them. This ceremony ended at
about 11:30 A.M., and then Celina, Mary Ellen and I rode to Harlem for a combined late breakfast and lunch. Returned to camp at about 1:00 P.M., and met Charlie Bear at the secret tipi. He was inside making offerings of cloth to First Chief, for the thunderbird and buffalo. Dan Johnson, 20 miles distant, a Gros Ventre brought two horses up from his ranch, and has them over at Bill Berry's tent. One of them is for Mary Ellen to ride. The party forms at the tipi to go out and cut down the center pole. It is lead by First Chief, accompanied by his helpers, and the scouts who went out this morning. Mary Ellen, Dan Johnson, and an Assiniboine named Woodrow, ride out with the wagons and the party to get the center pole. Celina, Charlie Bear, John Bear and myself go out with the automobiles, which are led by First Chief and his party. We witness the cutting down of the center pole, and return with the main party, reaching camp ahead of the party bringing in the pole and the brush. Witness entrance of center pole to camp, raising of center pole, and construction of major portion of the lodge. Return to Agency club for supper and then back to camp in time to witness the entrance of the party under First Chief into the lodge, and the abandonment of the tipi. The lodge is dedicated and opened, and the sun dance is started. Remain in the sun dance lodge until shortly after midnight, and then return to the Agency club house and work on notes until after 1:30 A.M. Turn in.

Friday, July 3.

Up at 3:30 A.M. and drive to the camp. It is just daylight. The ceremony of smoking the buffalo skull was to have been preformed at dawn, but has been put off. Talk awhile to Bill Berry. We drive to Harlem, and there find an all night eating place, where Celina, Mary Ellen and I have some breakfast. Breakfast at 4:30 A.M. Both Charlie and John Bear are taking part in the sun dance, so that now Bill Berry is acting as my interpreter. Go back to club house to wash up, and then to camp at
6:30 A.M., and remained in sun dance lodge photographing and observing until 10:00 A.M. Then returned to club house, wrote up notes and had some lunch, and back to the sun dance lodge again at noon. Remained in sun dance lodge until 3:30 P.M., and then returned to club house for a forty minutes nap and went to Harlem for an early supper. Back in sun dance lodge at 5:30 P.M., and witnessed the closing ceremonies of the lodge. Left for Hays, and Gros ventre council meeting at 6:00 P.M. Arrived at school house at Hays at 7:30 P.M., and met the council there. Celina and Mary Ellen drove on to the mission, about three miles, and visited there. Made the council a gift for Curley Head, and his Thunder Pipe ceremony, which is to take place on Sunday. The council meeting continued until 11:00 P.M. Celina and Mary Ellen came in shortly before the meeting adjourned. All the councilmen were present, but no one else was there. Put in a good word for Roy Ayers, who is seeking the Democratic nomination for governor, with the council. Left Hays shortly after eleven and started back to the Agency. Between Wild Horse Butte and Snake Butte/had to take time out for a short nap. Arrived at Agency club house at 1:00 A.M. and all went to bed.

Saturday July 4.

Superintendent Elliot and Mr. Bolen, the extension agent, called by the club house at 9:00 A.M. We had just finished breakfast. We left at once in Bolen's car for Lodge Pole creek. The party consisted of Celina, Mary Ellen, Superintendent Elliot, Mr. Bolen and myself. We took note books, tape measure, cameras, and two thermos jugs of iced tea. Also digging tools. We left the road and cut directly across country, heading south east toward Lodge Pole creek. Plenty of heat, no water, and the country swarming with grasshoppers. Some dead cattle. The grasshoppers bite. If the auto windows are left open the car is soon
alive with grasshoppers. If the windows are kept closed it gets very hot inside. We are headed for the village site reported by Rodnick, and described to us in camp yesterday afternoon by Bill Cresco. We passed some old tipi circles, and also Mrs. Steven's ranch. Lodge Pole Creek and People's creek are the two principle streams on this reservation, in addition to Mission creek which feeds into People's creek. Lodge Pole still flows to a short distance from the mouth of its canyon, and then dries up. So does Mission creek. Peoples creek has also dried up. There are three springs on the reservation. Snake Butte spring, Wild Horse Butte spring, and a spring where the old stage road crosses People's creek. These springs are still running. There are some reservoirs for cattle, the water being stored from snow and rain water in the spring. The water is fit for cattle but not for human consumption. Too much alkali in the water, or too much pollution from the cattle. We scout along Lodge Pole creek, or the dry bed that marks where Lodge Pole creek once was. Have difficulty in crossing to the east bank; because the banks are very steep. We locate one site, and dig, photograph and measure, and find nothing but buffalo bones, and what appears to be wood ash. We move up the site indicated by Bill Cresco. Find some fire pits, more bones, and no artifacts. It looks like Indians found drowned buffalo along the creek at these points, after the spring floods, and barbecued them where they found them. They do not appear to be camp sites. At least no artifacts were found here, but plenty of buffalo bones. We drive on the Lodge Pole sub Agency, seeing very many Mormon beetles, or crickets, by the roadside. But fewer grasshoppers. Drought, beetles and grasshoppers are cleaning up the country between them. Look over new community hall being erected at Lodge Pole. Then take the road which parallels the northern rim of the Little Rocky mountains, and head west to Hays. We stop off to examine the old Indian burial ground near Lodge Pole.
There is a sandstone outcropping just below the cliff which marks the northern rim of the Little Rockies. In the caves and crevices of this outcropping the Assiniboines placed their dead, either in ordinary boxes, or wrapped in blankets. Some of the tops of the boxes have either been blown off by the winds, or have been disturbed by animals, exposing the contents. The bodies in the boxes have also been wrapped, and the faces covered. Disintegration in this climate seems to be by drying up. There is no unpleasant odor about the place. But the clothing and wrappings of the bodies seem to stand the effects of time and exposure better than the bodies. Tin cups, beads, lodge poles, broken children's toys, and like objects are scattered about the place. It is not especially gruesome, but rather gives the appearance of a long neglected attic, if there could be such a thing outdoors. We drive on to Hays, where there is an artesian well of very cold water. It comes from lime formation, and is very hard water, and does not quench thirst so well. We fill up on water, the iced tea having gone for some hours. Take the road to Agency, but turn west from it near Three Buttes in order to examine a lot of old tipi rings, which mark a village site. Examine these, and find nothing, so proceed on to the Agency, arriving there about 3:00 P.M. On approaching Agency we learn that the Lodge Pole Assiniboines have had some more bad luck. Having been delayed in coming to the sun dance camp by a woman's death just as they were getting ready to come in, now that the dance is over another woman in their outfit has just died. Stop at Bolen's and have some lunch, then all drive to the camp. The celebration is going on, and everyone dancing. The sun dancers who were all in when they stopped last night, are now getting around as if nothing had ever happened to them. When Charlie Bear quit last evening, I walked out of the lodge with him, and he was pretty weak after twenty hours or longer without
food or water. Today he shows no bad effects. Neither do First Chief, Raymond Peather, or any of the others. Saw the Grass Dance, Owl Dance and other dances. Talked to Charlie Bear and First Chief. Received beaded shirt, as a present, in the dance circle from Iron Man Number One. Danced in the Owl Dance. Obtained further information from Charlie Bear and First Chief. Gave First Chief a treaty medal of the year 1841. Returned to Agency at 9:00 P.M., and then back to the camp at 10:00 P.M. for fireworks. Returned to club house at 11:00 P.M., and retired.

Sunday July 5.

Up at 5:00 A.M. and drafted two letters for the Gros Ventre council. To Harlem for breakfast. Josephine and the agency club mess are taking a holiday over July 4 and 5, so there is nothing doing at the mess. Saw station agent in Harlem and arranged to have Empire Builder flagged on its way through here tomorrow morning. To New England Hotel cafe for breakfast. Used their typewriter to write letters for Gros Ventre council which were drafted earlier. Had breakfast. Cancelled order at Olsen's garage to have car hired to drive us to Browning. Tried to get car to take us from Agency to station at Harlem tomorrow morning. Not much luck. Drove back to Agency. Celina has decided to remain at Agency as she is tired, and wants to get packed, and get the laundry sent out. She will keep the government car. Bolen takes his car, and in it Mrs. Bolen and Mary Ellen. Superintendent Elliot takes me in his car, and we pick up Iron Man Number One as a passenger. Read letters to Elliot on way to Hays, and talk over Gros Ventre Indian situation. Arrived at Hays, and picked up an Indian at the pool hall to guide us out to Curley Head's camp. At Curley Head's saw Clarence Brockie and gave him the two letters for the council. Quite a crowd of Gros Ventre assembled at Curley Head's, and two lodges thrown together are arranged for the ceremony. There is a sweat lodge also, the keeper
of Thunder Pipe evidently having purified himself with a sweat bath. In the lodge set up for the ceremony, at its west end, is an altar composed of cow chips, or cow dung, evidently a substitute for the older type of altar composed of buffalo chips. These are covered with sage brush, and a cow or buffalo hide is layed on top of the sage brush before the pipe bundle is carried in by two women relations of Curley Head. Iron Man Number Two, known as Tall Iron Man assists Curley Head in the ceremony. John Buckman acts as interpreter. We observe the ceremony and are permitted to take photographs and notes. Also are allowed to see the face in the pipe bundle. It is a red stone face, of Mayan design. Very few Indians have seen the face or the Thunder Pipe. It has not been opened publicly for a long time. Some weeks ago it was opened, but it rained so hard that no one could get to Curly Head's camp to see it. Had a hard time getting away from ceremony afterwards. Everybody wanted to shake hands. Had talk with Rufus Warrior, The Boy and superintendent Elliot about the Feather Pipe, or the Turtle, as it is also known. Not much chance of the National Museum getting it, but it will be stored in a more secure place. Turtle or Feather Pipe now has no keeper, and it looks as though Thunder Pipe will have no keeper shortly as Curly Head has no successor. These two pipes are the tribal medicine, or protecting power, of the Gros Ventre. Elliot thinks the drouth has made the Gros ventre afraid to let Turtle go out of the country. Mary Ellen starts back to the Agency with Mr. and Mrs. Bolen. Rufus Warrior, The Boy and Tom Maine offer to take Superintendent Elliot and I up to where Turtle is kept. They start out in Rufus' car, and Elliot and I follow in his. Clarence Brockie joins Rufus and his party. They go up the gravel road ahead of us doing a little better than seventy miles an hour. We finally catch up with them, and turning off the Agency road to the east, finally come to the cabin where Turtle is kept. The Boy unlocks it and we go in. The bundle, containing
Turtle, the saddles and the white buffalo skin, and other accessories, are on the north wall of the cabin. On the west wall is hung a reproduction of the Last Supper. The Boy takes off his hat, as we all do, and addresses the Turtle. Then he unwraps the outer bundle and presents me with a scalp, made as a votive offering to Turtle about a hundred years ago, in thanksgiving for a victory of the Gros Ventre over the Blood Indians. He tells me if I have any bad dreams not to blame him. Tom Main insists that I fasten the scalp to my button hole. This is done. We say goodbyes to each other, and Elliot and I start for the Agency, and the Gros Ventre go back to Hays. We all have dinner at the Elliotts, with the Bolens. After dinner go to the camp, arriving there at about four o'clock. Arrive just in time for the Fool Dance, which is given by Medicine Robe. It has not been given for thirty years. Dan Johnson put up the beef for the dance. Medicine Robe led the dance when last given in 1906. Follow the dancers to a point south of the camp where they kill and butcher the beef, and eat the raw liver. Give some good pictures. Stay with Bill Berry during most of the time. Rain storm comes up as the dancers return to camp, but the crowd does not disperse on that account. The dancers carry uncleaned entrails of the cow with them, and throw them at the crowd. Also balls made of the stomach contents of the cow. An enjoyable time is had by all, and some of the spectators get hit, while others are chased around by the dancers. As the dancers are returning to their tipi a twister comes up and blows down their tipi, and some other tents in the camp. For a few minutes it is impossible to see the radiator cap on our car. We pull a small boy out of the twister, and keep him inside until it blows over. He was having a bad time of it. This storm delays the conclusion of the Fool Dance. Returned to the club for a wash up, and then we all went to Harlem with Mrs. Elliot. Celina arranged to have laundry done, and mailed ahead of us, parcels post to Fort Washakie. Returned to
Agency and spent evening with Elliots and Bolens, and had some supper. Superintendent Elliot will take us to Harlem in morning, as Olsen's doubt if they can get a man to drive a car that early. Back to the club house and packed. Turned in late.

Monday July 6

Up at 5:30 A.M. Club house inmates just returned from their two days Fourth of July celebration a few minutes before that time. Bet Elliot does not get much work out of the bunch for the next three or four days. Take auto and baggage to Elliots and the drive must over to Harlem. Wire Glacier Park Hotel from station asking for reservations there. Say goodbye to Superintendent Elliot. Leave Harlem on section one, Empire Builder at 6:30 A.M. Get pullman tickets on train and then go in to breakfast. Very tired. All of us are. Arrive at Glacier Park at 1:00 P.M. David Last Star, Joe Bull Child, Fish, Joe Ground and Tom Middle Calf are doing their stuff at the station. Say hello to them, and then we go up to the Hotel and check in. They give us two large double rooms, with bath between, and a private veranda with each room. Very comfortable. Have lunch, and telephone Joe Brown at the Blackfeet Agency, making arrangements to see him tomorrow morning at the Agency. Arrange for automobile to take us to the Agency. It is twenty miles from here. Rested during the afternoon. Had dinner. At 9:00 P.M. went down to Blackfoot camp back of Hotel with Celina and Mary Ellen. Went to David Last Star's lodge. Present David Last Star, Fish, Joe Bull Child, Tom Middle Calf, Joe Ground, and an Indian from Saskatchewan. We talked until 11:30 P.M. Last Star presented me with a bear claw necklace on leaving. He says it makes the heart strong. Back to the hotel about midnight, and to bed.

Tuesday July 7

Took Hotel automobile down to Blackfoot Agency, arriving there at about 10:30 A.M. These automobiles are open, in order to allow the tourist to
get a good view of the scenery. But in a windy country this is not so good. If they proceed much faster than twenty miles an hour the breeze almost blows your clothes off your back. We arrive at the Agency office of the Blackfoot Agency at about 10:30 A.M., and the automobile leaves us there, and goes on back to Glacier Park Hotel. The front door of the Agency is locked. We go around to the back door. The reason for this is that the Agency is kept open for the Indians here only three days a week, but is closed on the other days so that the employees can keep up on their paper work with Washington. Find Joe Brown in, and we go to the Superintendent's office. Graves, the new Superintendent is away at one of the numerous meetings which these days consume a great part of the time of the Indian field service. Had a talk with Joe Brown, and the Chief Clerk. Celina and Mary Ellen went over to the Sherburne Trading Company store to do some shopping. We then have lunch with Joe and Mrs. Brown at Joe's house. We go out in Joe's car after lunch, and find Wright Haggerty at the Haggerty Hotel. Wright is running his mothers hotel, her restaurant, his own sheep ranch and his two or three oil wells, while Mrs. Haggerty is recovering from an operation down in Great Falls. But he is getting some able assistance in all this from Grace, his wife, who appears able to run a ranch, a hotel, a cafe, or to do anything required of her. We meet Dick Sanderville on the street, and later Mrs. Sanderville, and then meet about twenty five full bloods, who are sunning themselves in front of the Post Office. Drive up to the new hospital, which is under construction. It will be a fifty bed hospital with doctors and nurses quarters attached. It will be one storey high, which will make it much easier on nurses and attendants. We have been fighting to get this hospital for the past ten years. Observe that a large number of Indians are employed as labor in constructing the hospital. This is as it should be. Drive down to the corrals. Calves
are being issued to the Blackfeet, five head to each member of the tribe, and as high as fifteen head to some members who did not receive cattle under previous issues. They look like prime beef, and are in good condition. There will be, however, due to drouth, a shortage of forage this winter. And the range is dry. As everybody is selling their beef now, and will continue to sell due to shortage of feed, the market will go down. Suggest to the Indians that they use their judgment money, oil and grass lease money, and whatever else they can scrape together to feed their stock this winter. Next summer there should be a beef shortage due to heavy sales this winter, and a high market. They should get good prices for their beef next summer and fall, if they can hold out through this winter. But the only question is in the minds of these Indians as to what the actual profit would be. If you throw seventy dollars worth of feed into a cow, and sell the cow for fifty dollars, where is the profit. They may get hooked whatever they do. But if they hold on to their live stock, at least they can eat. Drive to the Haggerty Hotel and there meet Albert Mad Plume, Owen Heavy Breast, and Peter Oscar Little Chief, and others. Peter talks my ear off. Grace Haggerty arrives from the ranch. We start back to Glacier Park Hotel. Celina rides with Joe Brown and his wife, and Mary Ellen and I drive with Wright and Grace Haggerty. We have dinner at the Hotel, the Browns and Haggertys being our guests. Afterwards take in the Indian dancing down stairs, and then Joe and wife leave for Browning. Wright takes us up to a beer joint run by a girl named Belle. Belle swears like a mule skinner and has a very deep voice. She runs the liquor store, a gas station, and said beer joint just across the reservation line. Have a dance there with Mary Ellen, and we all have some beer. A fresh young man asked Belle a short time ago if she were a man or a woman. Belle cracked him in the jaw by way of reply, and nearly kicked him to death while he was down. She is quite a person. We leave the joint after meeting
the waiter and the bartender. These two gentlemen look like they could handle about any situation that came their way, whether it required fists, boots, bottles, blackjacks or bungstarters to handle it. I would stack Belle and her two assistants against a Navy liberty party any day. Return to the hotel, and Wright and Grace leave for Browning. We turn in around midnight.

Wednesday July 8.

Mary Ellen went horse back riding with one of the local guides. I took breakfast and lunch in bed. Celina met Father Menenjer in the hotel lobby, and he came in to see me. He cannot stay for dinner as he is taking the east bound Empire Builder for Havre at six o'clock. He has charge of the church in Harlem, and other churches on the highline, but works out of Havre. He was formerly on the Alaskan mission. Talk over Dussomme, and his so called lost band of Chippewas. He thinks the old Fort Assiniboine reservation, with the buildings on the post could be taken over for these Indians, and they could thus be taken off the hands of the county and municipal authorities. This is a good idea. These Indians, like the Indians at Rocky Boy's, are mostly Red River half breeds, and a part of Sassoin Poitra's old band, who came in from Canada by Red River, and also through the Turtle Mountains. They are a mixture of Chippewa, or Ojibiway, French, Cree, a little Irâquois, and whatever else they have been able to pick up from the various contacts they have made on their travels. Many of them left Canada after Reil's second rebellion in great haste, getting across the line three jumps ahead of the hangman. Relate much of this to Father Menenjer.

But we agree that if Rocky Boy's outfit should be taken care of, as they were, these lost Chippewas should also, as they are all the same breed of cats. Got up for supper, and then we all went down to Margaret Carberry's. Talked to Margaret. While there Don Haggerty, Wright's
brother, and a friend of his, Chet McNair, came in from Great Falls. They had supper at Margaret's. Afterwards we all went back to the hotel and talked with Chet and Don. Chet now sells real estate in Great Falls. He used to sell machinery in Mexico City. Chet checks in at the hotel and Don goes to Browning to spend the night there. Don says he can drive us down to Helena on his way to Billings tomorrow. Otherwise he can drive us to Helena after he returns from Billings. We decide to remain at Glacier for the time being.

**Thursday July 9.**

Early breakfast. We all got into Chet McNair's car and rode to Two Medicine Lake, picking up Margaret Carberry on the way. Then the whole party came back to Glacier Park Hotel, and I read Margaret some of the notes taken on the Assiniboine sun dance, especially the translations of the songs in the secret tipi. Staked Margaret to our bath tub. Don Haggerty, his wife and children arrived at the hotel at noon, but would not stay to lunch, as they expected that there would not be time. Don's wife and children going to Seattle to visit her people, and leave on the west bound Empire Builder. We took Margaret and Chet to lunch. Train is late. Went down and saw Don's wife and family off. Gale Anderson, an Indian boy from the Agency brought us up a government car for our use while here. His sister in law, who is a daughter of Jack Munroe, (Rising Wolf), is leaving on the west bound for Yakima. Gale goes back to agency in government car, as Don has presented us with his car for our use while here. Don and Chet leave in Chet's car for Great Falls, and Don will proceed from there to Billings.

**Friday July 10.**

Wright and Grace Haggerty arrived at hotel early this morning. We set out in Wright's car for Belton, over the Marias pass. Proceed from Belton to Apgar at the foot of Lake MacDonald. This stretch used to
be heavily wooded. Back in 1914, since then forest fires have cleaned out all the timber, and the dead and down timber has been cut down and hauled away by the WPA projects in the last two years. The Blackfeet through Forrest Stone, succeeded in getting a greater part of the timber for firewood. We ride up the road along the east shore of the lake to the Lake MacDonald Hotel. We stop there for lunch. We then go on to Geduhn's, at the upper, or north end of the lake, and find Senator Walsh's cabin. Genevieve Gudger, his daughter is at home, and we pay her a visit. Leave there and proceed up Logan Pass. The road is in better condition than it was in 1932. There is yet evidence that rock falls in the spring do the road damage, and the parapets are being repaired by road gangs in many places, where they have been swept away by falling rocks. But the road looks safer than it did four years ago. We spend a little time at the summit of the pass, and then start down the east slope. Stop by a snow drift beside the road, and Wright produces some bottles of beer. We bury them in the snow, and wait for them to cool. Drink the beer, and proceed down the east slope of the pass to Going-to-the-Sun hotel. This is named after Going-to-the-Sun mountain. Willard Shultz, Apakuni, or the Piegan, says he named the mountain. The Great Northern publicity department have also fabricated an Indian legend as to how the mountain was named. The late Bob Hamilton told me once that it was named because Scar Face, the Piegan who visited the sun, and brought back with him some of the sacred rituals, began his journey to the sun from this point. All three sources disagree. So I do not know how the mountain received its name, because too many other people know definitely how it did, and none of their yarns about the subject agree. Have dinner at Going-to-the-Sun. Then start back for Glacier Hotel. Crossed the Hudson's Bay and Milk River divides. At this point, in the Milk River valley, old Running Rabbit's ghost used to make things
very hot for persons who travelled this trail by night. Running Rabbit was one of the chiefs who signed the treaty of the Judith in 1855. He is buried in the upper Milk River valley. The Indians say he used to leave his grave at night, and touch wayfarers, and whoever he touched died. This was surprising, as he was a kindly old man in his lifetime, but became very malignant after death. It rained as we were crossing the divide into the valley of Two Medicine. This river, and the two lakes get their name because the Piegans once had two medicine lodges at the same time, on the banks of the river. Arrived at Glacier Park Hotel in a downpour. Wright and Grace left for Browning. To bed about eleven P.M.

Saturday July 11.

Drove to Blackfoot Agency in Don's car. Celina and Mary Ellen stopped at Haggerty Hotel with Grace. Wright drove me to Agency office where I met Joe Brown. Mountain Chief came in. He is getting very old, and cranky, but in spite of what some of the Blackfeet say, his head is clear. He is totally blind. He wants a new bed from the Chief Clerk, and also some new false teeth, as he sat down on his last pair, and ruined them. He gives everybody present a good bawling out. I promise to come to see him. He wants to go to Canada, where the Bloods are holding their annual tobacco planting ceremony, which is very sacred. The Horn Society of the Bloods have invited him to become a member of their tobacco society. Chief Clerk promises him transportation up there, and promises him that young Fish, Fish's son, will drive him up there. Mountain Chief also wants some tobacco to take to the brothers of the Horn Society, otherwise they will not consider him. We leave the Agency office, and pick up Dick Sanderville near the Sherburne Trading Company Store. Get three plugs of tobacco there for Mountain Chief. Dick Sanderville, Wright Haggerty and I drive to Mountain Chief's and I give him the tobacco. He makes a long speech, so I make a short one.
Had a talk with Joe Sherburne at Sherburne Trading Company. Back to Haggerty Hotel, and dropped Dick Sanderville, Jim White Calf waiting for me. Long session with Jim White Calf, Little Plume and Bear Child, in which Peter Oscar Little Chief came in and took part. Mary Ellen telephoned me from a store, and finally got me away from there. Wright and Grace took us to lunch. Then went to trading store where I met Joe Choate, an old Carlisle football man, and recently a delegate to Washington. Wright bought some oranges, and I a carton of cigarettes to take to Mike Short Man who is riding his last mile down at the hospital. All of us go to hospital to see Mike. He is cheerful, and glad to see us, but the Doctor says that it is all over with Mike. Mike is one of the best of the sign talkers. Earlier in the day saw Wades in the Water and his wife Julia, who are back from the celebration on the Blood reservation in Canada. We saw them the first day we were at the Agency, when they were just leaving. They say Oscar Boy is still up there, but the Doctor says Oscar should not have gone. He has heart trouble, and was just getting over a bad hemorrhage from the lungs. Tuberculosis.

Said goodbye to Dick Sanderville and his wife in Browning, and to Wright and Grace. Then left in Don's car for Glacier Park Hotel. Took a rest there and had dinner. Then we all went down and had a visit with Margaret Carberry. She drove Mary Ellen over to Glacier and got her fixed up on a driver's permit for the State of Montana. The road policeman who gave the permit and received the money was tight. Margaret is running for County Treasurer nomination on the Democratic ticket.

**Sunday July 13.**

Breakfast. Ten o'clock mass in the hotel. Shriners in and out of the hotel all day. Did some work on sun dance notes most of the day. Don Haggerty did not come up from Billings, and a telephone message to the Haggerty Hotel gets the reply that they have no news of him. Wright and Grace have gone out to their ranch. Saw Margaret Carberry and left Don's
car with her. Had lunch and dinner at hotel, and completed notes on sun dance. Checked out, after getting packed, said goodbyes to the Indians, and took the 6:53 P.M. train for Great Falls. This is a Burlington train, that runs from Glacier Park Station to Cody, Wyoming, and is for the accommodation of those who wish to take in both the Glacier and Yellowstone Parks. It goes by way of Shelby, Great Falls, Billings, and Cody. We are late getting into Great Falls, arriving at midnight. Check in at the Rainbow Hotel. I wrote a letter on board the train to Matt Sterling, reporting on the Thunder Pipe, and the Fort Belknap village sites. Had difficulty in getting accommodations at Rainbow Hotel, but did so. There is some kind of an Auditors convention opening tomorrow in Great Falls.

Monday July 13.

Slept late and had breakfast. Sent a telegram to Forrest Stone at Fort Washakie Agency, in Wyoming, advising him of probable date of our arrival in Livingston, Montana. Took a taxi by the hour, and checked out of hotel, and checked baggage in the station. Then drove to Deaconess Hospital and we had a visit with Mrs. Haggerty. Remained there longer than we had intended, so had no time to drive out to the falls and see the giant spring. Boarded the 11:59 train for Helena. When approaching the divide between the Missouri and Wolf Creek, observed a forest fire starting in the Woody Mountains to our east. It appears as if it had only recently started. The fire is headed east, and from the direction of the smoke there seems to be some wind driving it. Had lunch on board the train and arrived in Helena at 3:00 P.M. It is very hot. We checked in at once at the Placer Hotel. Put in a call for Don Haggerty, in case he should be in Helena, and at the hotel. Also called up and left word for Ed. Toomey at his office. Took bath and tried to get some rest, but Ed. Toomey arrived very shortly, and
on his heels came Don Haggerty, accompanied by Superintendent Hunter of Fort Peck Reservation. Celina and Mary Ellen entertained Don and Hunter in their room, until I got through with Ed. Toomey in my room. Ed. Toomey left, but returned shortly with a check, and a general statement concerning condition of our affairs in Montana. Called up Mrs. Galen, and then went up to see her. She took us to dinner at the Montana Club, where we saw Owen Perry. After dinner we went to Galen's office and saw Paul Keller, who is handling Galen estate matters since the judges death. Back to the Placer, and Don loaned us his car. Saw Don and Hunter. They are holding down suite B in the Placer, had plenty of refreshments, and a couple of ladies. Mary Ellen walked in on us as we were all conversing, and so was introduced all around. We left the festive scene together, picked up Celina, and called on Dr. McCabe and his family, and then later on Dr. Flynn and his family. Back to the hotel and stopped in at suite B, and said goodnight to Don and Hunter. To bed. Storm came up in the early hours of the morning, but did not hear it.

Tuesday July 14.

Up early. Wrote to Dr. Norris and to McGraw of the Union Trust Company. Drove up to Dr. McCabes and had breakfast. Everybody there but the Dr. who had gone out early to perform an operation. Went to Ed. Toomey's office, and talked things over. Went to First National Bank and bought express checks, and then saw Tom Marlow, president of the bank, and with him Norman Holter. Went to florists and got some flowers. Went by their offices and said goodbye to Doctors Flynn and McCabe. To the hotel where we packed and checked out. In the lobby met Graves, the new Superintendent of Blackfoot, his Chief Clerk, and also Don Haggerty and Hunter. Don is tied up on a meeting this afternoon, otherwise he would drive to Butte with us. Hired a car from hotel to drive to Butte. Loaded the luggage aboard and then drove up to Mrs. Galen's and said goodbye.
Started for Butte. The road now is very good. Passed the Carver dredging operation above Montana City. 

They have crossed our property, and the gold dredges are moving up Clancy creek, toward Clancy. Passed Alhambra. Stopped for glass of beer at Boulder. Arrived at Tom Walker's house in Butte at two thirty P.M., having left Helena at 1:00 P.M.

This is good time. The driver took the car back to Helena. Visited with Maude Walker, and then Tom came in, and we all drove in Maude's car up to the hill to see John and Nell Gall. John is hill boss for a group of the Company's mines. On the way up we drove through Dublin gulch. In the old days no one could walk up this gulch, except a priest, without being beaten up. Since then the inhabitants have gotten even tougher.

Last year they beat up a priest, and robbed him, when he was on his way to make a sick call. At John Gall's meet Kitty Cotter. While there I get a long distance call from Forrest Stone's secretary at Fort Washakie Agency advising that Forrest is on his way to Livingston and will meet us there at the Park Hotel tomorrow morning. Drive back to Walker's and pick up our baggage, and then go to the station. Tom and Maude see us off on the North Coast Limited, Northern Pacific, at 6:05 P.M. In the diner the conductor tells us that he can give us no dinner check, as the dinner is served with the compliments of Tom Walker. Consequently we only tip the waiter. Take seats in the observation. A stranger tells me about helium that is being produced south of the Madison river in considerable quantity. Also pass some caves near Sappington that are being opened up by PWA workers. It is said they will be of greater extent, when explored than the Mammoth Caves. The country hereabouts looks green and well watered. Senator Wheeler has gotten through an irrigation project down near the Three Forks that should open up more of this country to farming. We arrive in Livingston shortly after ten P.M. and check in at the Park Hotel. There is a political rally going on in front of the
Park Hotel. The cowboy band of Governor Holt, who is seeking nomination on the Democratic ticket for Governor is holding forth. Two small boys, with boxing gloves, stage a bout. One wears a placard labeling him Holt, and the other wears a placard labeling him as Roy Ayers, Holt's opponent for the nomination. Of course the boy representing Holt knocks out the boy representing Ayers in the third round. All of Holt's supporters cheer, and the band plays, and there are some cat calls and boos from those who are for Ayers. The noise keeps up until late. It is a hot and close night. Do not sleep so well.

Wednesday July 15.

Up early and packed. Checked out and did some shopping with Celina for Mary Ellen before breakfast. Stone arrived at Park Hotel with Woolridge, Superintendent of Rocky Boy Reservation. They have just driven over from Bozeman this morning. Had breakfast, and stowed luggage in Stone's car. Woolridge said goodbye, and started for Rocky Boy's. We left Livingston about 10:30 A.M. and proceeded up the valley of the upper Yellowstone, the Absaraka range on our east, and the Bridger range on our west. Arrived at the bridge at Gardiner at about 13:30 P.M. Met Superintendent of Chemawa Agency, and his wife, at the gas station at Gardiner bridge. Stopped there to talk awhile. Proceeded into Gardiner and there had lunch at a hotel. It is very hot. On to Park entrance, and the ranger on duty telephone headquarters at Mammoth, who ordered that a pass be given us through the Park. Drove to Mammoth, and stopped to get some road data, and take a look through the museum. Left Mammoth and drove over the road above the Mammoth formation, through silver gate, and the Gardiner Canyon. Reached Lower geyser Basin, seeing Mount Holmes, Electric Peak, the beaver dam, Appolinaris springs, and several bears, and a number of moose on the way. Looked over the lower geyser formation and proceeded on past Madison junction, and paint pots to Old Faithful.
Arrived at Old Faithful at about 6:00 P.M. Looked the place over, and checked in at Old Faithful Inn. Looked about the formation, saw Old Faithful do its stuff, had dinner, and later bought some good reproductions of Charlie Russell's pictures at the hotel. To bed early, at about 9:00 P.M., leaving a call at the desk for the party for 6:30 A.M. Had two rooms, double, with bath between. Forrest Stone and I took one room and Celina and Mary Ellen the other.

Thursday July 16.

Up at 6:30 A.M. It was a warm night, and no one slept very well. Packed, checked out, and had breakfast at about 7:00 A.M. Started out about 8:30 A.M. headed north for Norris Geyser Basin, and Madison Junction. Took our time and stopped to look over geyser, paintpots, and different formations. Turned east at Madison Junction, and headed for Canyon Hotel. Took our time looking over Canyon of Yellowstone, and had dinner at Canyon Hotel at 1:00 P.M. Wrote to Hugh from hotel. Left Canyon Hotel at about 3:30 P.M., headed south for West Thumb station, on Yellowstone Lake. Stopped by the way to see Growler, Dragon and Mud Geyser. Stopped at store at Lake Station, and then on to West Thumb. Crossed the divide south of West Thumb, and headed south with Divide Creek on our east, and Henry Lake to our west. Father DeSmet came up this way in 1845 with the Flatheads, whom he had met at Pierre's Hole, west of the Teton Mountains. His course was north and east of Pierre's Hole, up by Henry Lake, across the Red Rock Pass, and down to the Three Forks. There his party proceeded into the Flathead country, probably by way of Hell Gate or the Medicine Rock Pass, now known as Mullan Pass. At some point near Henry Lake Father DeSmet carved an inscription on some high mountain, according to a statement made in one of his letters. Leave the Yellowstone Park by the south entrance, and stop at a gas station and get the tank filled. Proceed south by Jackson's Lake, and see the Tetons. The word
teton is from the French, and means breast. The term applied to these mountains is descriptive. Jackson's Lake and Jackson's hole were named after Jackson of the American Fur Company who traded in this country around 1840 with his partner William Sublette. It was one of the great rendezvous of the early fur trade, and a great beaver country. Hole is a term used in the early fur trade for a deep valley. We were out of the Park and headed south through the Jackson's Hole country by 4:00 P.M.

Stone says that at a later date a famous band of outlaws, headed by one Jackson used this country as a base of their cattle stealing operations. Stopped at Moran, which consists of some cabins and a large very general store. There is a drygoods, grocery, hardware, and general merchandise and jewelry store, slot machines, wholesale liquor, cafe, soda fountain, butcher shop, and a saloon all in the same store. Also a post office. We look the place over, and head east over the divide again, toward Dubois. It rains going up the continental divide, and we nearly skid off the road several times. The roads are dirt, and not so good. Reach Dubois at 7:00 P.M., and stop there for dinner. Leave Dubois at 8:00 P.M. and head south and east for Fort Washakie Agency, about eighty miles distant. Arrive at Fort Washakie at 10:30 P.M. Talk for a time with Mildred and Forrest. The children have gone to bed. Are shown our rooms and turn in about midnight.

Friday July 17.

This country is much better off than northern Montana. It is well watered. There are plenty of springs and streams. The soil is rich. There is plenty of forage for cattle. There are no grasshoppers, and only a few mormon beetles up in the mountains. The reservation is twice the size of the Blackfoot Reservation, consisting of three million acres. Yet there are only two thousand Indians. One thousand of the eastern Shoshoni, (Shoshonian linguistic stock) and one thousand Northern Arapaho, (Algonquian linguistic stock). The Shoshoni and Arapaho have only had three inter-
marriages between the tribes since 1875. Intermarriage with white men have not been as numerous as among the Blackfeet. The full blood Indian appears to be in the majority here, and there are much fewer mixed bloods among both the shoshoni and Arapaho than among the Blackfeet, where mixed bloods are in the vast majority, outnumbering the full bloods by three to one, or more. The Indians here are not as approachable as the Blackfeet. They are a shy and retiring people, and not at all easy to contact. Among the Shoshoni Christianity has made little progress, but has made more among the Arapaho, who are a religiously inclined people, but who will adopt readily a new religious belief, without, however discarding any of the old beliefs. While the Arapaho cosmos is so small that a character in their mythology had no difficulty in climbing above the stars and the roof of the sky in less time that it would take me to get from here to Washington by train, yet it is sufficiently large in their minds to hold all the Catholic beliefs, Protestant beliefs, the ghost dance, the peyote religion and their old beliefs dwelling therein in perfect harmony. The reservation is roughly divided into two parts, known as the ceded and the unceded portions. West of Wind River, and to the mountains lies the unceded portion, which is held in common for the most part, but some, I believe, has been allotted. East of the river lies the ceded strip, which is checkerboarded between white owned land and Indian allotments. The reservation has timber in the mountains, a good grade of soft coal, oil, some of it developed, a very fine hot sulphur spring, and undeveloped resources of gold, iron and other minerals. Tribal income, for all Indians on this reservation is about $50,000.00 a year, and is derived chiefly from grazing lease money and oil royalties. They rejected the tribal reorganization, or community government plan of John Collier, Commissioner, and the tribal business
is conducted through a Shoshoni tribal council for the Shoshoni, and an Arapaho tribal council for the Arapaho. The chief opposition to Colliers plan for a community government run jointly by both tribes came from the peyote religion. There is also the fact that in the old days both tribes were enemies, that they have never mingled, and that they not only speak a different language, but belong to different linguistic stocks. They have in common the same culture, namely that of the plains, or buffalo hunting tribes, and the old men can communicate in the sign language, and the younger generation can communicate in the English language. We had breakfast at 9:00 A.M. and I took Mary Ellen to the trading store, and then to the gas station, where a new trading store is to be opened shortly. Stone had gone to Lander. He returned with Driscoll, chairman of the Shoshoni tribal council. Talked to Driscoll, and then to Agency office and met the office force. Turned my tickets and most of travelers checks over to Vic Fontenelle, an Omaha Indian boy who is Forrest stone's private secretary to be put in office safe. Talked with people and with Indians around office. Mary Ellen went horse back riding with an Indian girl named June. Forrest and I drove to Riverton for dinner and a couple of drinks with former mayor Keating, a leading Republican in these parts. We then drove to Lander, where Forrest had a meeting. I took in the town, meeting Harry, bartender at the Noble Hotel, George the bartender at a hotel across the street from the Noble, and Fred a bartender further down the street, and a sheepherder who had a thirst but no money. Managed to get thoroughly acquainted with the town, its manners, customs and ideas. Forrests meeting was eleven highballs and one beer long. Finished up at the Noble, and Forrest met me there, and we started back to Fort Washakie at 10:30 P.M. Got home at eleven. Talked awhile with Mildred, Celina and Mary Ellen, and then to bed.

Saturday July 18.