

Saturday July 18.

Up early and had breakfast. Then over to the Agency office. A letter there for celina from Marion Stirling. Met Robert Friday, a full blood Arapaho, and Chairman of the Arapaho tribal council. With Forrest Stone, Friday, and one of the Arapaho councilmen drove to the sub agency at Arapaho, which is the center of an Arapaho Indian farming settlement, and is located just off the road which runs between Riverton and Lander. There was a meeting at the school room, attended by the Arapaho council, an expert canner, the Superintendent, and others to organize a cannery for the Arapaho farmers of this district. It was proposed to turn the building in which the meeting was held into the cannery. The canning expert presented a report. He could get a lot of the cans, two carloads in fact, free. Cans cost two and a half cents each, wholesale. Canning machinery can only handle one kind of goods at a time. That is the same machinery. It will require a water supply equal to three gallons of water per can produced, to can the product. As this plant will turn out twelve hundred cans a day, minimum, that will require a water supply of thirty six hundred gallons a day. Question comes up as to sufficiency of water supply, or the present pumping plant to furnish it. If ~~extra~~ crude oil fuel is used, a barrel a day will be enough, the cost of which is three dollars a day. If natural gas fuel is used, it will cost the expense of laying three or more miles of pipe, and will then cost eight dollars a day for fuel. The expert recommends crude oil. His services are accepted by the council, and a government loan having been obtained for the project, as announced by Stone, it is agreed that work shall be started on the factory on Monday morning. Twenty laborers from a Federal project will be on hand at eight o'clock Monday morning. Fast work. It has been very hot all day. Forrest Stone and I back to the Agency in time for dinner. After

dinner Mildred Stone, Forrest junior, Dorothy Stone, Celina and Mary Ellen drove to Lander to go to a movie. Forrest Stone and I stayed home. It is very hot. In the evening the girls came back from Lander and we had supper. Then looked over the Agency truck gardens with Forrest. The head farmer here is a Mormon, and has a fine garden. The only criticism layed to him is that he spends more time on it than he does instructing the Indians how to farm, which is, after all, what he is getting paid for. Forrest Stone, Mary Ellen and I rode up to the Shoshoni camp. All the Shoshoni who were out of doors in the camp were playing three card monte. The men were playing in one group, and the women, and a few of the men in another group. We did not remain long. Was disappointed, as I expected to see the old hand game. But they can go just as broke on monte. Only in the hand game they used to sing and shout, and the game was cheerful. Now they are only a lot of old people playing cards, and that can be seen anywhere. Back to the Agency, and sat around awhile, and then all went to bed.

Sunday July 19.

Up early. Drove to Lander to mass. Celina, Mary Ellen and I in Stone's car, led by Overking, an Assiniboine Indian from Fort Belknap, who is employed at this Agency, his wife, a Cuban girl, and his niece an Assiniboine girl from Fort Belknap in Overking's car. Mrs. Overking is from Havana, and is delighted to see celina, because she can talk Spanish with her, and this she has not done for a long time. Mr. Overking speaks some Spanish, English and Assiniboine. He met his wife in Havana when working for some American company there. Go to Rosary Church in Lander for mass at 8:00 A.M. Returned to Stone's house at Agency for breakfast afterwards. Then start out for a camp on the summit of the main range, which marks the western boundary of the reservation. Forrest, Mildred, Forrest junior, Dorothy, Celina, Mary Ellen and I in Forrest's car. We go up about three or four thousand feet on a steep switch back road, by Trout Creek Canyon, toward the divide.

The average grade is about four percent or, at times, more. The road is dirt, cut into the side of the hill, the outside shoulder at times appears very uncertain. The view is excellent. The reservation below looks like an airplane map. The turns at each switch back on the road are sharp, and steep. The ascent is sufficiently swift to produce effects on the ear drums of changed pressure. These are overcome by yawning. If you do not like looking down from high places the remedy for that is not to look. We arrive at the girls camp. It is in a pine grove, and consists of a kitchen shack, and five large floored tents. Water is piped down from a spring above and is cold, and pure, and apparently in sufficient quantity for the camps needs. Few flies in evidence, and the kitchen shack, containing the dining room is well screened. Latrines are located on the slope below the camp, and the camp is well policed and clean. Camp cots are used for beds, and appear placed a bit too close together, but then the tent walls can be kept up, and plenty of ventilation assured. The beds, or cots, are iron, and appear to be in not such good condition. Some of them are braced to keep them upright. Bedding appears clean and sufficient. There are about twenty five Indian girls in the camp. They are both Shoshoni and Arapaho, which is a very good idea, as it brings the young people of these <sup>two</sup> ~~to~~ tribes into closer contact with each other than they have ever had before. English is the common language between them. Have dinner at the camp. Very good. Meet Miss Clark, of New York City, who is one of the girls advisers of the camp. The girls are taken for a swim in a lake four miles from the camp; They have to walk to the lake, as there is no road which is good enough for a truck, and no truck to take them if there were a road. This camp is a good idea. These girls in the summer time have nothing much to do, so they run around with the Indian boys trying to find out what it is all about. Unlike white girls of the same age who go out on petting parties and have romances and stuff of that sort,



these girls if left around the Indian boys get right down to cases, and a peck of trouble is sometimes the natural result. Love with these people involves no nonsense, or a lot of beating around the bush. You get down to business, shoot the works, and that is that. Drive back to the Agency with Mr. Raines, Superintendent of Schools on the reservation. He takes care of the clutch and the brakes, while I keep one foot on the gear shift, as we have to keep in gear all the way down, and the shift pops out if not held in place. We talk about the girl's camp, and he thinks a little more of the Margaret Sanger information might lighten some of the grief and tribulations of the young people of these tribes. I think it would increase them, by giving a greater sense of immunity from the consequences. After all fear is about all that keeps most people in any sort of order. We pass Forrest and the family on the way down, but they take a short cut down a ridge, and get ahead of us. We see them on the sky line, taking the short cut, and it looks for awhile that they will not only beat us to the Agency, but will reach the next world some years ahead of us. We all reach the Agency right side up. Forrest and I take off in his car for the Saint Lawrence Basin, also on the divide, but north of where we have just been. Dester, an agency employee, rides up front with Stone, and I ride in back with Alex Green. Alex Green was an English boy who became interested in Indians when Buffalo Bill first took his show to London in the Eighties. He talked to the Indians with the show. He is a man of about seventy, and looks fifty. He came to this country looking for Indians to live among, and found none in New York City, to his surprise and great chagrin. He then went on to Saint Paul, and found no Indians there, and finally wound up among the Crows in Montana, obtaining employment at first at a trading post among them. He then learned the language, dressed like a Crow, let his hair grow in braids, and spoke, looked and lived like a Crow for twenty years. Then he got tired of playing

at being an Indian, went to Denver, bought some store clothes, cut off his braids and turned into a white man again. He then married a white wife. He has just returned from a visit among the Crows, and has some interesting information about them. The Crow he spoke over ten years ago is already old fashioned crow to the younger generation of the crow Indians, who told him that they thought he spoke like an old time Crow. They are producing a new slang in their own language, with many expressions that he does not understand. A new idiom is growing up. It only show that a spoken language never remains the same, but always changes. Our road is blocked by a stalled truck on the way to Saint Lawrence. No room to get around. Truck full of Turtle Mountain Chippewas from North Dakota. Dester, Green and I push truck up a four percent grade to place in road where we can find room to pass. Stone drives car by the truck. Altitude about eight thousand. Arrive at Saint Lawrence and drive back to Agency. All of us, Stones and Carters, have supper with Greens and Desters at pesters. Fresh brook trout with bacon. Desters house is one of the original houses made of adobe which formed part of the quarters for officers at old Fort Washakie, when it was a military post in the early days. Fort Washakie was founded to keep peace between the Shoshoni to the north and west, and the Arapaho to the east and south, and was put at a point between these two tribes. Talk for a time after supper and then home to bed at about midnight.

Monday July 20.

Shoshoni sun dance is due to start on Friday. Shortly after breakfast McAdam, part Scotch and part shoshoni, and two/<sup>other</sup>gentlemen of the Shoshoni sun dance committee were brought over to me and introduced by Vic Fontenelle, Stone's secretary, at Stone's request. He wanted me to get acquainted with them. He also brought over Mr. Simonson, a white cattleman, and friend of the late Judge Galen's to meet me. Made a gift

to McAdam for the sun dance lodge. We all smoked. Went over to agency office and saw Stone and Green. A typewriter and supplies are brought over from Agency office to Stone's house for my use. Received a letter from Johnnie Graf written from the Cosmos Club. He says Washington is so hot he has to pause in his letter writing to wring his shirt tail out. Write a reply to Johnnie Graf's letter. Spent most of day writing up notes taken on Assiniboine sun dance on typewriter. They are much clearer than I thought they would be. Especially the songs taken down in the secret tipi at night. There it was so dark at times that I wrote without being able to see either the pencil or the pad. Then wood being put on the fire, there would be some light. Write in the dark much better than I do in the light, a discovery made to my great amazement. Went to trading store and bought a much ornamented medicine weasel. Two bucks. Back again and continue work on notes. Some Blackfeet Indians came by from Montana. They are on their way down to Arapaho, or Ethete, to visit the Arapaho and see their sun dance, which will take place shortly after the Shoshoni sun dance. Made inquiry for Robert Friday, chairman of Arapaho council, at Agency office. They will send him over when he comes in. Worked all the rest of the day and evening on Assiniboine sun dance notes. Made some progress.

Tuesday July 21.

Robert Friday called this morning shortly after breakfast. We smoked and had a long talk. ~~B reached~~ <sup>B reached</sup> the matter with him of being able to see the Arapaho Flat Pipe, which is the tribal medicine of the Arapaho, and the most sacred object they know of. He advises me as to the procedure. The Arapaho deem this Pipe as almost the Creator, and certainly as having had a most important part in the creation of the world. The Arapaho hold this Pipe in greater veneration and respect than they do the sun. In 1890 they refused Mooney of the Bureau of American Ethnology permission to see it. In 1902 and 1903 neither Dorsey nor Kroeber, anthropologists,



saw the Pipe. A few missioneries, chief of whom was Doctor Roberts, who is still living, and has worked among the Arapaho since 1882, have seen the pipe. I consent to comply with all requirements governing the Pipe, and Friday tells me what he had to do when he saw the Pipe in order to obtain recovery of his daughter from illness. Very few Arapahos have seen the Pipe. Friday says he thinks he can arrange matters for me with Oscar White the pipe keeper, and that he will see Oscar today, and if all goes well the ceremony will be set for Thursday. Robert Friday departs for Ethete to talk to Oscar White. Worked on Assiniboine notes until late afternoon and then took Mildred, Forrest junior, Dorothy, Celina and Mary Ellen to Lander, seventeen miles away, to see a movie. We saw the Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Will Rogers. Blah! At hotel across the street from the Noble played punch board with Mary Ellen at two cents a shot and lost. Got some Express checks cashed. Took Mary Ellen into the bar at the Noble Hotel, stood her up to the rail and bought her a beer. Had a couple of shots of booze myself. Forrest Stone left for Laramie this morning at 5:30 A.M. to get the money for the Arapaho canning factory. He returned at 9:30 P.M., after our return from Lander. He covered 540 miles today over tough roads. A good days driving. These Indian Superintendents have to know how to take it, and they earn their salt. Because this sort of thing goes on in the winter also, when the going is more difficult. Elliot at Belknap was almost frozen to death last winter. We all turn in early.

Wednesday July 22.

After breakfast Robert Friday called with good news. He says among other things that I am the only white man that there was not the slightest objection to in regard to seeing the Flat Pipe. This may be politeness on his part, but needless to say I can see the Pipe. Evidently I was agreed on unanimously by those who have the vote on such matters. Friday

says that Doctor Roberts, Episcopal missionary here since 1882, and his wife have seen the Pipe, and two other missionaries have seen it besides, but that we will be the first white people, Celina, Mary Ellen and myself, to go through the pipe ceremony. Busy most of the day writing up notes of Assiniboine sun dance. My interpreter, Charlie Bear took part in that dance. He was a man sixty two years old. He danced without food or water, in an intensely hot spell of weather to discharge an obligation that he had to the Thunderbird for a favor he had received during the past year. It was something that he considered the power above had done in behalf of his son. The length of his dance and fast was from sundown one day until sun down the next day. Enough said. He was naked; painted solidly red and yellow, and jumping up and down tooting an eagle bone whistle, and he may have looked strange, but by God there stood a man. To Lander in the afternoon. Expecting wire from Ed Toomey in Helena in reply to wire sent last night inquiring about laws in regard to registration for voting in coming election. Have heard nothing yet. Proceed from Lander to Saint Stephen's mission. It is a mission and school conducted by the Jesuits. Meet Father Zuker, the superior, and Father Tennelly the head of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, who is there on a visit. Stone, Celina and Miss Dester in the party. Mary Ellen stayed home and rested. The mission has a boarding school for boys and for girls. The sisters run the girls school and cook for the others. The buildings are substantial and fire proof, and in good repair. There is a very fine flower and truck garden under cultivation. Father Zuker very interested in the fact that we are going to see Flat Pipe tomorrow. He says that Jesuits have a branch mission among the Shoshoni, but they are very primitive people, and progress there is slow. Drove back to Stones and continued work on notes. Have learned since that Dr. Roberts, Mr. Tyler and Mr. and Mrs Hastings, all Episcopal missionaries have been allowed



to see the Pipe but I am the first white man to formally give the Flat Pipe ceremony. This from Friday. Have completed all necessary arrangements with Friday. Feel very nervous about tomorrow. Celina and Mary Ellen should be with me, according to Friday. Am most anxious that everything will come out all right, but do not know what will be expected of us. Impress on everyone that no matter what is required all hurdles must be taken. This is the most sacred object known to these people and will be respected accordingly. Friday says I am the first white man who ever gave the ceremony, and took active part in the ceremony. Of course I will be properly coached on what to do. The ceremony starts at eleven in the morning. Do not know how long it will last, or just what will take place. Drive with Stone to Irrigation headquarters where I meet Hanna, formerly Chief Clerk at Fort Belknap when Logan was Superintendent, but now attached to Irrigation Service. A number of Irrigation Service engineers present and difficulties attendant to getting consent and cooperation of soil erosion outfit to construction of Raft Lake Reservoir discussed. Arrangements made for engineers to leave on horse back for Raft Lake tomorrow early. This dam if constructed would give a large area of this reservation an excellent water reserve for use in case of need. Soil erosion objection seems purely on ground of preserving nature in its wild state. I doubt if any of the Washington pundits have ever seen how wild nature can get in its wild state. It is then not so pleasant. But a good water reserve in this country is very necessary in case nature get so tough that men have to quit the country or else stay and die. On returning Mr. and Mrs Elkin of New York call. He is out here writing his doctorate thesis for Columbia, and his subject is the Arapaho. Tell them about tomorrow's ceremony, but that being ignorant as to what I can do, and cannot do, I am willing that they should be present, but afraid to ask them myself for fear of breaking some rule. Friday is Elkin's interpreter, and so tell Elkin that if he

can arrange it through Friday for himself and wife to be present it will be most agreeable to me. They are evidently pleased, and will speak to Friday about it. To bed, and do not sleep so well.

Thursday July 23.

Up early. Word comes from the Shoshoni camp that John McAdam, chairman of the Shoshoni sun dance committee would like to see me in the Shoshoni camp after breakfast. Vic Fontenelle drives me to Shoshoni camp and to John McAdam's tent. There his wife tells us that McAdam has gone up into the mountains with other Shoshoni to cut trees for their sun dance lodge. We return to Agency. See Stone and arrange with him for transportation to Ethete to Oscar White's camp. Vic will drive us. Suggest that he remain with us at the camp until end of ceremony, as we do not know just how long it will last. Stone says that is all right. Try to get Stone to go with us, but he thinks that if he gets too close with the Arapaho just now, it would put him in bad with the Shoshoni, and that if he threw in too close with the Shoshoni that would make things bad for him with the Arapaho. I think he is very wise in this. Vic drives Celina, Mary Ellen and myself to Ethete, and then we take the road to the north, after inquiring the way of some Indian boys, and arrive at Oscar White's camp. It is just north of the Ethete sub Agency, and the Episcopal mission and school, about a half a mile. The first person we meet is Oscar White, but he speaks no English. Find our way to the tent occupied by Robert Friday, where Mrs. Friday and about ten women are engaged in preparing the feast for the Pipe. Mr. and Mrs. Elkin are there. They have evidently fixed things with Friday. It is about 10:45 A.M. Luke Smith, Oscar White's adopted son, and assistant Pipe keeper is the only person authorized to carry Flat Pipe, in bundle, and with tripod from Oscar White's dwelling to the tent where the ceremony is to take place. Luke has not showed up yet. Vic, Friday and I drive

to the farmer's at the Sub Agency and pick up Luke Smith and take him to Oscar White's. While he is going after bundle with tripod, and Flat Pipe, Friday and an old man instruct me how to hold, handle and present to the keeper of Flat Pipe the presentation pipe and cloth offering which I must carry at the head of the procession to the tent of ceremony. Luke Smith carries the Flat Pipe bundle to the tent where the ceremony is to take place and we all leave our hats, men and women, in our car, as we must proceed bareheaded. A detailed account of the ceremony has been taken down, and need not be given here. Ceremony started promptly at eleven A.M., and ended at three P.M. Everything went off splendidly. After ceremony we rode Friday and Mrs. Friday back to their home, ten miles from Oscar White's camp, and they gave us much interesting information about Flat Pipe on the way. All seem mighty pleased as to the way the ceremony went. I had to make the food offerings to ~~earth, sky, the~~ <sup>the four directions,</sup> sky, earth and the Flat Pipe bundle. We were painted, ate the ceremonial food, touched the Pipe, and I had to light and present the Pipe of presentation and make a short talk, in which I gave much praise to Superintendent Stone. A southern Arapaho from Oklahoma, one of the seventeen person, who only were permitted in the tent, thanked me for giving the ceremony, and <sup>thus</sup> conferring these blessings on the people. Vic proud of his face paint. We next drive to the Episcopal chapel at Ethete which is worth seeing. Back of the altar is a large plate glass window. All that can be seen back of the altar is the main mountain range, through this window, and a simple cross on the altar standing out against the mountains. Back to agency where I at once make a drawing of Flat Pipe, as it was not possible to photograph or sketch at the ceremony. Have drawing verified and corrected by Celina and Mary Ellen. Abandon work on Assiniboine notes, and start at once compiling account of Flat Pipe ceremony, which was carefully observed with this in view. Drove back



to Shoshoni camp, Celina driving, at 5:00 P.M. to see John McAdam. His wife reports that he is still in the mountains getting poles for the sun dance lodge, although many of the others who went with him have returned. Went back to Stones, and to work on Pipe ceremony notes. After dinner Stone drove Mary Ellen and self to Driscoll's sheep ranch to see Driscoll. He had gone in to Agency, and we must have missed connections with him on the way. Back to Agency, and overtook some Sioux from Pine Ridge who were driving in by horse and wagon from that <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ to see the Shoshoni sun dance. Overgaard, former Chief Clerk at this agency made a call, and three other people, and advance guard of Wolke's party of the soil erosion outfit came in. They were assigned quarters by Stone and left. To bed about midnight. An eventful day. Friday asked me today about Stone, expressing disappointment that he had not come down for ceremony. Explained that he was momentarily expecting Mattingly of the Budget Bureau, the man who had the say about how much money the Indians of the reservation would get, and as much as he wanted to come he felt that on account of the Indians he must stay and make a strong talk with Mattingly. That made it good with Friday.

Friday July 24.

After breakfast went to the Shoshoni camp. There witnessed the sham battle held about the center pole of the sun dance lodge. Saw them bring the center pole into the camp. The young men rode about the camp circle singing their war songs. The pole was layed in place for elevation the crotch to the west, the butt of the pole to the east. Natipo White, no relation of Oscar's as far as I can find out, uttered a long prayer, standing near the butt of the pole. Natipo is director of the sun dance. Met Stone, Mr. and Mrs Elkin, a friend of theirs, <sup>and</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Mattingly and others at the ceremony. Did not wait for elevation of pole but returned to Stone's to continue work on Flat Pipe. <sup>Wire</sup> ~~Write~~ Duncan Strong, Bureau of American Ethnology, that I had seen Flat Pipe. ~~Also see~~.

Wrote up notes on Flat Pipe all afternoon. Wolke of Soil Conservation arrived this afternoon. He has quire a crowd with him of sociologists and other kinds of ologists. I tell Stone that I have never seen on Indian Reservations more experts in useless knowledge than have been rattling around in the last five or six years. All of this exepert worship began back in the time of Wilbur and Rhodes, when the Brookings Insititute, a pseudo scientific lobby, or a lobby of pseudo scientists, or a body of would be lobbyists, took and interest in the Indian. Since then there has been nothing doing in the Indian field service except write long reports, and go to conferences. What the Indian gets out of all this monkey business is hard to tell. In the evening went back to the Shoshoni camp for the opening of the sun dance. The lodge is Arapaho type, and the entrance faces east. The musicians sit in the south east part of the lodge. The dancers range around the west wall facing east. The west half of the lodge is reserved for the dancers, and the east half for musicians and spectators. The lodge measures about fifty five feet in diameter. A whole buffalo head is fastened to the center pole below the crotch which holds the thunderbird nest. The head faces west. On the east roof pole, facing east is tied a stuffed eagle. The eagle faces east. The lodge is crowded, and there is not much light. There is no fire. And flashlights are used to reveal the dancers. The dancers use the regular dance, but on the high notes of the songs advance from their places to the center pole at a sort of jog trot, then hop backwards to their places. Their whistles appear to be made of willow, and emit very faint sound, unlike the Assiniboine whistles of eagle wing bone. There are breath plumes on the ends of the whistles, and the dancers wear ornaments of weasel skins for the most part. No uniformity of paint

is apparent, but it is hard to see in the light. Or lack of light. Head wreaths of sage brush are worn. The crowd is very numerous. A storm blows up at about 9:30 P.M., so we go back to the Agency. To bed.

Saturday July 25.

Finished notes on Flat Pipe and wrote Strong and Father McNally. All morning in Shoshoni camp in the sun dance lodge. Celina took many photographs. Mary Ellen remained at Stone's in bed. There are over fifty dancers. John McAdam is dancing. Painted yellow, and with a red crescent, horns up, painted under each eye, he looks, for some reason I cannot fathom, more like a Scotchman than when he is not painted. He does not look fit or able to stand up under a fast of three days and three nights, without water. But ~~these~~ these old boys fool you. They are usually going strong when the younger fellows are hanging on to the supports, with their tongues hanging out. There are a lot of gold bricks in this dance. About ten of the younger men have remained wrapped up in their blankets either swapping jokes or sleeping since the party began. One of the older men tried to turn them out a while back, but it was no go. On the other hand there are about fifteen old war horses that never miss a dance, or miss very few. They are up and at it all the time. This was true likewise among the Assiniboine. Some of the boys were always anxious to be up and doing their stuff in the sun dance, while others got by with as little as they could. That only shows that Indians are human. In the afternoon Middred Stone, Mary Ellen, Dorothy and Forrest junior rode to Lander to a movie. Celina and I went back to the Shoshoni sun dance lodge. Got more photographs. These are not generally permitted, but Bill McAdam, John's son, spoke to his father, who announced in the lodge



that we could take all the pictures we cared to. They also asked me if we wanted the dancers to pose, but I told them we wanted to take them without poses, ~~but~~ just as they were, and to forget us. As in the days of Solomon, a man's gift maketh room for him, and it is a good thing to remember that, especially in strange places. Meet Harry Hickey and wife and daughter in the sun dance lodge. Was sitting beside four old men, and passing them cigarettes, and we were conversing, in my limited sign language and their equally limited English, but having a good time doing it. They were giving me the low down on the different dancers. Then in came the Hickeys. They are summering at a dude ranch near Dubois, and had ridden down by auto to see the sun dance. I say by auto, because Dubois is 80 miles from here, and I am darned sure none of that crowd rode any 80 miles horseback since morning. They looked too happy for that. Introduce Harry to some Indians so he will feel more at home. He does not appear to be enjoying the golden west so much. They have him all dressed up in stetson hat, pink shirt, silk handkerchief around his neck, and the regular Tom Mix outfit. My guess is he no like.<sup>N</sup> All the westerners hereabouts are dressed in ordinary business suits, and could pass without attracting attention in a New York subway. Introduce Harry to Bill McAdam, who is sort of sergeant at arms in the sun dance lodge. Yes, says Harry, that is the man who took my camera away. But the light has now gotten too bad for picture taking. It is clouding up. At present some new decorations have been added to the center pole. Five black bands are noticed painted around the pole, about four feet apart. It is thought they were put on before the pole was elevated. A cottonwood root doll, which was brought in late yeasterday, is also tied to the pole facing the dancers. There is also a bundle of sage brush tied to the pole, toward the dancers. It is believed these are to strengthen

the dancers. From time to time individual dancers leave the lodge and go about one hundred yards to the east of it where they smoke and indulge in private prayer and devotion to give them strength. At first I thought there was a more natural explanation to this, but closer observation indicated that these journeys were purely of a devotional and ceremonial character. Acquired a weasel skin sun dance ornament, such as is worn by the Shoshoni, and a pipe bag made of the whole skin of a fawn, both very excellent examples of their kind. Returned to Agency and went to work on Assiniboine notes. The Shoshoni sun dance has been reported by Lowie of California, so there is no need to take notes on it, but simply to satisfy my own curiosity. To the hospital in the evening. Stone wants Dr. Gunn, the Dr. in charge of the Agency hospital to go over me before we take a dip in the hot springs tomorrow. Stone says he does not care to have me die on his hands, and I tell Stone that is damned inhospitable of him. Gunn looks me over and tells me to go ahead and dunk in the springs, but that the altitude here is over five thousand, and the springs are between one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and twenty<sup>degrees,</sup> so do not do any heavy swimming in them. Look over the hospital. It is a thirty bed hospital, all on one floor. It is new and well equipped. Not many beds are occupied, as none of the patients who can walk at all will remain in the hospital while the sun dance is going on. A couple of Indians who got smashed up in an auto wreck are here, but only because they are too smashed to walk out. One of Gunn's patients, with a temperature of one hundred and four point five sneaked out on him yesterday, and is now up in the Shoshoni camp enjoying himself. There are a couple of women patients, baby cases, but they have been under the guns too recently to sneak out, and that is the only reason they are still here. Back to Stones.