Sunday July 36.

Drove to Lander with Mrs. Overking, and Overking's niece the Assiniboine girl. Made Rosary Church for eight o'clock mass. Celina, Mary Ellen with Mrs Overking and niece drove back to agency together, leaving Overking and a friend of his in Lander to play golf. Celina talked Spanish with Mrs. Overking, but my Assiniboine is too limited to talk to the niece, so we use English instead. Breakfast, and then drive to the hot springs, which are located south and east of the agency, on the boarding school road, distant about four miles. The spring covers about an acre, and the water is a muddy yellow from sulphur, but there is no strong odor of sulphur. Part of the spring is roofed over, with dressing room accommodations. Due to a cold wind tonight last night the bath keeper says the springs are cooler today, he having just taken the temperature. It is one hundred and ten degrees, but one hundred and twenty over the vent where the main flow comes out. Fahrenheit, of course. Usually the water is five degrees warmer than this. We get into trunks, and go into the water slowly. It is not so bad, but one should not swim, or be very active, nor remain in very long the first time. Remain in up to the neck for four or five minutes and that is enough. The Arapaho and Shoshoni say, according to Stone, that these springs will take all the evil out of a person, and Forrest wrote me promising to have them extra hot the day I went in. For some time after getting out of the water one feels exceedingly comfortable and relaxed, and there is a general sense of well being. The springs are tribal property, and if rightly developed and advertised, a resort could be established here that would give the two tribes of this reservation a good income. The springs should be excellent for treatment of rheumatism, neuritis, and certain other disorders. With Forrest Stone, Mildred, Celina, Mary Ellen, Dorothy, Forrest junior and self, drive to Riverton and have dinner there. Mary Ellen asleep most of the way. Drive there by way of
Wind River diversion dam, and return to agency via Hudson, Arapaho,
and Lander. Then proceed to Shoshoni camp and look in on the sun dance
and go from there, by Sakakawea's grave to Dr. Robert's mission and
call on the Doctor. Dr. Roberts has been the Episcopal missionary here
since 1882. The story hereabout is that Sakakawea, who guided Lewis
and Clark over the mountains in 1805, died at Fort Washakie a very old
woman in 1889 or 1890. Dr. Roberts knew her during her lifetime, and
buried her. He also knew her son Paul. It is also claimed that she
died at old Fort Manuel, Manuel Lisa's trading post, near the present
town of Mobridge, South Dakota, in 1815. Idaho and California likewise
claim that she is buried there. Talk to Dr. Roberts about this. He
says that he is sure the woman whose burial services he conducted was
the woman who guided Lewis and Clark. She told him details of the
expedition that she could not have known had she not been on it. Of
course she could not read, and Lewis and Clark's journal is not found
in every trading post. Asked about Basil, and his sojourn in Germany
with the father of Maxamillian, Prince of Weid. He said that Basil was
a taciturn man, and he could never get any information out of him. He
just naturally hated to talk. Then we talk of Flat Pipe, which was
shown to Dr. Roberts by Weasel Bear, keeper before Oscar White. Dr.
Roberts is one of the few men who have seen Flat Pipe. He says the
Arapaho call it the Chariot of God, and say that the shadow, that is
the soul, of whomsoever looks upon Flat Pipe, is straightway lifted
up to the home, that is to the country Arapahos go to after death. He
knew Washakie (Sun Dance Rattle) the great Shoshoni chief. He says
Washakie told him that the Shoshoni did not have the sun dance until
a chief named Yellow Bird, who was chief just before Washakie, brought
it to them from the Blackfeet. The Shoshoni call the sun dance "stand up
and thirst." The Arapaho call it "the house of branches." A most
delightful visit with Dr. Roberts. Can only recall another like him and
that was Father Palladino. Am sorry when the visit ends. We return to
the sun dance lodge to see how the boys are holding out. They are
not permitted food or water for the three days and nights of this dance.
They seem to be still doing pretty well, but some show signs of wear.
The older men, and those who dance hardest and most continuously
seem to hold out best. The boys who lay back and do as little as
possible do not seem to hold out as well. Perhaps keeping ones mind
on the business in hand, that of praying and dancing, somehow keeps it
off the fact that it has been a long time since the last meal or the
last drink of water. Back to the Agency and to bed.

Monday July 27.

Met Jack Shave Head at the agency office this morning. A Sioux Indian
who was a classmate of his at Carlisle fell dead at his camp yesterday,
and he is at the office making arrangements for shipment of body back
to Standing Rock. That is Stone is making the arrangements, and gets
the Standing Rock Superintendent on the telephone, and he agrees to
foot the bills. Shave Head gives information in regard to Flat Pipe.
He is a full blood Arapaho. He says that he and his wife sometimes
assist Oscar White in the Flat Pipe ceremony. Shave Head has been on
the stage a great deal as a singer, both in this country and in Europe.
He also tells of his experiences among the Hopi and confirms the
depositions in the report of Inspector Sweet, Indian Field Service,
that the Hopi Snake Priests extract the fangs and poison sacs of the
rattlesnakes with a digging stick before using them in the dance.
He says the Hopis who were in the know told him this. Robert Friday
comes into Stones office and we sit down and check over my notes on
Flat Pipe ceremony. He gives me new information, and helps check my
account of the ceremony for correctness. He says the Arapaho were
greatly pleased at the manner in which the ceremony was conducted. That
it was up to best Arapaho standards, and that it was thought that I did my part of the ceremony well, as most Arapaho found the ritual very complicated and difficult. There were especially pleased that Celina and Mary Ellen took the paint. It once happened that the wife and daughter of a missionary who were present at the ceremony refused to be painted, and this made a bad impression on all those present. This was when Mr. Hastings was allowed to be present at the ceremony, with his wife and daughter. So everybody appears to be pleased with the ceremony and its outcome. We go up to the Shoshoni camp. The sun dance is still going strong. Since yesterday upright poles have been placed at equal intervals around the dancers side of the lodge, about four feet out from the wall. They are so spaced that each dancer stands between two uprights, and they clear him about two feet on each side. Above the poles is a roof of branches to afford more shade. The poles seem to have the same purpose as the upright willow wands in the Assiniboin sun dance lodge. The dancer takes a grip on them when he feels his strength going from him, and takes new strength from the wands. They are not used to support a weak dancer, but to revitalize him. On the first night of this sun dance a couple of anxious young girls were running about outside of the lodge asking all they met: "Where's Percy?" They had a weasel skin sun dance amulet, and a sun dance whistle for Percy, and he was evidently scheduled to go in that night and do his stuff, and the girls had all the necessary equipment ready for him. But no Percy. He had either thought better of it, and ducked out on the girls, or had forgotten all about it and gone to town. Do not know if they ever caught up with Percy or not. But the girls were all set to get Percy stripped for action, hang a weasel skin on his neck, put a whistle in his mouth, give him a slap and on the back and tell him to go in there And die for good old Harvard, or whatever the equivalent of that is in Shoshoni. Last year one of
the Shoshoni boys was very drunk on the night the sun dance lodge
opened, and went into the dance while he was still out on his feet.
He came to next morning all painted yellow, and mostly in his
birthday clothes, with a wreath of sage brush on his head, and
tooting a whistle at the center pole, and feeling terrible beyond
all description. He begged the director of the dance, old Natipo
White, and the other old men, to be let off on the ground that he
was not all there when he got into the business. But the director
and the old men were hard boiled about it, and made him stick it
out, and he had to go through seventy two hours without food or water
along with the rest of the dancers. It must have been a pretty rough
experience. The sun dance was due to end about 10:00 A.M., but was
delayed. Celina was up in the front line of spectators taking pictures
and I had moved back of the dancers, looking through an opening in
the dancers part of the lodge from the outside, with Driscoll, chair-
man of the shoshoni tribal council. The dance was about ready to come
to an end, when Washakie, a relative of the Shoshoni Washakies, but
a Ute Indian from Idaho, had a vision. He was sitting in the back of
the lodge, in a dancers booth, and suddenly rose, when the music began,
and staggered forward to the center pole, waving to the buffalo head
with the plumes held in his hands, as if beckoning the head to come
down to him. He staggered back to his place in the booth, and then
forward again, and the women and men who were looking on began to
shout and cry out, and some of the children began to cry. The other
dancing, dancers ceased dancing. The look on Washakie's face was rapt, and
staring, and he staggered up to the pole and back to his place again.
Driscoll said to me when the vision connects with him he will drop."
He goes forward to the center pole a third time, swaying, and
barely able to keep his feet, still waving with his breath plumes,
beckoning the buffalo head on the center pole toward his body. Then
moving backward again toward his booth, but staggering, he falls
face downward near the back of the lodge, head toward the center pole,
and rolls slightly on his left side. As Driscoll said, the vision must
have come down to him, and connected, and he is out. He lays there,
showing no signs of breathing. Neither ribs nor flanks show the slight-
est motion. The musicians apparently do not know yet that anything
has happened because the crowd cuts off their view. The song and the
drumming go on, the dancers resume their dance, and they let Washakie
the Ute lie where he fell. Driscoll says that this Indian comes from
the west of the mountains every year to take part in the Shoshoni sun
dance, but that this is the first time he has seen anything like this
take place during a sun dance. After the dance is over, they cover
Washakie with a blanket, but do not disturb him. After several dances,
during which he does not move, two dancers pick him up and carry him
to a place in the rear of the lodge, and hang a curtain before him,
attracted to two of the purists. Natipo White, the director goes back
of the curtain, and I go to the back of the lodge and look in through
a space in the brush wall to see what kind of treatment Natipo will
give Washakie, to bring him to. Celina took no pictures of all this, and
very wisely too, as feeling was just then running very high, and it
would be hard to tell what might happen if pictures were taken at such
a time. When the believers are getting first hand contact with the powers
that rule them, then it is a good time for us non believers to keep out
of the way and avoid being conspicuous. Watch Natipo try to bring
Washakie around. He tickles his stomach and ribs with breath plumes.
No go. If Washakie is actually breathing he is doing it so quietly that
it cannot be observed. Natipo now gets rough. He doubles up both fists
and digs them into Washakie under the short ribs on either side, and
works them around with a grinding motion. This works out very well
indeed. Washakie's stomach begins to move up and down a bit, and he shows signs of breathing. After a little more of the same treatment his head commences to move, so concluding that he will be able to go back to work under his own power, I move back to see the other dancers. The dancing is going on as usual, but John McAdam looks like he had been dead six months, but had not yet been informed of the fact. He is not very lively, and seems to be conserving all the strength he has. Most of the other dancers, those who have been most faithful in their performance of the dance, are still going strong, but are now advancing up to the pole, which they stroke with the feathers they hold in their hands, doubtless to derive vitality from contact with the center pole. Soon Washakie joins again in the dance, looking much more refreshed than he did before he had the vision. Now that he has come around the finish ceremony can end, just as soon as the musicians and the next set of songs. They do so. The sun dance ends about noon, without any particular final ceremony. In this it differs from the Assiniboine sun dance, which winds up with a sort of grand finale, with musicians, dancers, and all the spectators on their feet, moving their bodies up and down in time to the drums, and looking up to the center pole. The Shoshoni just quit without any formality. The friends of the dancers bring in water with which the dancers rinse their mouths, but do not drink. Some of the dancers will drink the water, but vomit it up immediately. Driscoll says that the first nourishment they take will be a small cup of orange juice, and that they will after that take additional liquids in small but gradually increasing amounts, and finally take a small amount of solid food. The Assiniboine go without food or water for only twenty four hours, as their dance is now conducted, and therefore do not have to be so careful as to how rapidly they break their fast. Rocky Boys band follow the plains Cree ceremony more closely, and go through the
fasting and dance, without sleep, for the same length of time, about, that the shoshoni do. But they are evidently a bit careless after the ceremony is over, because two or three of them died last year by reason of filling up on too much cold water right after the ending of the ceremony. According to statements made at Fort Belknap, where these men were brought to the hospital, the cause of death was pneumonia. This seems strange. Return from the shoshoni camp, after taking some pictures of the sun dance lodge, and have lunch at agency. Then go over to the warehouse with Celina, Mary Ellen and Miss Dester to examine a skeleton, alleged to be that of either Basil or Patiste, son of Sakakawea. It was recently exhumed from a spot picked out by Robert Friday, who was present at the burial when he was a boy ten years old. Skeleton pretty complete, except for some vertebrae which may have been taken away by the pack rats, and the hair which the pack rats may have taken to line their nests. From condition of one leg, the body must have been interred in a crouching position, as leg is flexed double. There were copper ornaments on the wrists, and the coppers salts have preserved some muscles and tendons of wrists in pretty good shape. The shoes have likewise preserved the feet in pretty good shape. There are no further traces of clothing, except gloves worn on hands. There are glass beads, and copper ornaments, and the remains of a saddle, of old fashioned Indian make. The teeth are those of an old buffalo meat eating Indian, strong, and worn flat to the gums. I tell Stone that I can pack Basil up in a cardboard box and take him back to Washington to be looked over by the Smithsonian, and he says it will be too much bother, but that he can send him on parcels post. Tell him to mail to home address as my office might open it up, and would not like it much when they did. Forrest Stone and I head to Lander, where he has some business. Celina, Mildred, Mary Ellen, Dorothy and Forrest Junior are going there later to dinner and a movie. Forrest and I are going to
Lander, Riverton, and probably on to Shoshoni. We get to Lander and are delayed. Run into the family at the Noble Hotel there, and leave them to enjoy the evening. Telephone Mayor geating at Riverton, and proceed to Riverton to meet him. Find we will be late, so stop at a saloon in Hudson, and advise him by telephone that we will see him on our return from Shoshoni. Hudson is reputed a tough town and looks it. The owner of the saloon we were in looks like he could swing a mean bung starter in any bar room brawl that came his way. We drive through Riverton and on to Shoshoni, and being through with business for the day and far off the beaten track of Superintendent Stone's dusky wards, we drape ourselves over the local bar there and have a few drinks. Tell Forrest that I feel like a fat woman shedding her corset. He says he feels the same way about it. On an Indian reservation you have to be on your good behaviour all the time and watching your step. Drive back to Riverton, and have dinner with Keating. Then drive on to Lander. Talk about the Peyote religion most of the time, and how to join it to get the low down. The religion has two aspects, one which interests Stone and the other interests me. The peyote religion is deeply hostile to the new Indian policy and has defeated that policy both here and on the Crow Reservation. That item interests Stone. On the other side, it is a comparatively new, native religion, which has taken root among the Arapaho, Shoshoni, and other tribes. Except the Blackfeet, who will have nothing to do with it. According to Doctor Roberts it inculcates some very high moral principals, and it is a well known fact that the devout members of this religion use neither tobacco nor alcohol, although some missionaries aver that they are a bit more lax as to other weaknesses of the flesh. Their principal ceremony is the eating of the peyote button, which grows on the tip of a certain kind of cactus, is very bitter, affects principally the centers around the medulla oblongata, causes the eater to bend or fall forward when standing, and produces vivid
sensations before the eyes of light flashes of rainbow color. These flashes can be regulated as to length by the beat of a drum, and a drum is generally beaten during the ceremony. The ceremony sometimes lasts all night. Some missionaries report orgies in connection with these ceremonies, but reports are conflicting. Doctor Roberts here says that members of the peyote religion have a high moral code. As he has been here among this Indians since 1883 he ought to know something about them. Doctor Roberts further believes that peyote does no direct injury to the user, but that the injury done is consequent and indirect, because the user neglects to eat a proper amount of food and get sufficient sleep, and that this is what runs him down and does the damage. Stone says that the only way to get a man into this religion is to have him take a wife who is a member of the religion. This appears the most feasible method. We decide on a man whom we think would be willing to do this, who is sufficiently intelligent to provide us with adequate reports on the religion. As none of these Indian maidens hereabouts are exactly beauty contest contenders, I am afraid our candidate for matrimony will have to take it on the chin for awhile until he gets the information. After that he can do as he pleases. Stone will send me the information on the religion as he gets it, and will of course be informed as to the views and policies of this religion, which information should be of great service to the government. On passing through Lander we see our respective families emerging from the movie, and so step on the gas, and reach the agency in nothing flat. There we get into pajamas, and greet them when they arrive as though just awakened from profound slumbers. Get packed for tomorrow's journey, and then to bed.

Tuesday July 23.

We are leaving Fort Washakie today. Fort Washakie was established on its
present site as a military post June 26, 1871. It received its name in December 1878, and was named after the great shoshoni Chief, Washakie, or Sun Dance Rattle, whose father was a Flathead Indian, married to a Shoshoni woman. Washakie was born in 1804 and died in 1900. He had only two wives until he was seventy, and then married a third one, a girl of twenty, whom he had captured from the Crows as a child, and whom he had brought up by his other two wives with the intention of marrying her to one of his sons. But as it turned out he decided to marry her himself, and let his son get some other wife. By this third wife he had two daughters, the oldest son of a gun, whom I met at the agency. It is said that Washakie conquered a Crow Chief in battle and either carried the heart of the dead Crow on a lance when celebrating the victory, or else ate the heart after the battle. This took place near Crow Heart Butte, and is the accepted Chamber of Commerce version of the story. Alex Green, who has talked to the old people who were present at the fight says that it did not happen that way. The fight with the Crows took place fifteen miles east of Crow Heart Butte, as an old woman who was accidentally wounded in the fight told Alex. And there was no heart on the lance or heart eating business undertaken by Washakie after the battle. The butte the whites call Crow Heart Butte was known to the Shoshoni as Bad Medicine Butte. The Shoshoni once sent a scout to the top of this butte to look out for a band of hostile Arapaho they thought might be in the vicinity. The scout did not come down by night, and had not signaled the Shoshoni camp all day, so they went up to find out what had happened to him. The Shoshoni found their scout dead on the top of the butte, and not a mark on him to show the manner of his death. They concluded that an evil spirit living in the butte had killed him, and no old time Shoshoni will climb up this butte even today. The younger ones sometimes go there, says Alex, in a spirit of bravado, and to show how educated they are.
This is the third haunted butte I have seen. The old Indians at Fort Belknap, thirty years ago, were afraid of Snake Butte. Just back of Snake Butte General Miles defeated Joseph, the Nez Perce in the Battle of the Bear Paws in 1877. The old timers at Belknap believed that both the Indians and the soldiers killed in the battle enjoyed hanging around the top of Snake Butte, which made it a very unpopular spot with the Gros ventre and the Assiniboine old timers. General Scott told me about Lone Butte, which is the westernmost butte of the Sweet Grass Hills, in north central Montana, and near the Canadian line. A spirit, according to what the Indians thereabouts told General Scott, also lived in that Butte. If an Indian camped near it the spirit would appear to him at night and demand the Indian's wife, daughter, or some other relative in marriage. The only way to get the woman to the spirit so that he could marry her, was to kill her. If the man failed to do this, he had bad luck all the rest of his life. At present there is a town near this butte, but perhaps the spirit does not care much for white women, as no trouble has been reported of that nature. Getting back to Fort Washakie. Most of the buildings are of adobe brick, or sandstone. They were erected between 1878 and 1880 by Colonel Homer W. Wheeler, who was at that time Quartermaster at Fort Washakie. Wheeler also planted the trees which now grow around the old parade ground. He got the money to buy these trees by selling commissary bread to the Indians, for which the War Department called him down rather severely. But Wheeler says that anyhow he got the trees. Wheeler gives an interesting account of Fort Washakie in his autobiography, entitled Buffalo Days. Went over to agency office and said goodbye to Chief Clerk, and got tickets and checks out of agency safe from Vic Fontenelle. Said goodbye all around. Back to stones for breakfast. Took some photographs of Stones. That is Celina took them. Forrest Stone took the wheel, and we drove for Bonneville, sixty five
miles from Fort Washakie. Took the shortest route which is by Lander, and then to Riverton. Stopped at Riverton at 9:00 A.M. Met Keating there and said goodbye to him. Cashed checks at bank there, while Celina bought me a couple of shirts, we having sent most of our linen parcels post on to Washington. From Riverton drive on to Shoshoni, and then to Bonneville. Bonneville is on the Burlington, which runs from Denver to Billings. It is a truly sad place. We cross the dry bed of a river, parallel to the railroad bridge, and Bonneville is on the far bank of the river. When the river has a flow of water, the bed is all quicksand, so that those desiring to go to Bonneville must park their cars on the opposite bank, and cross the railroad bridge on foot. The town may have one hundred inhabitants. Some dead trees are near the dry bed of the river. A lot of scrapped automobiles lay around the streets, and most of the houses are old box cars, placed about here and there. Weeds and sage brush grow in the streets, if they are streets. There are some rusty, tumble down barbed wire fences around the houses. There is a small store that advertises canned goods and free water. There is another empty store, with all the front windows broken in. Some barefooted children are playing around the place. There is nothing in sight but sage brush and dust and alkali flat. It is very hot. There is a station and a water tank, both painted red. The train is late, and so we do not leave Bonneville until 10:30 A.M. Say goodbye to Forrest Stone. We had a swell time. The train is air conditioned, and is evidently the crack train between Denver and Billings, and connects with the tourist trade in the summer through the Cody entrance of the Yellowstone Park. We head for the Wind River Canyon. At the top of the canyon reach the headwaters of the Big Horn River. Down the canyon on the north side pass through Thermopolis with its hot springs. Arrive in Billings at 6:15 P.M. This part of Montana looks green, and there seem to be plenty of hay
stacks, and there are oil refineries, mostly Texaco, along the tracks north of Thermopolis. **Billings**/Check in at the Grand Hotel at Billings. Ask for McFatridge, the old Blackfoot Agent there. His son is at the desk. Talk to him awhile. Have dinner at hotel and then take a taxi and go to station and make reservations for the eastbound tonight. Drive around town and look the place over. There are eighty five new residences being built at present, all of them already bought. For a town this size that is quite a boom. There is a large beet sugar factory here, and the town is a great market for cattle and horses. Drive up to the airport, and pass the Boot Hill Cemetery on the way. This place is reserved for those who died by violence, either a rope around the neck, or too much lead in the belly. Humorously enough the local gun club have their shooting range right next to the cemetery. Most appropriate. Stop at the Fox Theatre and see Jean Harlow in Susy. Then check out at the hotel and go to the station. Messenger arrives from hotel with slip asking me to call Washington operator. Try to get call through, but Washington says that Dr. McNally, who made it, was out. Get on board our car, which is waiting to be picked up by the eastbound North Coast Limited. This is late, and we leave Billings at 12:30 A.M. They have a statue to Bill Hart in Billings. It is life sized, and marks the spot where the western—most point of his trail ended, when he used to ride range in these parts. The boys say he was a tough hombre.

**Wednesday July 29.**

On board the North Coast Limited. Going through North Dakota. It still looks as much like North Dakota as it ever did. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner and rest all day. Nothing else to do. This road runs over about the same route that General Sully took in his campaign against the Sioux in 1865, and about the same taken by Custer and Terry in 1876. The porter of the observation car is also the valet, barber and bartender. Sign him up
in his capacity as valet to press my clothes tonight, try him out in his capacity as barber to the extent of a hair cut and shampoo, to get all the prairie dust out of my hair, and then take him on in his capacity as bartender. If he is as good a valet as he is a bartender my clothes will be well pressed. Go to bed before we reach Minneapolis, which will be late at night.

**Thursday July 30.**

Had breakfast on board train and arrived in Chicago on time. Went to Baltimore and Ohio station, checked most of luggage there, arranged drawing room to Washington, and then checked in at Congress Annex Hotel. All hands had a bath, and Mary Ellen went to Elizabeth Arden's for further improvements. Celina and I to Marshall Fields, and to a book store. Tried to get Father McNally on telephone from hotel. Picked up Mary Ellen at Elizabeth Arden's. Father McNally called back about an hour before train time. Had lunch at hotel, and then to station and took 2:50 Capitol Limited to Washington. Drawing room in observation car. Very comfortable. Indiana looks just as dry as when we passed through it last. The Baltimore and Ohio are buying a new set of rails. New rails spread alongside the track all the way through. Celina met a girl from Alexandria who was on her way home from the Yellowstone-Glacier Park tour. Went to bed early but did not sleep so well.

**Friday July 31.**

Breakfast on board train. Woke up as we were passing through Cumberland. Arrived in Washington at 8:35 A.M., or five minutes ahead of time. Father McNally and Johnny and Dorothy Graf were at the train to meet us. Johnny and Dorothy went on to work, and Father McNally drove us home in our car which he had brought down to the station. Arrived home about nine o'clock.