Mackenstead was tranferred from Chief Clerk to Field Auditor. I hear they nailed him accepting rebates from a Missoula Undertaker on coffins furnished to Indians who had departed this life. But this is an old prequisite of office for the Chief Clerk in the Indian Service. We have a great talk about the Flatheads. The old full bloods are still alive and kicking. Kooskata, of the Kutenai; and Martin Charlot and Judge Magpie of the Flathead. All of the smart half breeds and squaw men politicians we encountered, like Mary Lemery, Max Barnaby and Angus MacLeod have gone to that bourne where there are no politics, and tribal meetings are never called. Max Barnaby died as the result of having a naturally affectionate disposition where the ladies were concerned. As a result of this he collected a number of spirocetes in his system, and these spirocetes selected Max's heart muscles as a good place to hold some sort of a convention and get together. That made it just too bad for Max. He faded out of the picture. Coe is still Superintendent at Flathead. We discuss at large the good and bad points of the gentle Selish, as some romantic writer once referred to the Flatheads. They have a lot of both, but the old full bloods are fine people. The Reservation is just infested with too many worthless white men, and their breed brats. We talk until eleven, and then the party breaks up. Go to bed.

Tuesday, July 12. This morning I get off a letter to Doctor Jimmie Flinn at Helena to tell him we expect to arrive there on Monday, July 18, or perhaps sooner. Also send a wire to John Champe, Lincoln, Nebraska, making inquiry as to the whereabouts of Duncan and Jean Strong, and their future plans. We have an invitation to visit Dunc and Jean at their camp somewhere near Mobridge, South Dakota, whenever the get there. They are running a field trip for the Southwest Museum, and plan to excavate an Arikari village site north of Mobridge. Today I am set for a meeting with the Blackfoot Tribal Council, which transacts the business of all the Piegans on this Reservation. The correct name of these Indians is Piegan, or Pikuni, but they are generally called Blackfoot, as their Reservation is called the Blackfoot Reservation. The real Blackfoot are in Canada with the Bloods. While I am at the Council meeting, General Scott, F.C. Campbell, his daughter, Frieda DeRozier, Celina dn Mary Ellen are going to Saint Mary's Lake as the guests of J. Willard Shultz and his wife. Mary Ellen is pleased as she has read some of Shultzs' books on these Indians. Both General Scott and Campbell always refer to Shultz by his Piegan name of Apikuni, which means The Piegan. Jim Brott, Dick Sanderville and I start in Jim's car to examine a Piskun, or old buffalo surround or drive, on Badger Creek. This Piskun is south of Family Mission, as Badger Creek flows south of Two Medicine, and about parallel to it. We cross the Two Medicine, leaving the dirt road which leads to Family Mission on the left. We then proceed south, leaving the dirt road that leads to Heart Butte on our right. We follow the main road, and cross the divide that separates Two Medicine from Badger creek. On crossing Badger Creek, we turn east, down the south bank of the creek. We follow down the creek for three or four miles over rough dirt road, and then cut through a rancher's field, by a ranch, and then cross some irrigating ditches. We then arrive at the Piskun, which is a fairly high sandstone cliff, overlooking the south bank of Badger creek. Over this cliff the Indians used to drive buffalo in the old days before the acquired horses. Near the Piskun we got stuck, because a field had been flooded by one of the ditches, and we bogged down. Jim Brott kept to the wheel of the car and Dick Sanderville and I got out and pushed. We got out of the mud, but I will have to change my trousers and shoes before appearing at the Council meeting this afternoon. We park at the foot of the cliff, or Piskun.

There are many buffalo bones scattered about. Dick Sanderville says the Piegans and Blackfoot never used this Piskun, but used the one located near the Family Mission on Two Medicine. That would date the last use of this Piskun at the time of the Shoshoni occupation of this country, which was as late as 1740 or 1750. Dick also tells us that the indications at this Piskun also are that it was last used for a Fall hunt, because the skulls of buffalo bulls, cows and calves are found here together. Fall was the only time of year, Dick says, that the bulls, cows and calves herded together. Page Sherlock Holmes! We look for arrowheads, and other artifacts. Jim has better luck than any of us in finding arrowheads, and picks up two of them and gives them to me. Both were evidently discarded by their owners because broken in use. In the old days, when this buffalo drive was operating, it was customary on finding a herd near this sort of a location, to send out a good hunter, who was also a fast runner. This hunter covered himself with a buffalo skin and attracted the attention of the herd. He had to be careful to keep in a position toward the herd so that the wind was blowing toward him, or he would be scented. Some Indians sought to kill this man scent on them by hacing the hunter put a live coal with some sweet grass, between two dried pieces of buffalo manure, called buffalo chips. They say that was effective. The hunter gradually moved ahead of the herd, exciting their curiosity by his movements, until they were walking toward the place where the edge of the cliff was located. When the herd started walking, the hunter moved faster, until he had them running. Meantime the people had erected booths in a funnel shape, the end of the funnel at the edge of the cliff, and the wide part toward the herd. Men were concealed behind these booths. As the herd got into thiss funnel or draw, they would be running pretty fast. The hunter who had drawn them would then leap aside behind one of the booths. If the herd, or any part of it sought to turn, those behind the booths would rise up and shout, and wave their robes. When the herd reached the lip of the cliff, the leaders would attempt to draw back, but the animals behind would shove them over. Some buffalo would die outright from the fall. Others were wounded, and these the hunters would dispatch with their arrows at the foot of the cliff. In 1909, Running Fisher, an aged Gros Ventre Indian at Fort Belknap, gave me a vivid account of one of these buffalo drives. The broken arrowheads Jim gave me were apparently used in killing the wounded animals at the foot of the cliff. They had been broken in striking the bones of these animals, and because broken, were cast aside by their owners. They are small arrow heads and finely made and flaked. They have calcified a great deal from time and exposure. But the flaking is evidently very fine. I have no luck finding arrowheads on the ground. Bird Rattler would say that the Earth Persons were not friendly to me. Dick finds a broken maul. I find a large fossil hip bone, or rather thigh bone, imbedded in rock. It is much older than any other bones hereabouts. I borrow some tools from Jim's car to try to get this fossil bone loose from the rock, but it is sunk too deep in the rock. Lift up the whole rock and take it to Jim's car. It is very hot. The location looks like a good one for rattlesnakes, so I keep one eye out for snakes, and the other for arrowheads. This may explain why I do not find arrowheads. Jim thinks that if we got one of the portable tanks and hose outfits from the Forestery Service, we could sluice out more arrowheads from this place. It seems like a good idea. But it will have to wait until some other time. Time is getting short, so we start back to the Agency. This time we take the flooded area in the field at full speed, and so do not get stuck. On our way back we make a stop at Family Mission for a visit.

Father Dumbeck, the Superior, has gone to Browning. A new Father is there and we talk to him. We give him our names, but he does not give us his. Jim Brott telephones the Agency and they tell him there is a telegram there for me. I call up the Western Union office in Browning and receive by telephone a wire from John Champe of Lincoln, Nebraska. He says the Strongs will be at Mobridge, South Dakota, after the middle of the month, as they are leaving Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, on July 15. Jim brings in Brother Gallegos, whom I missed seeing out here in 1926. The Brother is from Barcelona, Spain, and was transferred from Saint Paul's Mission at Fort Belknap to Holy Family Mission on Blackfoot when we were at Saint Paul's in 1909. He has been at Family Mission ever since. Jim says they still work the Brother like a truck horse, and he seems to like it. He is a large man, with heavy shoulders, and is quiet, patient and reliable, and has the most pleasant smile. The Brother used to have a very wiry beard, and he shaved it only on Saturdays, in honor of Sunday. Thus, each week he made a painful and bloody sacrifice to the Lord. Now he wears a beard. The Jesuits are showing him some slight indulgence in his old age, and he has been dispensed from the agony of flaying his face every Saturday night. The Brother does not remember me, but tries to be polite and appear as if he did. But I can hear the gears slipping. He is a pretty old man by now. But still a hard worker. Our interview is brief. I talk with the Father awhile about Piegan conservatism in holding to their old beliefs and customs. He seems to think that the Medicine Lodge is being gradually relinquished by them, and is on its way out, and will in the very near future be abandoned. I heard that one at Fort Belknap in 1906. The old gods appear to go into exile, but they always come back again. Men can be taught to learn new things, but they cannot be taught to forget the old things. We leave Family Mission and start for Browning. On the road we meet Father Bumbeck, headed for the Mission. He is most cordial, and invites us out to have dinner with him as soon as we can arrange our time. We promise to try to do this. We stop at Stone's house. He has returned from Helena, and has Wright Hagerty, and Wright's wife, Grace, at the house. They have come in to see me about a law suit which Grace's family, the Gosses, lost in the United States District Court at Great Falls. The case is that of United States against the Sherburne Merchantile Company. Judge Charles N. Pray, former Congressman from Montana, handed down the decision against the Gosses, whose interests were handled by the United States, as Plaintiff, since they are Indians. The Gosses had a trust patent from the United States to a certain allotment of land. During the time they held the trust patent they ran into debt to the Sherburne Merchantile Company. The United States then issued a fee patent to the Gosses, taking up their trust patent, to their allotment, and when they received the fee patent the Sherburne Comapny took the land in satisfaction of the debt. The United States, on their behalf, and as guardian, brought suit in the District Court to recover the land for them. The law is that no allotment can be taken for debts contracted during the trust patent period. Judge Pray held otherwise, and the Gosses want an appeal taken to the United Staes Circuit Court of Appeals. I promise to get behind the United States Attorney in Helena, and the Department of Justice at Washington, and have the appeal prosecuted. I go to Jim Brott's and change my clothes, and get some lunch. Celina and Mary Ellen with General Scott, Campbell and Frieda DeRozier are all up at J. Willard Shultzs' camp on Saint Mary's. I go over to the Agency office to find out about the time and place of the Council meeting. Cannot find Stone there, but Wades in the Water comes in and signs to me to follow him. Before leaving the Agency office I meet a Mr. and Mrs.

Stone, who are Piegan mixed bloods. She was camp cook for my mother, when she went through the Glacier Park country in 1907 with Captain and Mrs. Ryan of the British Embassy, Miss Ella Lorraine Dorsey, and the Walls, Jane and Frank. That summer Hugh and I, with Eddie Crawford, spent at the cabin at Saint Paul's Mission after the Sun Dance camp at the Fort Belknap Agency broke up. We all took in the Sun Dance, Major Logan providing our party with tents to live in, a chuck wagon from his cattle outfit for a kitchen, and a circus tent for a dining room. I follow Wades out of the Agency office, and he leads me to a hall back of the Agency. This hall is above a store, and is fairly large. Wades signs to me to go on upstairs, and leaves me there. At the far end of the hall, his back to the stage, sits Joe Brown, President of the Council. In front of Joe is a long table. Joe motions me to come up, and gives me a seat on his right. An Indian girl, who is stenographer, sits at the ~~his~~ right end of the table. In the front row, facing the table, are seated ten of the twelve Councilmen. Back of these are seated about three hundred Piegans, who have come to attend the Council meeting. Forrest Stone comes in and takes a seat back of Joe Brown, and well to his left, facing the audience. Dick Grant is appointed interpreter of the meeting, in place of Oscar Boy, who has gone up to Canada with the Blackfoot Reservation Band. Dick is a Councilman, and Oscar is Secretary of the Council. The proper name of the Council is The Blackfoot Tribal Business Council, and it consists of thirteen members, elected annually from the different districts of the Reservation. The Council then elects its own President and Secretary. If an interpreter is needed for a meeting, the chair appoints one, but usually the Secretary acts as interpreter. The minutes are taken down in shorthand by an Agency stenographer, and a permanent record is kept of all proceedings by the Secretary. As a copy of the Minutes are appended to this Diary, there is no need to give a summary here. But many things took place that did not appear in the report of the Council proceedings. In addition to the Councilmen I see up front Many Hides, whom I have just met, Joe Ground, Mike Little Dog and John Two Guns. Oscar and another Councilman are up in Canada. A third Councilman is also absent and may be up in Canada also. There are ten of the Council present. Forrest Stone introduces me, and I make a talk, and then the Council ask questions on various matters. When matters get under way, Forrest tilts his chair against the back wall and proceeds to catch up on some sleep. He has had a hard trip to Helena and back. But no one can remain asleep at a Council meeting here for very long. After some business discussion, and after I have replied to many questions, Jim White Calf, a Councilman, starts the fight. He gets up and makes a long speech praising the old long haired full blood Indians, and roasting the mixed bloods, and the educated full bloods. Jim White Calf is an old Long Hair, it goes without saying. Jim says the Long Hairs are smart, and hang on to their property, and do not let the white man fool them. But the educated full bloods and the mixed bloods think they are smart, and are all of the time telling everybody how smart they are, and they are all broke, because they have been skinned out of all they have by the white men. In about two minutes there are sparks flying through the air, and Stone wakes up. After that there is no sleep for Stone. Dick Sanderville rises to make reply on behalf of the mixed bloods and educated full bloods. Dick Grant has gotten so interested in the proceedings by now that he forgets to act as interpreter, so I do not know what Dick Sanderville says. But even though he says it all in Piegan it is pretty clear from the tone of voice that he is giving Jim White Calf the devil. The stenographer has quit taking notes, and the interpreter has quit interpreting, but the full

bloods, mixed bloods and long hairs are all in the argument. They finally talk themselves out, but it is too bad that the stenographer did not get it all for the minutes. This storm has barely subsided when Dick Kipp enters the hall, and standing up in front of me proceeds to expose me as a fakir. Dick is considered as just a bit crazy by the Piegans, and I think they have his number. In 1926 Dick Kipp pestered the life out of me. His grandfather had been murdered by United States troops in Baker's massacre. Baker attacked Big Foot's village of Piegans, which was friendly. The troops shot down Big Foot as he was advancing unarmed toward them waving a white flag. The able bodied men of his village were away hunting, but the troops killed in cold blood some women and children, some old men, and some men who were sick. Eli Parker, the only Indian to hold the position of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was Commissioner at that time, and wrote a report to the secretary of the Interior commending Colonel Baker's action. It is said, by way of extenuation, that some of the officers who led the troops were drunk at the time the attack occurred. Bill Jackson, or Blackfoot Man, a famous Piegan scout, who was a white man married to a Piegan, was Baker's chief scout, and told Baker that Big Foot was friendly, and that his was a friendly village. Baker was looking for our old friend Mountain Chief, who had been indulging in his weakness for horse stealing. Dick Kipp wanted to sue the United States for a Million Dollars for the loss of his grandfather, killed in the Baker affair, and wanted me to drive out with him and see the battle ground, which he considered Plaintiff's Exhibit A in the case. When I could not find time to go with him, and when I told him that he could not recover from the United States, because the United States could not be made to respond in damages for killings committed by its soldiers, Dick lined me up with the powers of darkness, and has figured in his cockeyed way that I somehow approve of the killing of his grandpa. Dick gives me hell. He says I am just a tourist who has come out here, and am kidding the poor Indians along to make them feel good, and doing this for my own amusement. He then shakes hands with me, and leaves the hall, shaking his fist an everybody, and calling the council and the Indians a pack of fools. Everybody is rolling in their seats laughing, and I have to try and keep a straight face, but have a hard time doing it. Dick started his speech by saying he had never seen me before. As he knows me quite well, that was his polite Indian way of putting across the idea that I was of so little account that no one who had met me could possibly ever remember meeting me. The Council having convened at two twenty P.M., adjourns at six P.M. I have been on my feet speaking, or answering questions for the better part of four hours. As I leave the hall many Piegans with private matters come up and make requests, or state their problems. They are most courteous and considerate in the matter. Each states his matter very briefly, and then gives place at once to the next Indian. Many of these matters can be answered on the spot. About ten Piegans men and women, come up to me. Get out of the hall after six. All Indians present at this meeting wore white men's clothes, and no Indian clothes, paint or insignia were worn. Many of the old Indians wear moccasins for comfort, and the long hairs had their hair in braids, and tied with ribbon, or strips of red cloth. The women wore calico, or else ordinary cloth suits. The older women wore moccasins. Oscar Boy's impeachment for his July 4th drunk and arrest, is postponed until July 20th. pete Vielle, another Councilman, will be up for impeachment the same date for beating up his wife and his mother in law. By July 20th we should be in Helena, over 200 miles from here. After the meeting, on leaving the hall, I run into a white woman, by way of contrast. She introduces herself as some kind

of a school supervisor, or school Superintendent. I shake hands with an old full blood, who wants to shake hands, but am grabbed and hurried away by the school marm, who evidently thinks that because I come from Washington I must be a fool. As suspected, she is running for office. County School Superintendent, in fact. She has a tall tale to tell. Great evils are being perpetrated by those in power. Forrest Stone and his merry gang of horsethieves are out to do dirt to the noble red man. The burden of the story has to do with the illiteracy school, one of the balmier schemes concocted by the educational experts of the Interior Department at Washington. But the school marms version of the illiteracy school is that the old Indians, who cannot read or write, are being taught by Stone and his fellow rascals to sign their names to checks, and this will enable Stone and company to fill out the checks so signed, draw the old Indians money out of the bank, and spend the same in riotous living. I listen. It also seems that my friend Doug Gold, the local school Superintendent, and Stone, have together padded the roll as to Indian pupils attending the Montana Public School here, and that the United States is therefore paying over to the local school board tuition for non existent pupils. She does her stuff with gusto. I refer her to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, assuring her that if she writes a letter to Commissioner Rhodes, he will send out an Inspector and have the matter thoroughly investigated. In this way she is kept from contacting, I hope, Wheeler's Committee on muckraking and mudslinging. The low down on the illiteracy school, which is too complicated to explain to a person with such a simple and direct mind as that of this school marm, is not hard to get for anyone who has lived for a short time in Washington. The Administration is trying to practice economy, and spend more money at the same time, which makes certain subterfuges necessary. On the economy side, as to Indians, it is decided to issue no more free rations to the old and indigent. This is economy. But those who work may receive rations in lieu of pay. More economy, the issuing of rations instead of money for work done. Thus it comes to pass that the educational wizards in the Interior Department concoct a silly scheme. All the old people will go to school, and be taught to sign their names, and for this work they will receive as compesation, ration orders. In this way the Goverment can say to itself, we are economizing by issuing no more free rations, and at the same time spend as much money on rations and issue just as many rations as they did before. A good device for eating your cake and having it, only a lot of ancient buffalo hunters and their squaws must learn to sign their names, a talent which will do them no earthly good. The school asked old man Sherburne, who runs the bank here, in addition to the Merchantile Company, for a bunch of blank checks to make the signing of names more realistic for the old Indians. Sherburne refused, using some pretty strong language. He said, in substance, that there were too many people in the Penitentiary now because of knowing how to sign their names on checks, and he thought the education service were nothing but a bunch of God damned fools. Doug Gold lives at Sherburne's house as a lodger, and is also a good friend of Stone's. So a plausible story can be cooked up out of this whole silly mess. But the story is not half as cockeyed as the reality. Washington trying to economize and spend money at the same time, and resorting to a crazy device in order to do so. I also refer her to Meckenstead, the Field Auditor, who is now at the Agency making up a report on Agency accounts to be sent to Washington.

I leave my school teacher friend and go over to Jim Brott's and to Stone's. Hear at Stone's that Superintendent Earl Woolridge of the Rocky Boy Reservation has just driven in, and he has brought me a report on the housing program on his Reservation, which he had prepared for me. I then find Jim Brott, and we go hunting for Woolridge, and finally locate him at Stone's house. Woolrdidge gives me the report, which is excellent. It is specially prepared, with tables of cost, and all the figures, and with photographs of the different types of houses built, and their cost of construction. A very complete and elaborate report. Stone and I discuss the case of Mrs. Revet Paul. Stone brought her in this morning after the Hegartys left. She is part French and part Piegan, and is a very fine and gentle old lady. She wants back payments on a pension due her father on account of his services in the Mexican War. Her father died in 1902, aged 99 years and 6 months. Mrs. Paul says she was baptized by Father DeSmet at Fort Benton in 1855. Her father was born May 3, 1803. While Stone and I are talking, General Scott and Campbell come in from Saint Mary's. They report that Frieda DeRozier, Celina and Mary Ellen have driven in the other car to Many Glaciers, and will be back later. General Scott says he took the whole party tp to the narrows of Saint Mary's lake to see Napis Head. This rock was re-christened St. Mary's head by the early Jesuit Missionaries, and hence the name of the lake. The Piegan legend is that when Napi, The Old Man, left this country he went to that place and left his head, and it turned to stone. The early missionaries thought the head resembled the profile of the Madonna, and so named it. Napi of the Piegan legend is a Creator, a trickster, and was always getting into trouble. Most of the stories about him are put into Latin in the works of anthropologists, so the books can be sent through the United States mails. Napis love life would make Krafft Ebing blush, and would raise the hair on Dr. Freud's scalp. He did not stop at women, but included bison, wolves, coyotes and beavers in his affairs of the heart. He also seduced his mother in law, and his two daughters. If you want to get a Piegan started laughing, just mention Napi, and he breaks into a broad grin. There is quite a lot of difference between Napi and Saint Mary, and the Jesuit who renamed the rock may have had that in mind also. The General says they all had a fine time at Apikuni's camp. J. Willard Shultz, his wife, and his son by his Piegan wife were there, and Apikuni prepared planked lake white fish for the guests. The son is a sculptor. Stone is going to Cut Bank on business, so Woolridge, Campbell and I go wi with him. I tell him about the charges brought today by the lady who is running for school supervisor, and he is much surprised at an attack coming from that quarter. When Cora Wilson Stewart was out here she did ask Sherburne for blank checks to use in the illiteracy school, and sherburne burned her ears off with what he had to say on the subject. Doug Gold, present school superintendent for the County does live with old man Sherburne. The old people attending the school do receive rations for their work, and are each presented with a pair of glasses, the glass part being just window glass, which will neither help nor injure their eyes, and these glasses are a great inducement for them to attend the school. Stone asks if he can use my name in writing to the lady in question, stating that I have been his informant, and demanding her proofs of her charges. I tell him to go ahead and use it. We return from our trip, and stop awhile at Stone's to talk to General Scott and Campbell. Then return to Brotts'. Celina and Mary Ellen are there. They had a fine time at Apikuni's camp. General Scott and Apikuni spent the afternoon telling Indian stories. The planked white fish was excellent.

The Mackensteads, father and son, are also there. We all sit in, with Jim and Elean Brott and do some talking. Elean Brott is the daughter of E.D. Mossman, now Superintendent at Standing Rock, and was brought up in the Indian Field Service. The discussion gets very frank on the attitude of the Indian Field Service to the Indian Bureau in Washington. The Field service is fully aware of the influence on the Indian Bureau of Dr. Merriam and the Brookings Institute, and their pipe dream theories about Indians, derived from too much rocking back and forth in swivel chairs. The Field men bear the burden and the heat of the whole business, while the Washington experts get their information from Indian agitators, ouija boards and the crystal ball. It never occurs to anybody to ask the men who work on the job what their experience is, or what they recommend. Making Indians self supporting, an almost hopeless job in many places, is a hard practical problem, and not to be solved by theorists, nor by remote control from Washington. But Wilbur, the present chief cook and bottle washer of the Interior Department, is a former college president, and that explains a whole lot. Find a Special Delivery letter from Mother, written from Helena, and read it. She wants us to come to Helena in the next couple of days, but it can't be done. We go to bed at about 11:30 P.M.

Wednesday, July 13. Jim Brott is taking us on a fishing trip today to Badger Canyon. The party will consist of Jim and Elean Brott and their two children, Celina, Mary Ellen, Superintendent Woolridge of Rocky Boy's, his Chief of Indian Police, Dan Brouger, and myself. Woolridge and Dan Brouger will go in Woolridge's car, and the rest of us in Jim Brott's car. Elean has prepared a pic nic lunch for the party. Jim Brott loans me boots, trousers, and spare fishing tackle. Before setting out I spend a half hour on the steps of the Agency office talking to Indians. Dick Sanderville, Aubrey and some others are there. Aubrey asks by what authority the Commissioner of Indian Affairs allotted the lands of the Blackfoot Reservation to members of the tribe in severalty. He is told by authority of Congress acting under the clause of the Constitution which gives Congress the right to regulate commerce between the several states and the Indian tribes. But, Aubrey says, the Grinnell treaty (of 1895) provided that ~~should not be allotted~~ the Blackfoot Reservation should not be allotted to individual members of the tribe, but should remain in common to the members of the tribe. He refers to Article V of the agreement of 1895, which holds that the Reservation shall not be allotted during the life of that agreement. But the agreement does not set forth how long it shall run. He is told that an agreement or a treaty when once enacted or ratified by Congress, becomes just another Act of Congress, and as such may be changed, modified, repealed, and even repealed by implication. It is nothing but a law, and Congress can change or repeal it. That is the law, and it does not set so good with Aubrey or the rest. The Supreme Court, however, held to the doctrine stated. Later see a notice on the bulletin board of the Agency office which is a plain answer to most of Aubreys questions. He had probably read it, and then came out to question me, to find out if I knew as much as was contained on the notice. Dick Sanderville tells me I will catch no fish today with Jim Brott, as I have not the fish medicine. I ask him to furnish me with a good trout song, but Dick says he has no such song, and I will catch no fish today. Later it turns out Dick is right. Jim caught all the fish, and I caught none. Jim White Calf comes by for a handshake. Then Jim Brott comes out of the office, with Woolridge and Dan Brouger, and we get assembled and started for Badger Canyon. Jim Brott leads off in his car with Elean and his two

children. Celina, Mary Ellen and I follow in the car driven by Superintendent Woolridge. With us is Dan Brouger, Woolridge's Indian Chief of Police. We follow the State Highway south, until we have passed the bridge over Two Medicine. We then turn to the right, or west, and follow the road to Heart Butte until it turns south. We then take a road across the prairie to the west. This road is not as bad as the Heart Butte road. We just follow a couple of faint ruts over the prairie. We head west, and then south toward Badger Canyon. We then travel over virgin prairie, leaving the road, or any trace of a road altogether. We now cross a country where for miles there are no fences, no houses and no roads, and the country rolls away without a break to the foot of the Rocky Mountains to the west. The mountains here rise sheer from the prairie, like a wall. There are many wild flowers, making great splotches of color on the surface of the prairie, and the land is green and beautiful. The air is clear and bright. There are small lakes on the prairie, and over these lakes are sea gulls. The sea gulls here are said to drift up the Mississippi and Missouri River from the Gulf of Mexico. But the lakes are shrinking in the heat of summer. We see an otter in one of the lakes. To the north of us, up near the Canadian line, forty or fifty miles distant, are storm clouds. A field way to the north stands out clearly in the light. A sudden hail storm descends upon this field, and wipes the crop out in a few minutes. The hail does not fall on any of the surrounding land, but just on this field. It could not have fallen on that field more exactly if the owner had asked that it be delivered there. Any one who farms this country is sitting on the laps of the gods all of the time. A great mirage forms to the north. The Rocky Mountains, which run approximately north and south, suddenly change direction. There is a mirage chain of mountains, very high, running east and west, along the Canadian boundary. These mountains are at right angles to the real mountains, and cannot be told from the real mountains. Perhaps this is the Smoot-Hawley Tarriff wall we are looking at. But Woolridge still thinks it as a mirage, but believes the Tarriff must look something like it, at that. We turn south, and ride down into Badger Canyon. This is on Badger Creek, and about twenty five or thirty miles west and upstream from the Badger Creek Piskun that we looked over on July 12. We camp on the allotment, and near the house of, Joe Iron Pipe, the Councilman. Iron Pipe has a fine location, and one which is well sheltered in the winter. We camp beside Badger Creek at a ford. Iron Pipe comes up, riding a horse. We talk together about yesterday's Councilmeeting. Jim, Earl Woolridge, Dan Brouger and I assemble our fishing tackle, put on our boots and wade in. The current is very strong in places, and the water, right off the mountain glaciers, is very cold and soon fills my boots. There appears to be no quick sand in the creek, and the bottom is gravel or boulders, and slippery in places. Depth renges from one or two feet in the shallows, but waist deep in other places, and in the eddies and water holes five or six feet, or more in depth. I get a strike, but the trout cuts my leader clean, and goes off down stream with my fly. I am fishing down stream, the others having started up stream. A second trout breaks my leader in the same way. These trout must have shark teeth, and I do not like their kind of biting. Get my line tangled in some trees which overhang the stream, while making a cast. Have to go in waist deep to get the line untangled. Then turn up stream, and follow the others, whipping the stream as I go at likely looking eddies. But upstream I am following Jim Brott, who seems to keep the stream clear of trout behind him. Dick Sanderville was about right in his prediction about

my not catching any trout. Dan Brouger catches some trout, and Earl Woolridge gets a couple. I whip the stream as far as Iron Pipe's house, and then turn back, and whip it down to the ford. It is clouding up in the west and looks like rain. Find Mary Ellen in the stream at the ford, trying her hand at fishing. She is having the same amount of luck I have had. The girls ask me to round up Jim, Dan brouger and Earl Woolridge, as it is growing late, the coffee is ready, and it looks like rain. I go up the stream bed and catch up with Woolridge and Dan Brouger about a half a mile up stream. Dan turns back down stream, and Woolridge and I walk overland about a mile, before sighting Jim Brott. Jim says he will fish his way back down the stream to camp, and Woolridge and I return to camp overland. Jim gets to camp sooner than we expected him to. He has a fine mess of cut throat trout. These are Eastern trout, with which this stream has been stocked. This stream meanders some, and Woolridge and I had to ford it twice in returning to camp overland. We have hot coffee and cold supper, and pack up our things. It starts to rain just as we get into our cars and start to pull out for the Agency. The mirage to the north is disappearing. The tops of the mirage mountains are still visible, but their bases have disappeared. We pass by the small lakes where we saw the otter swimming this morning. These lakes are filled by rain, andhave no inlets or outlets. Some of the lakes, like Owl Child, also called Four Horns, are fed by springs and never dry up. The rain fed lakes sometimes dry up during the summer. The lake the otter was swimming in was rain fed, and shrinking in the summer heat. That otter had beeter be looking for a new lake pretty soon. We arrive at the Agency, and have supper at Brotts. After supper we go over to Stones', and discuss with Forrest plans for a trip through Glacier Park and to Watertown Lakes in Canada. Forrest does not want us to spend too much money on the Park tour, as the rates there are generally high, because the season is so short. He is ordering his Superintendent of the Indian Boarding School to make a tour of the Park, and also Watertown Lakes in Canada, to ascertain if there are any children of school age belonging to this Reservation in those places. The Superintendent of the Indian Boarding School is Mr. Sellers. He will drive his own car, but as he will be traveling on Government business, he will have his oil and gas supplied on vouchers, at Government expense, and will receive a per diem allowance covering his lodging and subsistence. I will only have to pay for the lodging and subsistence of Mrs. Sellers, who will accompany him, and that of Celina, Mary Ellen and myself. The schedule Forrest plans for us looks pretty strenuous, considering we are to be travelling over mountain roads all of the way. The first day calls for a drive to Belton, on the west side of the mountains, over the Marias Pass, and then on to the top of Logan Pass, by way of the Lake MacDonald Hotel. Then back to Belton, east to Glacier Park Station, and north to Many Glaciers for the night. This will cover 356 miles for the first day. The second day calls for a trip by horseback from Many Glaciers up to Iceberg Lake, a trip I made with Tom Walker and Hugh, with old Bill Ellsworth as guide, in 1912. From Many Glaciers we will then drive to Watertown Lake in Canada, by way of the Mormon Temple at Cardston, in Canada, and will spend the night at Watertown. Forrest wants me to get filled up on Canadian beer and ale at Watertown. The third day we will return to the Agency, a run of 105 miles from Watertown. The run from Many Glaciers to Watertown, via Cardston, is about 60 miles. We will cover about 421 miles in three days, through mountains, not including the mileage of the Iceberg lake trip on horseback, which is not very much. Forrest would like to go with us to Watertown and try out some Canadian beer and ale, but it is too near his Reservation, and is right next to the Blood Reserve where many of his Indians visit. A Superintendent out

here has to be careful. If Stone was seen drinking ale at Watertown, Reservation Indian politicians who were against him would soon be reporting to visiting Cingressional Committees, and to Washington, that their white father spent all of his time up in Canada getting drunk. Having planned the trip we return to Brott's. Jim has finished cleaning his trout. Celina, Mary Ellen and I get repacked, in light marching order, for the Glacier Park-Watertown trip. We all get to bed about mid-night. Dan Brouger, Chief of Indian Police at Rocky Boy's, told me today that he has very little trouble on that Reservation. There is practically no drunkeness, or trouble of any other kind. His jail is empty most of the time. Of course Rocky Boy's is a closed Reservation, and is also located at a distance from any town or white settlement. This is a great help in controlling the whiskey traffic. In spite of Secretary Wilbur's optimism, the Indian is still a long way off from the day when he can be turned loose on his own. If we turned him loose just now, his white neighbors would fill him up with booze, and strip him clean, and then turn him back on the United States Government a whiskey soaked, naked pauper, full of every disease the white man could give him.

Thursday, July 14. We have an early breakfast on Jim Brott's trout, and then say goodbye to Jim and Elean and the children, and go over to Forrest Stone's. At Stone's we meet Mr. and Mrs Sellers, who have just driven in from the Indian Boarding School. We say goodbye to Forrest and Mildred Stone, and to General Scott. The General will probably leave here before we return fromWatertown, as he is anxious to get started down to the Crow Reservation. I think Willcome, the State Road Commissioner, is to drive him as far as Helena. With Sellers driving the car, we start on the road to Glacier Park Station, but have a flat tire when about five ~~fi~~ miles west of Browning. Sellers and I repair the flat, but it is not so easy, as the wheel is an old fashioned one, and the tube has to be pried out from under the shoe. The day is clear and bright, with a heavy wind blowing from the west. We stop off at Glacier Park Station, and Sellers takes the tire to the Garage to be patched, so we will have a good spare in case of need. While Sellers is at the Garage we stop at Clark's Studio and store. Clark is a deaf and dumb Indian sculptor, and the brother of the late Helen Clark, whom we visited at this place in 1906. At that time Glacier Park Station was named Midvale, and there was no bridge over Two Medicine except the Railroad bridge. I had a very hair raising ride down and across Two Medicine Canyon with two horses and a wagon driven by an Indian boy. It was doubtful for a while if the horses or the wagon would get to the bottom of Two Medicine canyon first. Clark is not in. We meet a Mrs. Bogy at Clark's place. ~~She is one of the County Commissioners of Chinook~~. We talk about the so-called Lost or Abandoned Tribe of Chippewas. Mrs. Bogy lives in Chinook, and her husband is one of the County Commissioners there. They are very much interest in these lost Chippewas, who are all on relief and on the County down there. They want to get these people off the hands of the local charities, and get them turned over to the Govenrment of the United States as soon as possible. Great Falls has the same problem, having a bunch of Lost Chippewas living in a shanty town on hill 57 near the town. The Club Women of Great Falls threaten to take these Indians in charge, and open and conduct an Indian Reservation of their own. I hope they do. The sight would be worth seeing, and the ladies would get a liberal education. Rocky Boy's Agency is helping out in the care of some of these Great Falls Indians. There are also a few of these Crees, Chippewas and half breeds from the same bunch on the Blackfoot Reservation. The Piegans want them kicked off and sent somewhere else. They say Major Logan brought them with him, when he became Superintendent. Just why, God knows.

I mention to her that Woolridge had told me that he would be willing to take these homeless Indians on the Rocky Boy Reservation, if he could get adjoining land from the old Fort Assiniboin Military Reservation, or other adjoining land to take care of them. The Indian Bureau says there is no such adjoining land available, but Woolridge says there is adjoining land available. These so-called Lost Chippwas are really a part of the same Indians that make up Rocky Boy's old band. Most of them are Red River Half Breeds, Chippewa and Cree. I suggest that if the people down in Chinook, and up at Great Falls, and other people in the small town along the High Line, or line of the Great Northern, would build a fire under their Delegation in Congress, pressure might be exercised upon the Indian Bureau to get this additional land, and put these stray pauper Indians upon the Rocky Boy Reservation. I buy a parafleche at Clark's, and leave it there, to be called for on our return. We then go over to Margaret Carberry's, and see her Indian collection. Margaret and I tell each other Indian stories. Tell her the one that Major Logan told at Fort Belknap in 1906. There was an Indian cemetery on the bluff overlooking the road from his Agency to White Bear Coulee. Coming in from White Bear to the Agency one evening he found an Indian skull in the middle of the road. It had rolled down from the cemetery above. He stopped, picked up the skull, climbed the hill and put it back where it belonged. The next time he drove by there the same skull was waiting for him in the middle of the road, says the Major. He put it back in the cemetery, but this time he wasn't feeling any too good about it. He passed that way a week later with some feeling of apprehension. Sure enough there was friend skull right in the middle of the road. The Major put it back a third time, being very careful to place it far back from the slope. After that he never saw the skull again. Margaret has a fine collection of Indian things. The collection is mostly from the Crow, Sioux, Assiniboin, Blackfoot, Blood, Piegan, Gros Ventre, Cree, and some Chippewa and Flathead. There is some fine porcupine quill work. The main collection she wants to sell as a collection, but she also has individual articles for sale. Have my eye on a very fine Piegan Medicine Bag, I would like to pick up if the price is right. Her prices are reasonable, that is to say, in tune with the current depression. Margaret's father, who was a telegraph operator on the Great Northern Railroad, started this collection a good many years ago, when collecting was good out in this country. Celina get some pen holders. Sellers shows up with the car, and we all get in and proceed westward up the Marias Pass on the road to Belton. At the summit of the Pass we see the statue of Stevens, the Railroad Engineer who first discovered the so-called true Marias Pass, over which the Great Northern Railroad runs. Across the divide we soon run beside a small stream, which later widens into the North Fork of the Flathead River. The hills shut off the view of the mountains, but we can see an occasional snow covered peak through the gaps in the hills. Sellers is a cautious driver, and goes slowly, but Mrs. sellers remonstrates with him about his slow driving, and tells him we will never keep up to our schedule at this rate. Then Sellers gets mad, and pushes the throttle wide open, and we go down the western slope of the Rocky Mountains at a terrific rate. If nothing else happens, we will run ahead of schedule. At 2:00 P.M. we arrive in Belton, and take on gas and oil, and go to a small hotel and have dinner. The dinner is excellent and reasonable in price. If a person does not care for the swank hotels, and is content with the food and accomodations of the ordinary tourist, he can eat well in this country for $1;50 a day, tips included. But if you stick to the swanky Park Hotels, you must be prepared for New York

service and New York prices. And while you will see the country, you will not meet the people who live in the country. We leave the hotel and take the Lake MacDonald road. Cross the Flathead river. In 1914 we shot the rapids on this river from Belton to Columbia Falls in a row boat. After crossing to the north bank of the Flathead by the new bridge we are in the Park. Park Headquarters are near this entrance, on the road from Belton to Apgar, at the foot of Lake MacDonald. Park Headquarters in 1914 were on Fish Creek, which flows into Lake MacDonald from the west, about five miles from the foot of the Lake. We go north on the road to Apgar. This was one of the first roads built in the Park. The first road was the Glacier-St. Mary's road, which I came down with Bill Ellsworth in 1912. The road was then being built. Bill showed me the olf Blood-Shoshoni trail, called the Old North Trail, which parallels the mountains near that road. The travois marks could be plainly seen through the growth of brush and trees. This Apgar road was built by Major Logan, fist Superintendent of Glacier Park in 1910. From Apgar we go by the new road up the east side of the lake to Lake MacDonald Hotel. Between Belton and Apgar the timber is all burnt by old forest fires. In 1914 this was fine looking timber. Nothing here now but charred trees. We do not stop at the Lake MacDonald Hotel, known as Lewises, which is at the head of the Lake, on the east shore. The road continues north into a valley, which soon becomes a canyon. There is heavy pine timber all around. For part of the time the road follows MacDonald creek. At the head of the valley the road turns from north to east, and commences the steep climb of the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. After passing through a tunnel, the road is cut into the side of the sheer rock wall. We go up fifteen hundred feet in a very short time. The climb to the Pass is winding, but not too steep. On our right hand is a sheer drop to the valley. Repair gangs are on this road rebuilding the walls that butress part of the road. Rocks have falled from above and knocked out parts of these butress walls. The rocks are split off by frost in winter, but the frost also keeps them cemented to the cliff from which they were split. In summer the sun melts the ice that binds these rocks to the cliff, and they fall on this road. Chunks of the road, and its retaining wall, therefore occasionally get knocked out. We pass through a snow bank, and finally reach the Pass. Logan Pass is over six thousand feet above sea level. This is as far as the road goes at present. They are building the road up the east side. When completed this road will pass near Goin-to-the-Sun Camp on upper Saint Mary's Lake. We all get out at the Pass to look around and enjoy the view. There is a big snow bank above the road, and Mary Ellen and I go there and have a snow ball fight. Sellers goes to a hill overlooking the eastern slope of the mountains to see if he can get a view of Saint Mary's Lake. We remain on the divide of Logan Pass for about an hour, and then return down the road to the head of Lake MacDonald. There are fresh rocks on the road, which have fallen since we came up the Pass. This road does not seem safe yet for tourists. If one of these rocks hit a car coming up, or going down, this pass, the occupants would not even have time to get frightened. In places the outer rim of this road overlooks a drop of about two thousand feet to the valley below. Something will happen on this road some day that will make the first page of ~~every~~ every newspaper in the country. We reach Lewises Hotel at the head of Lake MacDonald at about five thirty P.M. The last time I stopped at this Hotel was in 1914, when the Germans were crossing the Belgian frontier. We stop for a short rest at the Hotel. It has not changed any since 1914. I talk with the desk Clerk about old times in this Hotel. One night, in

front of the fire place in the lobby of the hotel, Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist, and Howard Eaton, who was up here with a party from his Dude Ranch, held a lying contest. This was one night in August, 1914. We had just had supper with Eaton and Charlie Russell down at Eaton's camp, made below the hotel and on the shores of the lake. The Dudes were the judges of the contest, which was declared by acclamation to be a tie. On that occasion it was easy to tell the easterners from the westerners. The former were all dressed up like cowboys and cowgirls, and the westerners were dressed like easterners dress when easterners are at home. I aks to see Indian moccasins at the Indian Curio Store in the Hotel lobby. Am shown some made in white factories in Massachusetts. Upon my insistence that these are not what I want, the girl produces genuine Indian moccasins from a quantity concealed in a drawer. The fake productsare on exhibition in the show case. This is very interesting, as when I took a Delegation from the Blackfoot Reservation before Mr. Albright, Director of the National Park service, in 1930, they were told that Piegan moccasins were not sold in the Park hotels because the supply furnished by the Indians was insufficient. The supply on hand here is sufficient, but the genuine article is concealed, while the fake article is on display. Sellers tells me that the Agent who pruchases Indian goods for these hotel Curio Stands told him that tourists will not buy the genuine Indian moccasins because they want to buy such articles as will fit them. The real moccasins will not fit, they say. This could be remedied by supplying the Indian women with standard lasts. It could also be remedied by exhibiting the genuine Indian articles, and thus giving the tourists a chance to see if they wanted to purchase them. As it is now the tourist gets bilked when he thinks he is buying genuine goods, and this with the blessing and co-operation of the Park service. The Piegans in general are hostile to the National Park Service. This is one of the reasons. The Piegans make other things tourists would buy, such as pipes and pipe bags, medicine bags, paraflechеs, back rests, and the painted inner linings of their lodges, which are very fine. There is much passive resistence in Washington to developing this Indian market, and giving the tourist a chance to buy genuine Indian products. The Manager of Lewises Hotel wants us to stay to dinner, but we are pressed for time. We start for Belton and on arrival there stop for gas and oil. We then turn east once more, and head for Glacier Park Station across the Marias Pass. It is now dusk. It is dark when we arrive at Glacier Park Station, and we stop for ham and eggs, french fried potatoes and coffee at a short order eating place near Mike's Dance Hall. We then drive to the Glacier Park Hotel, and stop to look it over. It seems very empty. We drive to Saint Mary's Chalet, and arrive there about midnight. The people at the Chalet have all gone to bed, but we manage to wake some one up, and two ladies, clad in pajamas, and armed with flash lights, check us in. We have two cabins. The Sellers have one cabin, and Celina, Mary Ellen and I the other. It is very cold. We have candles in the rooms of the cabins. We ask to have breakfast before eight o'clock tomorrow, when the help have theirs. That is arranged. Our sleeping quarters here are really not two separate cabins, but two large rooms in one large log cabin. The room we occupy has a single and a double decker cot, and plenty of blankets, which are very welcome. We are all tired, and it is very cold indeed.

Friday, July 15. We get up early and are in the lobby of the main building of Saint Mary's Chalet before 8:00 A.M. It is a cold morning, and a wash and shave in cold water has not made it any warmer. A fire is built in the big fireplace in the lobby, and we stand near it and try to thaw out. Getting out of the blankets this morning took an effort. Breakfast is served to us about eight o'clock, and we check out and head for Many Glaciers Chalet. According to plan we should have stopped there last night. We turn left off the road which goes to Babb, and up into Canada, and drive west into the mountains to Many Glaciers. Our road passes by lands which the Reclamation Service has set aside for dam and reservoir sites. The Reclamation Service claims to have paid the Indian allottees for their land and improvements on these sites, and many of the Indian allottees claim that they never were paid for these lands and improvements by the Reclamation Service, nor by anyone else. When this matter was brought up in Washington by a Blackfoot Delegation, the Reclamation claimed to have records to prove they had paid the Indians for these sites, but failed to produce the records. Sellers believes the Indians have never been paid. It must also be bourne in mind that the Indian Field Service, the Park Service, the Forestry Service and the Reclamation Service are not on such friendly relations with each other out in the field, no matter how friendly the chiefs of these services may be to each other in Washington. Each of these Services are jealous of the other, and are full of ambition for themselves, and greedy of incresing their powers, each at the expense of the other. Hence much suspicion, backbiting, back stabbing, under cover warfare, and espionage and counter espionage between these Services in the field. Reclamation, Park and Forestry, not being well acquainted with the Indians, and having other and bigger fish to fry on their own account, seem to have developed a talent for getting themselves in bad with the average Indian, who dislikes and suspects them. I doubt of the Piegans here would believe anything the chiefs of Park, Reclamation or Forestery told them, even if all the Gideon Bibles in the hotels of the country wre stacked in one pile, and these chiefs swore to their statements on the stack. When it was proposed to put grazing leases of Indians under Forestry, the Indians and cattlemen out here raised hell about it. I believe that much of the bad character the Forestry enjoys out here was started by Gifford Pinchot, who was a liar, a perjurer and a cheap ~~blackmailer~~/blackmailer. We arrive at Many Glaciers and get a room at the Chalet. Mr. and Mrs. Sellers want to visit Mrs. Hegarty at her ranch near Babb, and so will not go with us to Iceberg Lake. They leave for Mrs. Hagerty's, and Celina, Mary Ellen and I hire horses, order lunch and procure a guide. At the Curio Store in the Chalet we rent riding outfits, and mackinaws. The outfits are old Army issue breeches with leggings. We change in our room, and then give the key to the Desk Clerk, telling him to turn it over to Mr. and Mrs. Sellers if they return before we do. This will give the Sellers a place to rest up if they have to wait our return. The horses are brought around. We have as guide a mixed blood Piegan, Doug Douglas. Oilskin slickers are strapped on each saddle, so with our mackinaws and slickers we will be pretty well protected against any kind of weather that may come. We strap our camrea on one of the saddles, and mount and get started. Doug Douglas takes the lead. He is followed by ~~Mary~~ Celina. Mary Ellen comes next, and I bring up the rear. I last visited this lake, Iceberg lake, with Tom Walker and Hugh Carter in 1912. Bill Ellsworth was then our guide. The old trail, which we used then, was on the south side of the valley leading up to the lake. This new trail, which is wider and has an easier grade, goes up the north side. We head west. For the greater

part of the journey we pass through thickly timbered country. The trail is, however, on a steep slope, cut into the side of the mountain. At places it is like traveling on the ledge of a sky scraper, and the drop down in pretty sheer. Mary Ellen asks if there is any chance of the horses falling off. We tell her that there is no chance. These are trained mountain horses, and are sure footed. We proceed at a walk. The woods are as dry as tinder. We sight some bears in the valley below. They are some miles distant, which is as close as anyone in their right mind should care to look at a bear in this part of the country. Doug Douglas starts to talk about the Blackfoot case. He says that the United States being broke, they will put the case on ice until times get better, and until that time the case will be ignored. He may be trying to pump me, and he may not. I ask him questions about the case, and venture an opinion that it may be settled sooner than anybody thinks. Doug also tells us about the Mormon Bishop, Jack Galbraith. Jack had his troubles with his rodeo, and old Bird Rattler and others were after him for their pay. Jim Brott told me that Bird Rattler and his pals did not get paid by Jack, but Jim pacified them all by making an issue of Government beef. Doug says that Jack Galbraith's father left him 100,000 Dollars in cash when he died, a ranch, a fine house and ten thousand head of cattle. A good stake. Jack had a good time, also a lot of hard luck, and wound up broke and owing a couple of hundred thousand dollars. This according to Doug. Jack was then a Bishop in the Mormon Church, he having married a Mormon girl from Canada, and embraced that religion. When he went broke Jack asked the Mormon Church authorities in Salt Lake to give him a lift. They did, by paying off what Jack owed, but keeping title to Jack's property. They also took away his job as Bishop, probably figuring that a man who went broke could not be much of a Bishop. When Jack heard that the creditors were to take his house, he did a very Injun trick. He had the doors of his house thrown open, and had his herders drive cattle inside the house, and let them mill around in there. This played hell and hallellujah with the house, especially with the inlaid hardwood floors, and thus the holders of the mortgage took a lot of depreciation on their property in just a few minutes. The trail crosses a bridge, and we turn south. The way now leads through some snow banks, with wild flowers growing right up to the edge of the snow. We arrive at Iceberg Lake, which is overshadowed by a sheer cliff called Ptarmigan wall. The lake has some snow banks around it, and ice floating in it. We dismount, feeling like wish bones, and the horses are unsaddled. A small fire is built to make coffee. Ptarmigan wall is the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and rises straight up 2,000 feet above the surface of the lake. It encloses two sides of the lake. It does not rise straight from the waters of the lake, as there are some rock slides at the foot of the wall. On these slides are patches of snow. The water of the lake is light green, and milky, from the glacier water that flows into the lake. Chunks of ice are floating on the surface. Around the shores of the lake are a few stunted pine trees and birch trees. There are many wild flowers, which grow right up to the edge of the snow drifts. When the coffee is ready we get out the lunch boxes and have our lunch. Many gophers come up to the place we are eating, which is near some stunted pine and birch trees, and help us eat our lunch. The gophers will eat anything but the raisins, which they evidently take for pebbles. There is a Norwegian mountain climber here, and we can see him getting lots up practice going up the rock slide to the foot of Ptarmigan Wall. Doug Douglas says that this is not place for men who have trained in climbing the Alps, and

other mountains in Europe. The Rocky Mountains present a far different problem to the climber. Doug says that from what Alpine climbers who have come out here have told him, the Alps are fairly reliable mountains to climb, and do not change from year to year. But these mountains change every winter, due to the action of storms, weather and erosion. Thus a climber having gotten familiar with a cliff one year, will come back and find the problem of climbing it far different the next year. The old crevasses, hand holds and toe holds will not be there, or, worse still, will be there, but may give way under the weight of the climber's body. This is bad when there is nothing between the climber and the State of Montana but 1,000 feet or more of pure mountain air. The Norwegian is still going up the rocky slide toward the wall. This is bad climbing too, as a slide is a slide, after all, and if he steps in the wrong spot he may start a small avalanche, and then take a ride on it down to the place he came from. A man who gets that sort of a ride rarely reaches bottom in very good shape. Mistakes in mountain climbing are very much, in their results, like mistakes with dynamite. In both cases the remains can be stowed and carted away very conveniently in a gunny sack. We finish our lunch, and the gophers, finding there is nothing more in it for them, quit us. We go and take another look at the Lake, and now I know what a fly feels like when looking down into a full highball glass. Doug will not let Mary Ellen go near the Lake. He says it is too treacherous. There are many pot holes in the lake, and the water, being glacier water, is translucent. Depth varies. There is an ice bank at the far end of the lake. Rocks break off and fall on this bank, and then pieces of ice break off from the bank and carry the rocks over to our side of the lake. There the ice cakes come aground, evenutally melt, and deposit the rocks on this side, thus building up the rock dam at the foot of the lake, where we stand. A man camped here with a camera for a few months gould get a good photographic record of the action of ice in changing rock formations. There is much limestone and other rock around, all of it eroded and scratched by ice. Doug says he has climbed Ptarmigan Wall, and points out a place near the top where an oil seep is visible from where we stand. Considerable oil is oozing from the rock at a point about two thousand feet above the level of the lake. Some of the oil formation around here is Caspar shale, an oil bearing formation. It is light pink, and highly stratified. We saddle up at 2:30 P.M. and start back down the trail. see a couple of bears from a distance, and also some Mountain Sheep on the cliffs above. Last night our car nearly ran down a deer on the road from Glacier to Saint Mary's. The deer was headed in the wrong direction. He was going toward the Blackfoot Reservation, where he will soon be tunred into jerkie for winter use, unless the Indian decides to eat him right away. We make quicker time going down the trail. My cinch comes loose. The horse bellied out when being cinched, a trick some of them have. The place where this happens, is, of course on a narrow part of the trail, where the mountain goes right up in the air on our left, and there is a splendid view, straight down, on our right, for many hundreds of feet. This view is not obstructed either, by any guard rail on the trail, or any trees or rocks. Doug tightens my cinch, and we get started again. It is better to let the guides do everything around these Park horses. The horses are used to the guides, and in the event they become galled, or develop sore backs, the tourist cannot be charged with that, provided he has attended strictly to his own business, which consists of staying on the horse and paying for the ride. Some of the tourists who come out here, as soon as they see the wild and uncut wilderness, sniff the cool mountain air, and get an eye

full of nature in the raw, promptly feel the blood of their pioneer ancestors coursing through their veins, and begin to feel like daniel Boone and Simon Kenton. Whereupon they head for the brush, get hurt, get scared, start a forest fire, or get lost. Sometimes they get killed. These people manage to keep the guides, professional Rangers, the firefighters and fire guards, in a perfect sweat all summer. Quite a few tourists have wandered off into these mountains, and will not be seen again until the morning of the Resurrection. Whenever a dude shows up who exhibits a tendency to emulate Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, then is the time to call out all hands to stand by for some real trouble. Occasionally a tourist believes he has a weak heart, and that the altitude here is bad for it. Six thousand feet altitude is about the highest there is in this Park, and if a man's heart is too weak to stand that, and him doing nothing more strenuous than sitting on a walking horse, then he should never have left his bed to come out here. Why the trip out would have killed him if he were in that shape. But some do get altitude fright. Doug had one customer pass out on him, half way up to Iceberg. They threw him over the saddle, belly down, feet on one side and head on the other, and led his horse back to Many Glaciers. There is no heart condition developing at these altitudes that a shot of rye whiskey and a few kind words cannot fix in a few minutes time. We arrive at Many Glaciers Chalet at 5:00 P.M. On our way in we meet Mr. Sellers who has walked up the trail to meet us. Sellers stops to talk to a road gang, who are repairing the trail. We reach the Chalet, change in our room, turn our rented riding togs in at the Curio Store, and check out. Mrs. Sellers is at the Chalet. Sellers shows up, and we get in the car and head east until we come to the main road. Then we head north, and pass through Babb. We pass the United States Customs and Immigration Sations at Piegan, and then clear the Canadian Immigration and Customs offices at Carway. The shape of Chief Mountain changes as we proceed north. There is a long incline leading up to the top of the mountain from the north west, which does not appear as the mountain is viewed from the United States side of the line. In 1926 we examined as a witness an Indian who had been a chainman on the survey that laind the western boudary line of the Blackfoot Reservation under the Grinnell treaty. He told us that he had been on top of chief mountain with a survey party, and had seen a buffalo skull there. Later on in New York City George Bird Grinnell told me that he also knew of this buffalo skull on top of Chief Mountain, and that he had persuaded the Indians to leave it there. There is a legend about this skull, which the Piegans told to Grinnell. A long time ago the buffalo disappeared from the Piegan country, so they had a famine. There had been no rain for a long time, and the grass on the prairie dried up. The buffalo herds went elsewhere to find grass. The people were starving. A young man of the Piegans felt sorry for his people, and wanted to do something to help them. He also wanted to do something to make a name for himself. So he took a pipe and tobacco, and a buffalo skull, and went to the top of Chief Mountain, and there fasted and cried out to the Rain Person for many days and nights, calling on the Rain Person to hear him and take pity on him and on the people. After some days the Rain Person appeared to him in the shape of a man, and said to him: "You seem to be a nice young fellow, what can I do for you?" So the young man told the Rain Person all about the lack of rain, and the grass drying up, and the absence of the buffalo and the hunger of the people. The Rain Person promised to set matters right, and the boy went home. Then it rained, and

the grass grew again, and the buffalo herds came back to eat the grass, and the people had plenty to eat once more. The young man became famous as the boy who had ended the depression. The buffalo skull is still on the top of Chief Mountain. Since crossing the Canadian boundary our road runs through very rich and well cultivated farming country. There are many well kept farm houses, and the fields are well tended. This country is rich and prosperous. Dry farming is carried on here very extensively. On the Montana side of the line, on the Blackfoot Reservation side, there is nothing to see but brown prairie. Here all is green. The farmers here are Mormons. These Mormons are good farmers, are well organized, and are closely co-operative with each other. They husband their resources in the good years, and thus have a surplus on hand to see them through the bad years. Others may go broke, but not these Mormons. They are also very hard workers. Much of their work must be by man power. We do not see any tractors, or motor driven farm machinery, or automobiles, but we do see some horses, wagons and ploughs. Soil and climate, as well as rainfall conditions are exactly the same on the Canadian side as they are on the United States side of the line. But the Mormons in Canda are better farmers, are well organized, and do their farming on a large scale. Also they work as long as there is daylight to work by, and do not believe in putting much money into labor saving equipment. They have lots of man power, and if more is needed it is always possible to go home and beget another son or daughter. Quite simple. We come to Cardston. This is a small town of about 200 or 300 population, located on a single track spur of the Canadian Northern Railroad. It is composed of frame house, mostly one storey high, but with some two storey houses. In the middle of the town is the Mormon Temple of this district. It is a granite structure, built without one piece of structural steel, and with walls fifteen feet thick, and roof composed of two ton granite slabs. The specifications provided that it should last until the day of the Last Judgement, and rocky mountain granite was chosen as building material, because it was found that lesser stone eroded at the rate of one sixty fourth of an inch per hundred years. That was too flimsy material for these people to put up with. The Temple was built at a cost of $900,000, is fully paid for, and the money was put up by the members of this Mormon community alone. The foundations go down to bedrock. Artists and sculptors were brought over from Europe to adorn the Temple with sculpture and painting. The baptismal font in the Temple, according to reports from Stone, is of gold, and large enough to swim in. Gold plated steps lead up to the font, and down into it. The font is supported on the backs of images of twelve life sized bulls, which represent the twelve Apostles. The bulls serving for models of these figures were selected from five hundred choice bulls in the yards of Armour and Company at Chicago. The twelve thus chosen were killed, and used for life sized molds for these images. There is a very fine bas relief at the gate of the Temple, above a fountain there, representing Christ and Martha at the well. I notice a broken window in the Temple, and the walks of the garden are cracked. The upkeep does not appear to be attended to . We are allowed into the office of the Temple, but no further. To the right of the entrance is a sort of check room, where the faithful who are allowed to enter the Temple get and put on their white robes. Ordinary clothing is not worn inside the Temple. Only Mormons in good standing are eligible to get in. That means those who are regular in their Church duties, and who abstain from alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee and tobacco, which are deemed luxuries, not to be indulged in by a serious and religious people. The caretaker shows us

pictures of other Mormon Temples in other parts of the country, and speaks in terms of affection of "our Prohpet, Joseph Smith." The Mormon Church is the wealthiest church in the United States, with the Episcopal Church second, and the Roman Catholic Church third. The Mormon Church has three sources of revenue and service: The Tithesystem, which takes ten percentum of the income of every Mormon; the Fast money, taken from every Mormon each Sunday, and supposed to represent a meal which is voluntarily donated to the poor on that day. This fast money is commuted at fifty cents per Mormon. Voluntary contributions made from time to time, when required. And finally the requirment that every Mormon may be called upon at any time to give free labor and service as a Missionary. At the head of this church is Heber Grant, the President of the Church. Next to him is Reed Smoot, First Apostle. There is also a board of directors or elders, which forms a governing board in Salt Lake. About three members of the church, including Heber Grant, know the extent of its financial holdings and assets. The church owns factories, stores, banks, mines, farms, timber lands, mills, salt works, stock in Railroads, real estate, mortgages, and other valuable property. The administration unit is the Stake, in the Country, or the Ward, in the city, and the Bishop is the head of such a unit. A Bishop has under him, in his ward or stake, rougly one thousand Mormons. He is supposed to be in intimate contact with and know all of the people under his jurisdiction. The Bishop has a Temple built by contribution and labor of those under him, and the Bishop's store, a co-operative affair, run on the barter system largely. The country Mormon can bring his products to the Bishop's store in his stake, get credited on the books with the value of his products, and take goods and supplies from the store to the value of his credits. He can also have credits advanced by the store, if in need, and he looks like a good credit risk to the Bishop. Any man who likes hard work, and who joins the Mormon Church, should have no trouble in attaining a good measure of prosperity. We leave Cardston, and head west to Watertown, passing through the Blood Reserve. The south boundary of the Blood Reserve is the fence on the north side of the road on which we travel. We pass in sight of the Indian boy's school on the Reservation. The Canadians have many features in their Indian Field Service that we could take over with profit and advantage. When Canada made a treaty with a tribe of Indians they shut the door to all future Indian claims by a provision in the Treaty whereby the Indians ceded to the Canadians all right, title and interest in and to all lands ever owned,occupied, claimed or possessed by them, and consented to become subjects of the Crown of Great Britian, and abide by its laws. In consideration of all this the Canadians then gave the Indian tribe treated with a Reservation, and provided a small cash annuity for each member of the tribe, gave them rights to hunt and fish on public domain, and gave them certain facilities such as schooling, hospital care, and the like. As long as the Indian wants to remain an Indian he can have all these things, and is given a card certifying his Indian tirbal membership. But while he is a tribal member he cannot get liquor, or frequent certain places. He can give up the card, lose his tribal status and the benefits accruing, and be considered a white man, if he wishes. But once having done so, he has to remain in the status he has elected for good and all. Reservations are held as land in common, but any Indian may cultivate a piece of Reservation land, and the land

and its products are his as long as he actually works the land. If he dies, and any or all of his children or survivors care to work that piece of land, it is theirsas long as they actually do work it, but no longer. Thus there is no inheritance of Reservation lands by individual Indians, and no Indian can claim title to a pieeeof Reservation land except by actually making that land produce. As to their Indian School system the Canadian does not let religious prejudice interfere with running schools on an economical and efficient basis. Contracts to educate Indians for a term of years are let out on bids, duly submitted, and the lowest bidder, who meets the requirements, gets the contract. The Catholics usually walk off with these contracts, as they can bid more cheaply, their educators consisting of men and women who are not married. The sects whose educators and missionaries are burdened with wives and children cannot make such cheap bids. We arrive at the gate of Watertown Park and drive in. These mountains, from here, do not appear as rugged as the mountains on the United States side. But this is, perhaps, only my patriotism asserting itself. We register at the Park entrance, and drive into Watertown, which is a small town, in search of a place to eat. It is now 8:00 P.M., and we have had nothing since 1:00 P.M. We find an eating place across the street from the only licenced beer parlor in town, and decide to eat there. Mary Ellen is very tired so we get her something to eat that is quickly prepared, and I take her over to the Hotel, which is in the same building as the beer parlor, check her in ther, and put her to bed. As my order is not served yet and I have told the waitress not to serve it until she sees me coming into the Restaurant, I go onto the beer parlor to see how things look in a country that is not yet run by the W.C.T.U. and the Anti Saloon League. Have time to down two bottles of Canadian Ale, and then go back to the Restuarant and have dinner. After dinner Celina goes up to our room in the Hotel to see how Mary Ellen is making out, and then comes down and joins Mr. and Mrs. Sellers who are with me in the beer parlor. Stone had instructed Sellers when he left the Agency that I was to have plenty of Canadian Ale while in Watertown, and Sellers is a conscientious and faithful public servant, and takes the orders of his superior officer very seriously. He does not drink himself, but takes it as his duty to see that I drink plenty. I can hardly down it fast enough to suit Sellers, who keeps exhorting me to lap it up faster, as the beer place closes at 10:00 P.M. I do my best to help Sellers carry out the instructions of his chief, Forrest Stone, but can only get away with four bottles, and then feel like suds will be squirting out of my ears at any moment. At 9:55 P.M., precisely, a member of the Canadian Mounted Police enters the beer parlor. He stands six feet six inches in his riding boots, and weighs two hundred pounds, all of its solid muscle. He has on the usual uniform, with scarlet tunic, and is turned out to pass inspection before the King of England himself. The Mountie says nothing, but just stands in the middle of the room looking on. Evidently that is all he has to do, for at one minute to ten the customers are all out of the place, departing very quietly, the lights are out, and the Mountie and the Bar man have left together, the Bar man locking the door, while the Mountie stands beside him and sees that he does lock it. The crowd at this place was a rather typical speak easy crowd. The blue bloods and the nobility wet their whistles up at the Prince of Wales Hotel Tap Room, which is likewise closed promptly at ten P.M. We drive up to the Prince of Wales and look the place over. At the end of the lobby in the Prince of Wales Hotel is a very fine large plate glass