In July of 1896, when Walter McClintock, a twenty-six year old Yale graduate and scion of a wealthy Pittsburgh carpet dealer, began his periodic and relatively short sojourns with the Amsskaapipikani or Southern Piegans of Northern Montana, these Indians, also known as the American Blackfeet, had been through almost thirty desperate years. There had been disruption, disorientation, and irretrievable loss in every quarter of their lives—cultural, economic and political. Above all, their economic foundation, the buffalo, became nearly extinct by the early 1880s, bringing starvation, further exposure to disease, and dramatic population losses.

Bewildering confusion and grief gripped the various Piegan bands or clans, made worse by a scourge of white whiskey traders who continued to prey upon them even in their dismal condition. Slowly the bands of the Fat Melters, the Lone Eaters and the Buffalo Chips, to name but three, settled down into a few geographical pockets, at irregular intervals, along the bright strands of water that tumbled out of the Rocky Mountains onto the high plains. Principally located along Little and Big Badger creeks and on Birch Creek, near the government agency with its meager rations, the Piegan-Blackfeet bands, with little more than their tattered hide lodges, gaunt dogs, and a few hundred horses, hunkered down and survived—riding out even the nightmarish “Starvation Winter" of 1883-1884. Some five hundred men, women, and children perished then, leaving roughly two thousand American Blackfeet.1
The United States Office of Indian Affairs tried, ineptly, to meet its various treaty obligations to the Piegan, incurred first with the so-called Lame Bull Treaty of 1855 and running through the 1887 agreement, “when we sold the Sweet Grass Hills,” by issuing rations of beef and flour at what came to be called “Old Ration Place” or “Old Agency” on Big Badger Creek. White Calf, head chief of the Piegans, later remembered this period as one in which “the Blackfeet were like people lost in a fog. They were wandering around, not knowing where they were going or what they were going to do. They could see the things close to them but the things that were further off were hidden; so they were like people who were lost. They had nothing and they knew nothing.” Curly Bear, a few years later, said much the same thing, lamenting, “…a Dim Mist has for years hung over the land of the Piegans. But it is now clearing way. The shouts of Drunken men and woomans [sic] no longer Echo through the valleys of our land. With the Mist is Disapering the Bad of our People.”

Improvement came slowly. It was not until after the Great Northern Railroad had shoved its way across the Blackfeet reservation towards its western terminus on Puget Sound in 1890-1891 that the Blackfeet situation got much better. As early as the spring of 1892 there were reports rumoring that the agency headquarters on Badger Creek, close on the southern edge of the reservation, was to be moved some twenty miles north to Willow Creek to take advantage of the railroad. By 1893, following the resignation of Agent George Steell, the new acting agent, Captain Lorenzo Cooke, of the U.S. Army’s 3rd Infantry, had secured authorization to build a new government agency on Willow Creek, near the recently built Agency Boarding School that had just opened. Although Cooke chose this site, it was left to George Steell, who had opposed the move during his first stint as Blackfeet agent, to actually move into the new agency in April of 1895, following his reappointment and return as Blackfeet agent in March. The new
community on Willow Creek eventually came to be called Browning, after the then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Daniel M. Browning, although the Pikanni had their own designations, which included Ee-tun-yope meaning “Where our Father is,” father being the Blackfeet agent, or “Light-Brown-Nose-Town, after a horse that belonged to the first settler there. The railroad, the new boarding school, and the new agency were all located in what had been up until then the empty center of the Blackfeet reservation, shifting dramatically its institutional center of gravity.

One way or another, justification for relocating the agency centered on the Great Northern Railway and on the further development of the promising Blackfeet cattle industry. Initiated by government cattle issues, by 1896 the number of Blackfeet cattle numbered over twenty thousand. Although Steell remained critical of the Willow Creek site, such a developing government hub, in his opinion, had the distinct advantage of encouraging Blackfeet families to break out of their clustered “band” settlements along the southern creek bottoms taken up in the early 1880s when they had become so dependent upon government rations. In “scattering” or spreading themselves out across the whole reservation, Steell argued, the Piegan would be able to better care for the grazing needs of their growing cattle herds—an impossibility if they remained as tightly concentrated together as they had been. The Piegan would also be better off some thirty miles farther away from the “saloons” and whisky traders located in the tough little town of Robare, just across Birch Creek, the reservation’s southern boundary. In addition, individual Piegan families being issued wagons and harnesses, whose “civilizing” effects were so celebrated, would be able to take up and establish distant, isolated ranch sites. Wagon-owners in the process would not only be better able to care for their cattle herds, inevitably they would
also become more independent, lessening, if not actually “breaking up the influence swayed by
the old medicine men and chiefs”—an altogether desirable goal in Steell’s eyes.  

Aside from these excellent reasons, the Great Northern would provide immediate
shipping advantages for both Blackfeet stockmen and for the heavy shipping costs associated
with provisioning the government agency. The presence of extensive natural hay meadows
along Willow Creek, near the railroad line, was a further incentive for moving the agency. In
fact, the hay meadows of Willow Creek were so abundant that the Blackfeet could cut enough
hay to meet their own needs and have enough to sell literally tons to off-reservation stockmen up
and down the recently constructed railroad line. Freighting from railroad depots also offered
welcome new employment opportunities for Indians. Together, the government agency, its cattle
and irrigation projects, and the opportunities presented by the railroad soon introduced a small-
scale wage economy and brought a diverse mix of construction crews, teamsters, travelers, and
eastern sportsmen.

The extreme isolation of the Blackfeet in general and their forlorn concentration along
Birch Creek and Big and Little Badger creeks, south of the Two Medicine River, became a thing
of the past. Now, many Blackfeet found themselves adjacent to the thoroughfare of the Great
Northern, caring for their own cattle, digging irrigation ditches, cutting and raking hay meadows,
living in log cabins, and in almost daily contact with the outside world beyond reservation
boundaries. Into this altered and promising Blackfeet world came a youthful Walter
McClintock, who took little notice of these circumstances when he first arrived in Browning in
1896. Blackfeet stock efforts, the presence of more than four hundred wagons, over five hundred
sets of harnesses, and some one hundred mowing machines for a population of less than 2,000,
simply were not what he was looking for or of any particular interest to him. Nor did
McClintock comment on the Blackfeet agency, its buildings, the agent himself, its employees or the reservation’s new and burgeoning mixed-blood population. Instead, as with many upper middle-class, contemporary Americans, McClintock was curious about what he could still find of the fabled American West before the last remnants of it had slipped away, lost under the mass migrations of gold seekers and homesteaders, under the explosive federal and industrial development that transcontinental railroads and markets had suddenly made possible.

The pace of change in the American West had astonished participants and observers alike. By the 1890s most of the former western territories had achieved statehood, and a new national census had called into question the definition and continued existence of the celebrated American frontier. Its disappearance was a disturbing prospect for many Americans and a number of efforts emerged to preserve as much of the frontier—or its remembrance—as possible. America wanted to be forever young. Persuasive western myths energized not a few of these efforts. More than a little romantic, these myths depended on the invisible, but intoxicating, perfume of nostalgia to overcome the awkward, often ugly, and visible reality so apparent to the naked eye. Sentimental yearnings for the recent western past and its “heroic” Protestant and Anglo-Saxon conquerors pervaded the eastern press and American popular opinion.

McClintock shared these sentiments as well as the national infatuation with the American cowboy. Western themes came into their own with the work of eastern artists and illustrators such as Frederic Remington, Charles Schreyvogel, Edward Willard Deming, and Joseph Henry Sharp, among others. Cowboy artist Charles M. Russell became a national, if not international, phenomenon—a realistic American antidote to “smeary” European Impressionism. Wild West shows, principally those of Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, selectively brought to the East, and
even to Europe, elements of western experience that passed muster as romantic history, colorful reenactment of earlier western events, and, finally, as popular entertainment. Another mark of Western interest, though a bit later, was Owen Wister’s wildly successful *The Virginian*. Yet the closing of the American frontier was also threatening for how would contemporary Americans replicate those characteristics that had made them free and powerful—authentic and exceptional—without that same frontier. It was all decidedly anti-modern.\(^{11}\)

In the face of dramatic changes in the various regions of the West, there emerged a growing sense that the American government needed to act immediately to preserve something of its original landscapes—now so endangered by public expansion—by removing them from public entry and privatization. This was especially so for western forested lands, but Congress paralleled such efforts by setting aside chunks of monumental western scenery as national parks. Growing appreciation of the remarkable uniqueness of western American landscapes encouraged a new American tourism into western landscapes as well.

American views of aboriginal populations also underwent significant shifts. Newly developed academic disciplines of anthropology and ethnology found popular support from many quarters as they attempted to measure or explain social evolution using aboriginal benchmarks. Big city museums and academic departments scrambled and competed with each other, hoping to snatch away in the nick of time stories and cultural objects jeopardized or about to be lost to what these institutions deemed primitive peoples. Anthropological exhibits cropped up at world fairs, displaying to urban audiences the odd handicrafts of foreign cultures, Eskimos, Philippino, and American Indian and, in doing so, brought smug attention to America's technical and material progress.\(^{12}\) In the field of literature, there was an exuberant popular market for travel literature that explored exotic places, peoples, and times, including the American West. It
was a literature of romance whose object was to transport the reader away to foreign places and strange cultures that were on the brink of change. This literary interest in travel easily accommodated the western frontier and its reminiscences. As modern, urban, industrial and ethnically mixed America sought to hold on to its threatened frontier and Anglo Saxon roots, the cowboy, Indian, and pioneer past became the object of an informal national campaign to preserve its “exceptional” stamp and substance.

Legions of overland diaries were collected, published, and read. Every broken-down cowboy, veteran Indian fighter, open range rancher, Indian agent, or missionary who could put something of his experiences down on paper was recruited by pioneer associations, state and local historical societies, and national magazines to document what he had done before he and this giddy period of accelerating change had slipped over the edge of contemporary awareness. There was a sense of urgency. Whole categories of frontier people and occupations were already gone, and American Indians especially were vanishing—as a culture, as a distinct race, and as a people.

While the surviving Blackfeet population McClintock encountered was not actually vanishing (in fact, it was growing) the earlier free and independent world of the Blackfeet had certainly come undone. It no longer possessed its old vitality. It had come apart, slowly but surely, between the notorious Baker Massacre in 1870 on the Marias River and the death of revered head chief, White Calf, while visiting Washington, D.C., in 1903. The disintegration began in 1870. The U.S. Army, operating out of Forts Shaw and Ellis, the first on the Sun River and the second in the Gallatin Valley away to the south, had in one tragic, mistaken blow, obliterated any serious Piegan resistance to the white expansion that had followed the discovery of gold in mountainous Montana at the end of the Civil War.
The Southern Piegan or American Blackfeet subsequently grew increasingly subject to direct military supervision, control, and confinement. Much of this was accomplished through what, without irony, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had in 1875 termed “the moral suasion of hunger.” Compelled by the growing scarcity and then the abrupt disappearance of the buffalo, the subsequent erasure of all smaller game from the plains, the debilitating consequences of the illegal whiskey trade, the bison-hunting Blackfeet lost their nomadic independence and quickly slid into poverty and destitution. They could not feed themselves or purchase manufactured commodities previously available through the buffalo hide trade. Having already exchanged away what few robes they had saved for teepees and personal use and frequently squandering whatever was left for illegal whiskey, collectively and individually, the Blackfeet were forced to rely upon government food supplies in the form of treaty annuities. It was not enough. The numbers in needy circumstances grew. Desperation set in. White Calf was right—the Blackfeet had nothing and knew nothing. They were truly lost.

Piegans who refused to accept the new conditions and tried to continue their old hunting ways beyond the confines of the reservation were in even worse shape. When in the spring of 1880, Lieutenant John Hanney led a mounted detachment of the 3rd Infantry out of Fort Shaw to investigate reports of Piegans killing cattle belonging to white stockmen, he found them in a “state of destitution.” Yet the Blackfeet were remarkably self-restrained. Cattle belonging to whites were all around them, but they restricted themselves, Hanney reported, to eating “the putrid meat of cattle which had died of disease, or exposure on the prairie, during the past winter…” In other cases individual Indians “were living on relatives who had married white men.” Addressing the situation, the Piegan head chief White Calf promised to send out runners and move all the Piegans to the reservation. These proved to be the last holdouts.
Given these circumstances and the prevailing government parsimony, there was no alternative but to sell to the United States government large parts of their now game empty land.

In a council at the Blackfoot Agency in fall 1883, Little Dog told representatives of the Senate the Blackfeet were willing to give up their eastern prairie lands, saying “There is no game there. We don’t want to go there.” Yet any real negotiation had to wait until after the “Starvation Winter” of 1883-84. It was not until February 11 of 1887 that the eastern portion of the Blackfeet territory was sold to the United States, including the Sweet Grass Hills. They had received $150,000 per year for ten years in order to become “self-supporting, as a pastoral and agricultural people, and to educate their children in the paths of civilization.” Within eight years, their money, administered by the federal government, had run out and they were again under economic and political duress. Forlorn, the Blackfeet or Southern Piegan, were badgered into selling to the government the western, mountainous edge of their reservation, including the verge of the Rocky Mountains, which they called “Mistakis” or “the backbone” of the world. As early as 1888, White Calf had thought of the Blackfeet reservation figuratively as the very body of the Piegan people. The treaty of 1895, as far as White Calf was concerned, was an act whereby that “body” was essentially decapitated. “Chief Mountain,” he said tragically, “is my head. Now my head is cut off. The mountains have been my last refuge.”

By the time Congress ratified this so-called sale or agreement in spring 1896, Walter McClintock was getting off the Great Northern train at Blackfoot Station, Montana, just east of the new Blackfeet Agency. He had come to Montana to join an advance party of the National Forest Commission, anticipating western adventure and, at the suggestion of fellow Yale man, Henry S. Graves, to explore the possibility of a career in the developing discipline of forestry. Another forester and Yale graduate (class of 1889), Gifford Pinchot, then thirty-one years old,
had been appointed to the National Forest Commission and elected its secretary in 1896. Convinced of the urgency of the task and with the critical support of President Grover Cleveland, Pinchot and the commission decided upon an extensive field survey. Scheduled for July of 1896, this survey would assess the proposed extension of United States forest reserves into the northern Rockies of Montana and much of the West. Although McClintock had been west only once—the summer before in Wyoming—and had little previous training in photography, he took advantage of his Yale contacts as well as his father’s willingness to support the expedition financially and was appointed the expedition’s photographer. If this personal search for a professional calling failed to produce a career in forestry, it did kindle, although inadvertently, another calling: McClintock’s future interest in the American Blackfeet as a people. He set about recording their traditional songs, stories, photographing their encampments and ceremonies as well as exploring their knowledge and ancestral use of the natural world.

This all would take a while. Initially McClintock seemed uninterested in Indians per se. He had headed west for a second summer of what he expected to be wholesome outdoor activities, maybe even therapy (he was recovering from typhoid fever) and to see whether forestry or maybe even photography was a vocation for him. Much later, McClintock remembered that he wanted to get away from “the turmoil of the city, the dreary grind and slavery of business, from early morn until night in a office-prison.” Idealistic as he was—or became—he said he wanted “to shake off the shackles of social convention, to leave behind the worry and stress of the modern city, where business and the making of money are the chief end of man.” At least this was what McClintock decided in retrospect. More simply put, he wanted to get away from Pittsburgh and the insistent tyranny of the family carpet business.
Unaware of his future vocation as an ethnographer and photographer of the Blackfeet, McClintock spent the first three weeks after arrival in Browning, Montana, accompanying Gifford Pinchot and his friend and fellow forester, Graves, as they tramped, photographed, and studied the effects of fire on the east slope of the Continental Divide in the area of the St. Mary lakes, some thirty-five miles by wagon road from Blackfoot Station. There, prior to the arrival of the full Forest Commission, the threesome were not only professionally active, but on their own time and expense. As Pinchot carefully noted, they delighted in hunting bighorn sheep, mountain goats, and grizzly bears in the area that one day would become Glacier National Park.24

The Piegan or Blackfeet called Upper and Lower St. Mary Lakes, the “Lakes Inside” or Puhtomuki Kimiks, meaning inside the towering eastern scarp of the northern Rocky Mountains.25 George Bird Grinnell and James Willard Schultz had written about this country extensively from 1883-1886 in more than fifteen installments in Forest and Stream, the national periodical Grinnell edited.26 This was also much of the same country that White Calf and the Blackfeet had sacrificed with the sale of the so-called “Ceded Strip” in their very last land surrender the year before.

It is hard to imagine McClintock not having read either fellow Yale graduate, George Bird Grinnell whose book Blackfeet Lodge Tales had appeared in 1892, or the local outfitter turned national correspondent, Schultz, prior to his arrival. It is equally difficult to imagine that after his explorations in the St. Mary lakes country early that summer that McClintock was unaware of Grinnell’s appointment as commissioner and role in the 1895 sale agreement, only eight months earlier. After all, the locals could talk of nothing else and it was Grinnell’s local guides, William (Billy) Jackson and J. B. (Jack) Monroe, who outfitted and led Gifford Pinchot’s
party, including McClintock. Moreover, they were exploring some of the very same lands. Whatever the reason, McClintock was remarkably silent about these events in his letters home that summer and especially in his subsequent publications, including his popular first book, *The Old North Trail. Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indian* (1910) and its later, somewhat transformed sequel, *Old Indian Trails* (1922).²⁷

Even more puzzling, McClintock did not mention in these writings anything about the prospective mining “rush” that had everyone on and off the reservation abuzz in 1896 when he first arrived. Two years later in 1898 upon his return and three years after the “agreement with the Blackfeet” and the attendant boundary surveys, the United States government finally threw open the mountainous “Ceded Strip” to private mineral claims.²⁸ Mineral fever made it difficult to keep Blackfeet Agency personnel on the payroll. These exciting events again elicited, however, no response in McClintock’s writings whatsoever. In truth, the prospecting and exploration had been going on for some time. During the previous five to six years there had occurred what amounted to a regular white invasion of Blackfeet land along the Continental Divide with the Indian police chasing first one group and then another as it tried to protect the reservation boundaries. Acting Agent L.W. Cooke had written to the Indian Office for two troops of soldiers. As early as 1894 he was of the opinion that “a stampede is likely to be made” in defiance of the law. By early spring 1895 the new Blackfeet agent, George Steell, was wiring the Indian Commissioner: “Hundreds prospectors gathering Blackfoot station. Request military assistance immediately.” Subsequently, a detachment of the Tenth Cavalry, consisting of two officers and forty men was sent from Fort Assiniboine, “to prevent invasion before proper time of ceded lands to be opened under mineral land law.”²⁹
A great number of the local whites and mixed bloods hoped somehow to cash in. Those involved included agency trader Joseph Kipp, that inveterate entrepreneur, as well as the guide and local author James Willard Schultz, and even the Blackfeet agents Captain Lorenzo Cooke and Major George Steell. Local speculators brimmed with confidence. They knew they would find a way to exploit the situation, regardless of Blackfeet ownership. It was precisely this calculating pressure that had led the Secretary of Interior to appoint a commission to negotiate the sale and surrender of this strip of the Lewis Overthrust just south of the Canadian border in the first place.

William or “Billy” Jackson, the Forest Commission’s guide in 1896, certainly knew the score and what the stakes were. He was the mixed blood grandson of Hugh Monroe, a Hudson’s Bay trader who had come into the country to live with the Blackfeet in 1819 and stayed. Billy Jackson, who went by the Piegan name of Siksikakoan or Blackfoot-Man because of his close connections with the tribe, had had his own colorful history as an Indian scout with General George A. Custer, and was renowned as a guide, interpreter, lawman, and story-teller.30 Together with Jack Monroe, whiskey-trader, bear-hunter and all around mountain-man, who had guided Grinnell as early as 1886 in the St. Mary country, Jackson had led George Bird Grinnell on a tour through the prospecting area in the Swiftcurrent Valley in late fall 1894. This was just prior to the Blackfeet Treaty of 1895 and a little more than a year before these same two outfitters were to lead Gifford Pinchot’s Forestry Commission party.31 Jackson and Monroe were old hands at guiding Grinnell—they had done so in 1886, 1887, and 1888. In 1891 they guided two of Grinnell’s friends, who happened also to be Yale graduates, Henry L. Stimson and William H. Seward III. These were young, prominent New York attorneys—Stimson later
became Secretary of State and Secretary of War and Seward, U.S. senator from New York—who had turned to Grinnell for guides when they became interested in the St. Mary country.

James Willard Schultz was also a frequent guide, packer, or cook on these same hunting and climbing excursions into the mountains of what would become Glacier National Park. It all became rather incestuous and the same yarns, exploits, and recounting had to have come up in the campfire conversation when the pipes were pulled out. Discussions also no doubt focused on the investment opportunities, secret “glory holes,” and copper ledges up high, readily seen from the floor of the Swiftcurrent Valley by the naked eye or a field glass. This too should have generated comment from McClintock—if for no other reason than that these developments would dramatically affect the eventual disposition of the forested lands currently being considered for inclusion into a national forest reserve.

Walter McClintock had to have listened to Billy Jackson and Jack Monroe reminisce about Grinnell and his earlier explorations, about James Willard Schultz and his colorful life among the Blackfeet, when buffalo still ran in immense, black numbers and war parties of young men on foot traveled light and only under the cover of darkness to heroic exploits.

There had to have been conversations over the detailed map of the "Ceded Strip" that Blackfeet Agency Engineer Ross Cartee had drawn up. Always alert to making a buck, the former whiskey peddler and now licensed agency trader, Joe Kipp had copyrighted that map, and the Great Northern Railroad, anticipating a rush, had had the map printed in May 1896. Titled “Map of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation Showing the Mountainous Region Proposed to be Ceded to the U.S. Government,” this map was deemed indispensable, and both Kipp and the Great Northern hoped to benefit from the flood of prospectors about to inundate the St. Mary country.32 If McClintock chose not to remember and report on these developments, so critical to
a tribal future, at a later date in conjunction with his lecturing after 1906 or his subsequent writing, that was his prerogative. But it had to have been a most selective amnesia. In other words, McClintock almost surely excluded these events deliberately from his personal retelling and did so as a part of the artful refashioning his nostalgic, and developing, literary story required.

Only after first wiling away three weeks surveying and hunting did the three Yale men, Pinchot, Graves, and McClintock, leave the St. Mary country to head west across the Rocky Mountains to the Middle Fork of the Flathead River and Belton Station on the Great Northern Railway. There, on July 16, they met with the remainder of the National Forest Commission as well as an outside observer, the early conservationist John Muir. Now the National Forest Commission began its three-month tour of western forest lands in earnest. What lands would be protected from further development by including them in a federal forest reserve and thereby removing them from private entry, was an open question.33

Walter McClintock left the Commission at Belton Station along with Henry Graves. Sometime during this period McClintock, at Billy Jackson’s suggestion, decided to extend his stay in Montana. Instead of returning home to Pittsburgh directly by train, McClintock accompanied Jackson with his horse outfit back across the spine of the Continental Divide. The goal was to make their way back to Jackson’s small ranch and family on upper Cut Bank Creek as it rushed east through the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. Jackson assured the eager young tenderfoot, who had only recently spent three weeks with him just to the north across the Hudson’s Bay Divide, that the hunting and fishing were just as good around his place. Moreover, Jackson held out the prospect of visiting the upcoming sacred Medicine Lodge or “Okan” of the Southern Piegan, American members of the larger Blackfoot Confederacy that
included the three Canadian tribes, the Kainai or Bloods, the Northern Piegans, and the Siksika or Blackfoot proper.

Why not? McClintock was in no hurry to return to Pennsylvania. His health had improved dramatically and he had promised Gifford Pinchot before he left Belton Station that he would continue his work on the forest survey. For that reason he kept the government camera gear and continued to document forest environments, prominent land forms, flora, and fauna on his return trip through the western slope. Together, he and Billy Jackson traveled along the Middle Fork of the Flathead River and then veered off up its tributary, the tortuous, heavily forested Nyack Creek, prior to the final push over Cutbank Pass. Once back on the east side of the Divide, McClintock settled in at Jackson’s ranch or, more accurately, with Jackson’s young half-brother Alex Fox, and it was from here that he went on to the agency to photograph the 1896 Blackfeet Sun Dance, an enterprise made easier because of Jackson’s numerous Blackfeet connections.

Jackson did as he promised: Fluent in Blackfoot and at home, he introduced McClintock “to the leading chiefs.” He could do so because as Mad Wolf, the prominent Piegan leader who would become McClintock’s adoptive father, later would remark, “Billy was my best friend.” As we have seen, Billy Jackson was also a close friend of Grinnell, Stimson, Pinchot, Schultz, Kipp, and a host of other eastern hunters and dudes, strong personalities all, who felt privileged to know him. Jackson, in other words, seems to have been quite comfortable functioning as a well-positioned mediator, secure on his own home ground, easily bridging the changing white and Indian worlds without being marginalized or diminished in either. No easy feat. McClintock was in good hands.
Buoyed by his enthusiasm for the outdoor life with its hunting, horses, and camping and caught up in the equally romantic stories of the former Custer scout, McClintock had readily agreed to Jackson’s suggestion to extend his trip. It was an opportunity that an easterner raised on the stories of Theodore Roosevelt’s best-selling *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, published in 1887, as well as the tremendously popular illustrations of Frederic Remington, could not refuse. Then, there was the example of Grinnell and his detailed explorations of the country and extended interest in the Blackfeet that had resulted in numerous publications. And while Walter McClintock may not have known it, he was following a rather well-established trail of affluent, educated easterners who wanted to participate in the redemptive power of a western landscape and to recover the “manly” attributes of an outdoor life set upon a horse.

McClintock was more than a little late, however, for nomadic Indian life and buffalo hunting was already more than a decade gone. Maybe if he hurried, if he chose his location and topics carefully, maybe, there would be something left. This sense of belatedness, that time was running out, if it had not already done so, as many reminded him, was a powerful stimulant. Yet Indians, including the Blackfeet, although now confined essentially to reservations, were still there; still a defining and necessary part of America’s romantic and nostalgic West—a living metaphor and symbol—enabling anxious Americans to decipher or encode why Americans were different from other peoples and other lands. Indians, in other words, once again resurfaced as an indispensable American reference text.36

Moved by this awareness and the growing myth of the West, the visiting McClintock quickly fell in love with the ranching life along Cutbank Creek amid the changing and surprisingly diverse reservation populations. Whites, mixed bloods, Crees, Mormons, and full bloods from all of the Blackfoot-speaking tribes of Alberta, Canada were jumbled together. All
led lives wholly different from what Walter McClintock had known in Pittsburgh as they broke horses, raised cattle and kids, put up hay from natural meadows, and survived in the powerful and romantic landscape they occupied.

It was an idyllic summer and fall—“batching” with Alex Fox, the young quarter-blood relative of Jackson’s, who was sometimes called Yellow Bird. About the same age and in their late twenties, they rode together to numerous dances all over the country north of the agency. Whites, mixed bloods, Mormons from “over the line” in Cardston and Lethbridge, Alberta, Crees, and full-blood Piegans from both the north and south sides of the Great Northern Railroad socialized, drank too much “Hudson rum,” and danced, sometimes even “to a piano.” McClintock and Fox preferred the dances at the “creamery” in Browning or at the agency warehouse held on the Fourth of July, the same time as the Sun Dance, and managed to have fun at both. If Alex was correct, McClintock not only acquired an Indian nickname, but went dancing on and off the reservation, cutting a wide swath among the social swirl. McClintock even sported a girlfriend, Miss Arnoux, a mixed-blood from one of the many mixed-blood families along the south-fork of the Milk, whom his chum Alex described as “fat and sasy as ever[sic].” In addition to all that fun, McClintock also got out the promised report of his summer’s activities with the Forest Commission for Gifford Pinchot.

By November of 1896, however, the novelty waned. McClintock complained of the harsh, cold climate, and the cutting wind. He yammered about how the locals were “getting frozen all the time,” and that he did not “see how a man could have much out-of-door life in this country in winter.” He could stay if he wanted to. In fact, he had been offered a job teaching “the older and better class of children on the reservation” at a school the Reverend Eugene S. Dutcher was setting up in early December. But McClintock evidently did not want to. He did
not “winter over.” Instead, he returned to Pittsburgh despite the almost miraculous improvements to his health inspired by the western climate.

Back home in Pittsburgh, McClintock could not find an appropriate vocation—not the waiting carpet business, not professional forestry, not school teaching.\textsuperscript{40} Christmas came and went as did spring. Still searching for something to do the following summer, McClintock again went to work for his Yale colleagues, Gifford Pinchot and Henry Graves—this time in Hamilton County, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains—as they surveyed, researched, and photographed a pioneering study on spruce forests.\textsuperscript{41}

Although McClintock did not return to Montana in 1897 despite the invitations of Alex Fox and the prospect of numerous country dances, Gifford Pinchot did. Pinchot needed to complete his 1896 survey of western forest lands in Idaho and Washington and did so without McClintock and his camera. Looking again for an experienced local guide, Pinchot met up with his earlier companion, bear hunter Jack Monroe, again at Blackfoot Station in mid-July, and the two of them set off together. In September, before Pinchot returned east, they rendezvoused with Henry L. Stimson at the foot of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain for a short hunting reprieve, with McClintock’s friend Alex Fox helping out. They killed a grizzly bear, three sheep, and three goats.\textsuperscript{42}

When McClintock returned to Montana the following summer of 1898, he seemed to have rounded a corner. He had decided to literally, in the parlance of the day, “run away and go live with the Indians.” Such escapist and romantic notions were in the air as the nostalgia industry labored hard to keep the idea of the frontier alive. While many mused privately about such fantasies, there were individuals who acted upon such elegiac inventions, and McClintock was one of them. Unlike two years earlier or even the year before, he now focused his
considerable energies solely on the Blackfeet. He was no longer a member of a government commission, had no other employment, and, as he put on his application to the Department of Interior to visit the Blackfeet Reservation, he knew what he wanted to do. The June 14 letter from the Secretary of the Department of Interior, necessary to be on the reservation, explicitly registered his purpose: “Mr. Walter McClintock, of Pittsburg, Pa., is hereby authorized to visit and remain upon the Blackfeet Indian reservation, during the summer of 1898, for the purpose of studying the habits of these Indians.”

Other Americans were also engaged in documenting American Indians in what they thought was an urgent salvage operation: photographers such as Edward S. Curtis, Roland Reed, Fred Meyer and Charles H. Stephens of Philadelphia; artists E. W. Deming of New York, Charles M. Russell, Joseph Henry Sharp, Frank Tenney Johnson, all sometime westerners; and writers George Bird Grinnell, James Willard Schultz, and Frank B. Linderman. Like them, McClintock decided to devote himself to preserving on glass plate, film, paper, and wax cylinder as much of the fascinating traditional cultural information of the Blackfeet as he could. As of yet however, McClintock had witnessed only a small part of the Blackfeet world, namely what he had been allowed to see either through the good auspices of Billy Jackson or in his travels with the young bronc-buster, Alex Fox (Yellow Bird).

McClintock’s eventual testimony or record would be substantial and it would be a decidedly romantic one. It would not focus on contested former territories, buffalo hunting from horseback, dangerous horse raids, or making Blackfeet enemies “cry.” It would not, and could not, be heroic. Nor would it dwell on those strange, odd or illogical behaviors meant to highlight earlier white perceptions of Blackfeet “savagery” or cultural differences. McClintock was much too late for all of that and besides, from what we know, it did not fit his personality. Instead,
McClintock’s work featured a select romanticism. Often it doted on the intimacy of families amid open campfires and glowing tepees, of a serene, timeless domesticity; at other times he depicted hauling water and wood, where women and babies, children and dogs, were set against a benign background. There were intimate shots of cultural practices, pious religious celebrations and ceremonies, men’s and women’s societies and initiations—all of it every bit as recognizable and as understandable as similar customs and beliefs practiced by white Americans in their deliberate settings.

This fetching romanticism would feature, as with James Thurber’s “Walter Mitty,” McClintock’s own participation and involvement. As suggested by the provocative title of a recent monograph, “Playing Indian” is what Walter McClintock did as he sought to assume an alternative identity in what was left of the intriguing world of the Blackfeet. Dreaming of ethnographic if not literary glory, this Walter would never be quite the same again.

McClintock’s romantic project required a good deal of support and involvement from the Blackfeet themselves. In addition to the using English and translating, this assistance ranged from simply indulging his tenderfoot, and at times pathetic underfoot, presence—which McClintock willingly used to secure sympathy—to helping him finagle invitations to various social occasions. In the latter, he was introduced to aloof, or at least wary, individual elders who possessed the stories and songs he so eagerly sought. Securing their help, even given popular Billy Jackson’s generous promotion, was a tall order. Just being on the reservation or with the Milk River community putting up hay or social dancing at weekend dances would not suffice. Interest in the old life of the Blackfeet was not enough of a qualification either to acquire “standing” among the old timers—not in 1898. Instead, McClintock needed a point of entry, a metaphorical door over whose threshold he could step to pass like Alice into the netherworld.
past of Blackfeet experience and how they had made sense of the world. Otherwise every observation, every understanding, however keen, would remain superficial, mysterious or opaque. Others had fallen into this interpretive trap where they had inadvertently misread or fabricated or distorted through simplification, while confidently believing to have captured an essential reality. But how was McClintock to find an interpreter, a linguistic guide and cultural mediator? How could he avoid being as clueless or as superficial as so many other interested, but periodic visitors?

Relying on an old missionary ploy, McClintock first tried to make contact and gain access by dispensing to select Indian families medicines or pharmaceuticals that he, with some guile, had sent for from a physician in Pittsburgh in the late summer of 1896. Two years later, a more effective door to cultural apprenticeship opened for McClintock—the prominent Holy Man or “naatosininaa,” Mad Wolf, surprisingly singled out the young photographer for special attention.

Mad Wolf, or better, Siyeh in Blackfeet, McClintock wrote, “was their greatest orator, the high priest of their Sun Dance and the owner of the Beaver Medicine Bundle.” As a Beaver man, he had access to a number of supernatural powers relating to water. He could forecast and even control the weather; he could call buffalo and “other animals for help,” and it was his responsibility to keep track of the passage of time, to become the chronicler or “memory bank” of the people. Mad Wolf, a former leader of the Hard Top Knot band, who later became chief the Buffalo Chip band from the north side of the reservation, along Cutbank Creek, was a key figure among a number of political and cultural leaders such as the neighboring head chief White Calf (O-mis-tai-po-kah), Shorty Whitegrass (Isso-ko-yi-kinni), famed war chief and medicine man, and Double Runner (Ahk’-o-to Mak-an). Incongruously, and abruptly, the influential Mad
Wolf made the rather remarkable decision to adopt Walter McClintock as his son in summer 1898. This occurred in two “special ceremonies,” one in which, after a pipe ceremony, Mad Wolf painted his face on forehead, chin, and cheeks with ochre, the sacred paint, and one in which Mad Wolf asked his “near friend,” White Calf, to select an appropriate Blackfeet name. Blessed and named, Mad Wolf then “shoved” McClintock into the Blackfeet world with the name White Weasel or White Weasel Moccasin (A-pe-ech-eken or ermine), “a sacred animal of the Beaver Bundle,” after his blond hair and light complexion.48

Years later, in 1910, long after Mad Wolf’s death and Christian burial in the Epworth Piegan Methodist Mission graveyard in 1902, Walter McClintock published the remarkable story of his adoption, the pivotal event of his adult life, and of his subsequent efforts at cultural preservation. His book, issued by the English publisher Macmillan and Company of London, bore, the descriptive and overly ambitious title The Old North Trail. Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indian.49 In it McClintock described retrospectively how and why, without warning, following what appeared to be a chance encounter, Mad Wolf had decided to make him his son. Conveniently, Billy Jackson was with McClintock at that critical moment and could render Mad Wolf’s wishes into English. Mad Wolf’s reasoning, remembered McClintock long after the fact, was savvy and direct. “Because I believe that someday you will become a chief among your people. When I am gone you will then be left to help and to advise my people.”50

This prospect of personal help was immediately followed, however, by a second rationale—at least if we are to believe McClintock—and one more in keeping with McClintock’s own emerging interest in creating a Blackfeet cultural record. Not only was Mad Wolf desirous of a white man’s “strong friendship,” one stemming from sympathy and fidelity, he also wanted to find one “who had lived sufficiently long among his people, to become familiar with the
customs, religion, and manner of life, and [who] would tell the truth about them [the Blackfeet]
to the white race.”

Later in the account, Mad Wolf reiterated this theme while describing with a low voice
the myth of the beaver bundle to the inquiring McClintock.

When I was a young man, I too became interested in the mysteries of the medicines,
which have been taught to me by old Indians, and what they have told me I know to be
true. I have never before explained those mysteries to white men, because I have always
been afraid to trust them. I am now willing to have you repeat these to the white race,
because I know that you will speak the truth and because I feel toward you as a father to
his son.

In 1923, when McClintock recast and rewrote The Old North Trail under the title Old Indian Trails, he again returned to phrase the motivation more narrowly. McClintock described
the incentive then as “When a white man he trusted came to live among his people, Mad Wolf
decided to adopt him as his son. He foresaw the doom of his tribe. He wanted a son among the
white men upon whom he could depend; one able to help his tribe, who would go to the Great
Father at Washington and intercede in their behalf.”

Political expedience, however, had not panned out and by 1949, the last time McClintock
addressed the issue of Mad Wolf’s motivation regarding McClintock’s adoption, the reason
offered was that Mad Wolf wanted “to take a son from among the white men that he might
record the ancient traditions and rituals by means of pictures and the white man’s written
language.” In the long summer days of 1898 neither of these ambitious expectations hardly
seemed to fit the minimal achievements of the then twenty-eight year old Walter McClintock.
Yet even then, with a bit of imagination, there was a case to be made, and, combined with a little
wishful thinking and optimism, both Mad Wolf and Walter McClintock convinced themselves
not only of their pending mutual needs, of the reciprocal nature of the enterprise, but that their expectations were realistic.

Mad Wolf’s decision to adopt Walter McClintock was, as far as can be known, unprecedented for him, but the practice of adoption was not unusual among the Blackfeet or the Plains tribes in general. Adoptions, both within the Blackfoot tribes and outside—“the making of relatives”—had long been a common strategy of association, not unlike intertribal marriages or marriages to white fur traders. In doing so, families or groups, sometimes hostile to one another, tried to gain additional power, influence, and benefit by extending family ties to outsiders. Essentially a new and wider network of relatives and near-relatives would be created, supplementing the original power base, giving extra scope and spiritual or political dimension.

These new relatives, it was hoped, would involve both parties in a complex web of predictable mutual advantages, obligations, and exchanges that could be drawn upon when hunting, trading, traveling or fighting. Using what has been called “idioms of kinship,” intertribal marriages and adoptions encouraged and lubricated agreements and alliances, friendships and ceremonies, trade relations and exchanges. 55

Indians, attempting to secure advantages in guns, trade-goods, spiritual power and influence, for example, had entered into such an artificial kinship relationship with Hugh Monroe. Trading for the Hudson’s Bay Company Monroe had been adopted as a son by Rising Head and later became known as the legendary white Blackfoot.56 In the late 1870s, James Willard Schultz, subsequently known for his reminiscences and novels, married into the tribe and was also adopted and given the name Spotted Robe or Apikuni by Running Crane.57

Nonetheless, seeking out and adopting a white man, a Naapiikoan, young or old, either as a political envoy or a cultural intermediary and preserver, was not something Mad Wolf or many
other Blackfeet had done before. Why had Mad Wolf done it? The answer seems to relate to the adoption of another white man, George Bird Grinnell, in the late 1880s and again by White Calf in the early 1890s as well as Grinnell’s later selection as the tribal chief, as the “Father of the People,” initiated by White Calf in 1897, the year before Mad Wolf made his decision about McClintock.  

Mad Wolf had first experienced Grinnell’s effective intervention on behalf of the Piegans after the Starvation Winter of 1883-84. Having first urged *Forest and Stream*’s local correspondent, James Willard Schultz or Apikuni, to thoroughly investigate the starving conditions of the Blackfeet, Grinnell had used Schultz’s subsequent report and his own substantial influence to browbeat Washington officialdom to quickly get food supplies to the Blackfeet. Later, in 1889, Mad Wolf had also witnessed the effects of Grinnell’s adroit newspaper campaign in the *New York Times* to secure the dismissal of Agent Mark Baldwin, whom the Blackfeet called “Agent Tomorrow.” These interventions led Mad Wolf to say to Grinnell in 1889, during a council meeting of the Piegan leaders within the Old Agency stockade:

> You are good. You like to see the change. You stopped the lies here, rubbed them out and all the crooked work before. It was bad. Every day we feel good. It’s good. If it hadn’t been for you it would still have been “Tomorrow, Tomorrow.” If not for you we get nothing.

White Calf too had expressed the same sentiment, when he wrote to Grinnell: “Don’t quit helping us… I guess the Great Father still listens to you for he knows you. He knows you have a good heart.” Another chief, Tearing Lodge, in 1892 dictated a letter in which he said to Grinnell, “you are the Shield of my People [sic].” Mad Wolf had participated in both Grinnell’s adoptions, in the first instance calling for a powerful name that “would help Grinnell survive all dangers and attain old age” and recognized that Grinnell’s adoption represented a reciprocal
bond, one that was taken seriously by both sides.\textsuperscript{63} Unmistakably the Piegan had acquired a powerful relative.

Six years later, while involved in the discussions surrounding the 1895 Blackfeet agreement to sell the “Ceded Strip,” Mad Wolf had remarked that, “The whites are swarming into this country.”\textsuperscript{64} The implication was that irremediable changes, undoubtedly for the worse, were at hand—potentially as distressing as the period following the disappearance of the buffalo and Starvation Winter. While there was resentment in this observation, it was also a clear acknowledgement that whites would dominate even reservation affairs in this emerging new dispensation.

The 1895 agreement or treaty negotiations with the government had not gone at all well from the Blackfeet perspective. Further havoc was expected as mining and even oil interests readied themselves, under the mineral-land laws, to invade the isolated Swiftcurrent Valley just east of the Continental Divide with clamoring miners and heavy equipment. No one, however, had anticipated that with the April 1898 opening of the “Ceded Strip” over 500 men were “engaged in prospecting the mountain ranges and valleys in search of mineral.”\textsuperscript{65}

Mad Wolf found much of this to be demoralizing. There were other problems as well. Traditional political authority and allegiances within the recognized Piegan bands had already unraveled or were being challenged, including the leadership of White Calf.\textsuperscript{66} Generational and cultural differences ate away at all agreement. Younger people were uninterested in tribal rituals. Mad Wolf was concerned and yet he did not know quite what to do. And while Grinnell was still very much involved, having been saluted as “Father of the People,” perhaps other advocates and chroniclers, such as Walter McClintock, needed to be found and encouraged. This, at least, was the way an elderly McClintock described the situation long after the fact.\textsuperscript{67}
Here, then, were two men—the aged and weakened spiritual leader Mad Wolf and the young and eager would-be chronicler McClintock—with two different but compelling urgencies. Adoption might be to their mutual advantage.

McClintock had surely, and not so subtly, encouraged Mad Wolf’s decision. He had encouraged his first go-between, Billy Jackson, to explain to Mad Wolf how, as he put it later, he “had come from the Great Father [President of the United States], for the purpose of protecting the forests of their country, that they might be preserved for future generations.” It would have been easy to tack on to this important task of preservation another equally valuable preservation project, namely that of rescuing images of important ceremonies, stories, and songs of the traditional Blackfeet world. McClintock, like George Bird Grinnell just a couple of years before, was a government man, sent out from the nation’s capital, a member of a federal commission. Like Grinnell or later Gifford Pinchot, McClintock also was the son of a prominent, wealthy eastern family, this time from Pittsburgh, the city of Carnegie, Frick, and Mellon, and like them he had also graduated from Yale. In a letter written to his father, McClintock proudly alluded to how people had “told the Indians that Mr. Grinnell and I were educated at the same school…and we are both doing what we can to help them.” According to McClintock the Piegans thought “the world” of Grinnell, even to the point that Grinnell was likened “to a second Christ.” Such comparisons stood McClintock in good stead. To the Piegans, McClintock, like Grinnell and the young Pinchot, had a social pedigree, was intimate with the eastern power elite, and, in some sense, as the Forest Commission’s photographer, was the President’s eyes and ears. As with Grinnell, who had proved to be such a powerful friend of the Blackfeet, McClintock, it was hoped, would carry on this tradition of political protection and effective advocacy.
Such a scenario was easy to present in Blackfeet country and McClintock encouraged it. He did nothing then or later to conceal from Mad Wolf or the Blackfeet leaders his influential contacts, his elite status, his potential ability to help. Mad Wolf’s susceptibility to such an exaggerated deception can be seen when he “made a speech into the graphophone,” asking McClintock that “it be sent as his message to the Great Father at Washington.” Mad Wolf clearly thought McClintock had access to the highest levels in the government and that McClintock could be a useful political tool, perhaps as influential in the future as Grinnell had been in the past.

It is also plausible that Mad Wolf was looking for his own more personable alternative, if not actual counterweight, to the distant and often rather severe friend of the Blackfeet, Grinnell. In the discussions prior to the selling of the “Ceded Strip” in early November 1894, Grinnell had been realistic, stern, and impatient. He was exasperated with the Piegan leaders and the tribe’s lack of progress towards self-sufficiency. After “a long and tiresome council” Grinnell had vented his keen disappointment. Into his diary he had written, “White Calf made the same old tiresome kick and I had to shut him off as I also did Siyeh.” The next year, having been made one of the three commissioners to negotiate the sale, Grinnell proceeded to promote his own understanding of what the proposed agreement should entail and why.

If there was any lingering animosity, however, Mad Wolf seems not to have nursed it, then or afterwards. Quite the opposite. Still, there were the inevitable factions among the Blackfeet. There were full bloods who felt that Grinnell had let the tribe down, that he had been more concerned with his own interests in establishing a possible national park than he was in protecting them and their interests. Others were of the opinion that he had not been generous. He had been stingy. He had had no pity. Mad Wolf, along with Little Dog and most of the other
principal men, had argued strenuously for the government to pay $3,000,000, double what
Grinnell said was feasible and right. Doubts’ regarding Grinnell’s continued friendship and
further help regarding treaty issues were rumored.\textsuperscript{73} Mad Wolf may have thought McClintock to
be a more energetic and less judgmental advocate than the patronizing Grinnell.

No doubt Mad Wolf’s adoption of McClintock in 1898 was in part calculated to help
Mad Wolf address contemporary Blackfeet grievances against the government as the Blackfeet
sought to gain federal compensation for previous losses of territory associated with the first of
the Blackfeet treaties, namely Lame Bull’s Treaty of 1855. In his subsequent correspondence
with McClintock, Mad Wolf referred a number of times to these Blackfeet claims. They
included the so-called “Common Hunting Grounds,” a territory known to the Blackfeet as “Si-ta-
took-tsi” or the “Middle Land,” lying between the Missouri and the Yellowstone Rivers. Lame
Bull’s Treaty with Washington Territorial Governor Isaac I. Stevens and Alfred Cumming, head
of the Central Superintendency, held at the confluence of the Missouri and Judith Rivers, had
secured the designation of a buffalo commons, an area where the parties to the treaty would hunt
in peace. These included the buffalo hunting tribes from west of the Continental Divide. Nez
Perce, Spokanes, Flatheads, Kootenai and Pend d’Oreilles could share with the Blackfeet a
peaceful common hunting ground. In less than a decade, gold was discovered in this area. A
series of rushes and stampedes brought an invasion of whites and the establishment of a large
number of white settlements. Virginia City, Bannack, Confederate Gulch, and Helena had all
sprang to life in the southern reaches of the Blackfeet lands and in the federally designated
“Common Hunting Grounds” created by the treaty’s Article Three.\textsuperscript{74}

The Blackfeet were never compensated for the loss of this territory, what Mad Wolf
termed “the land across the Missouri.” Mad Wolf wanted McClintock’s help in Washington,
D.C., in raising this issue with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. As far as Mad Wolf and other Blackfeet were concerned, “there is land which has never been paid for. It is 99 years now since the Piegan owned this land,” he wrote, “and we think it about time that we were paid for it. The government took this land away from us. It was the very best part of our country and they have placed us in the worst part of the country they could find.” Thinking of the next generation of Blackfeet and already concerned that the monies from the sale of the "Ceded Strip" were insufficient, Mad Wolf was convinced that if he could only alert the President in Washington, D.C., the future, as he said, “would be fixed up.” He urgently sought McClintock’s help, concluding his letter: “I know myself that the land I speak of has never been paid for and I want to tell the President this. This is all…If you can help me any about the matters I have written about, answer quick.”

Mad Wolf also wanted McClintock to alert Grinnell about this matter. Not content with this, Mad Wolf wrote Grinnell directly, asserting that Lame Bull had only “loaned a big country at the Yellowstone to the whites.” Later in September Mad Wolf again wrote McClintock: “You must write to me again soon and tell me more what is going on there. If you can find out whether the Government is going to pay the Piegan for the land across the Missouri, I would like to know. Tell your father if you learn about it.” Unwilling to let the matter drop, the following year Mad Wolf continued to correspond with McClintock about the 1855 treaty and the Piegan loss of land. Impatiently he explained how Lame Bull had been principal chief and that, “White Calf is now chief all over the reservation and he would like to know the shape that land is in, if you can find out from the Great Father in Washington.” Mad Wolf concluded, “If you see anything about it in the papers or you hear about it, write me at once.”
Grinnell, well informed as ever through his stable of reservation correspondents, learned almost immediately of Walter McClintock and his adoption, and in a short series of letters written in 1899, Grinnell began to correspond seriously with McClintock. In doing so Grinnell attempted to enlist McClintock’s support. Together, they would make common cause in their efforts to pursue the Piegan interest as it related to government compensation for their former lands south of the Missouri. Grinnell pointedly asked if McClintock had any influence in Washington by which he could “increase the pressure that I intend to try to bring to bear on the Commissioner.” Grinnell declared bluntly, “what I need is senatorial pull.” Grinnell was convinced that “as Siyeh’s son, and so practically a member of the tribe,” McClintock “ought to take as much interest in its welfare as any one.” Again and again, Grinnell asked for frank, forthright reservation news and for McClintock’s help in Washington.80

McClintock responded by offering the help of John Dalzell, one of Pennsylvania’s Republican congressmen. It remains unclear, however, whether McClintock actually wrote to Dalzell. Grinnell and McClintock discussed other matters in some detail, for example, how to influence the selection of a new Indian agent for the Blackfeet after Thomas P. Fuller suddenly died. This too must have been a Grinnell initiative, for such a strategy had been a favorite Grinnell device, one with which he had had considerable success.

Eventually Mad Wolf would be disappointed in McClintock’s lack of interest and lame excuses, including the particularly egregious one that Washington, D.C., and Grinnell were “a long distance from my house.”81 Yet Siyeh never registered his impatience or irritation in his correspondence. Nor is there any indication that in his disappointment he might “disinherit” his adopted son. In fact, he continued to write McClintock until his death asking for suggestions and
help as he grappled with the Blackfeet attempts to sue the U.S. Government over the uncompensated loss of the “common hunting ground.”

Grinnell, on the other hand, must have given up on McClintock. Their correspondence simply breaks off. There was nothing more to say. Sadly, even after Mad Wolf’s death and, as late as 1905, after having refused repeatedly to involve himself as a surrogate guardian or champion in the manner of Grinnell, after having demonstrated his general uselessness or impotence, McClintock was still attempting to portray himself while on the reservation as influential and powerful. Visiting with a few of his Blackfeet intimates, for example, McClintock learned they wanted to go north to Canada to visit their relatives, the Bloods. They were convinced, however, that they would be denied official permission. McClintock assured them that he could secure such a permit because he was a friend of the current agent and that he had come back into their country “with the permission of Ka-ach-sino” (the Great Grandfather or President). The permission referred to, as McClintock later confessed, was nothing more than his personal pass to be on the Blackfeet Reservation, issued by the Office of Indian Affairs.

Yet if Walter McClintock disappointed Mad Wolf politically, he more than fulfilled Mad Wolf’s other aspiration, namely to find someone to adequately preserve a record of the threatened Piegan cultural inheritance. In regard to the second, Mad Wolf proved himself to be more than a little prescient with his evaluation of both the general cultural malaise of the Blackfeet and with his selection of McClintock as a partial solution. Mad Wolf was guided in this direction not only by the example of Grinnell, but that same summer, head chief White Calf had also adopted another whiteman, a visiting New York artist by the name of Edwin Willard Deming. Deming was painter and later illustrator of Grinnell’s *Blackfeet Indian Stories* and had traveled widely among American Indians of the West. Deming first encountered the Piegan in
Washington, D.C. while hobnobbing with a visiting delegation of reservation leaders and they had invited him out to Montana. Deming’s appearance in July at the 1898 Medicine Lodge ceremonies coincided with the visit that year of George Bird Grinnell and it is difficult not to see Grinnell’s influence when White Calf, Grinnell’s adopted father, gave Deming the name “Running Wolf” and adopted him into the Blackfeet tribe.84

Unlike Grinnell, the artist Deming was not interested in moving the Blackfeet towards “civilization” and self-sufficiency in a new market economy. Instead, and more like McClintock, Deming was dedicated to understanding and recording Piegan ceremonies and practices he found while attending the Sun Dance. He sketched, took notes, and frequently used his camera to photograph as many camp scenes and ritual sequences as he could. In fact, responding to Deming’s efforts, an elder—perhaps White Calf himself—remarked that Deming “would have to leave the record of this for they did not want their children to forget all about it.”85

This ominous sense of a generational “forgetting” was by no means limited to Mad Wolf and White Calf. Following Siyeh’s death in 1902, younger Blackfeet, whether full or mixed blood, increasingly ignored or disparaged their own ancestral customs. A steady erosion in cultural interest marked the first decade of the twentieth century. Young people wanted to be modern, to speak English, and to attend dances in Browning in store-bought clothes or to compete politically for local advantage. They were uninterested in the “old time stories” or “old time songs.” They laughingly mocked the judgment of many of the elders, dismissed their skills of the warrior past as useless, including their mastery of their oral traditions and their confidence in their cultural anchors. For example, White Calf’s son, Last Gun, like any number of young full bloods, disputed his mother’s interpretation of the most famous Piegan legend “Scarface.”
And John Shorty, then in his early forties, in a humorous tirade called the elders all liars, “for none of them knew anything about the old stories, that the only people who ever knew are now all dead. The people tell the stories as they imagine them and they are all off.”

The situation was not that different from an earlier incident in the summer of 1903 when a noted former warrior, Strong or “Iskunatap,” blind with trachoma, had been proudly reminiscing about his war days. Some “young Indians” interrupted the old warrior while he was relating his stories to McClintock. Standing in the open door “they laughed noisily and made fun of the old man,” telling McClintock that “if he tells any more such lies, we will have him arrested and put in jail.” Whereupon, McClintock reported, the old man “became rattled and we left…”86 No wonder that Mad Wolf turned to an eagerly inquiring McClintock and to the old institution of adoption for help in addressing a pressing problem—once again, adoption became “a weapon of the weak.”87

These rueful accounts of neglect, derisive disbelief, or fabrication were all too familiar to elderly Piegan as they left the past behind to move into a new and usable future. Coupled with this generational malaise was the intense interest of some of the white outsiders in the old stories and the old ways, an interest they supported with cameras, notebooks, diaries, and wax cylinders. How gratifying to elderly men and women who felt they had valuable information, cultural and otherwise, to impart. No wonder that the old timers, including Mad Wolf, felt that the white recorders had superior instruments for the redemptive efforts now so essential to cultural continuation. Contemporary white chroniclers such as James Willard Schultz, George Bird Grinnell, Robert N. Wilson (agent for the Blood Reserve, 1904-11), Edmund Morris, Thomas Magee, Fred Meyer, Charles M. Russell, Joseph Sharp, E. W. Deming, Frank Tenney Johnson, Clark Wissler and Walter McClintock readily capitalized on this evaluation—using that
Blackfeet sentiment as a forceful crowbar to uncover what was so necessary to their own self-imposed ethnographic endeavors.

McClintock, although alert to this generational resentment, did not relish the idea of simply following in the footsteps of other ethnographers who had preceded him or of sharing the limelight of public attention with them. He wanted to be thought of as uniquely positioned, if not actually the only or the first white man, to authentically record the Blackfeet past and to make it available, in a significantly simplified form, to a white audience. This required him to launder or rinse away in his writing most references to others who had written about the Blackfeet—Grinnell, of course, but also Schultz, Curtis, and McClintock’s own traveling companion to the Blood Reserve in Alberta, Clark Wissler of the American Natural History Museum.

How he rationalized this laundering remains difficult to decipher. Neither Grinnell nor Schultz steadily employed photography or music. Photography was not their recording medium as it was McClintock’s and they had paid little attention to the cultural revelations of music and song. McClintock, on the other hand, had spent countless hours listening, notating and singing Wolf songs, Night songs, sacred hymns and war songs and was as devoted to preserving their cadences and rhythms, their octaves and intervals, as he was their spoken words. 88 Music did not seem to matter to Grinnell or Schultz; their observations centered on story not song, were less visceral or instinctual in the case of music and not as accessible as in the case of photographs.

As for his photographic competition, McClintock threw a larger shadow for he had concentrated not only on one tribe, the Southern Piegans or the American Blackfeet, he had done so over a much longer time, year after year, and with greater intimacy. He felt that had been possible because of the unique way in which he had been adopted and what he had made of that
significant event. How that played out in his own mind is clear from a passage in a letter he wrote to his biological father, “It seems now that the Indians everywhere, men, women, children know me for they call me by my Indian name and I feel sure that is mainly because they consider me a son of Siyeh.” McClintock’s adoption by Siyeh or Mad Wolf became the central event in his ethnographical calling, and McClintock, at least in this case, was unstinting in his credit. His “Blackfoot Collection,” as he came to call it, namely the photographs and all the ethnographical information, “were largely the result of the foresight of one man—Chief Mad Wolf.” Even here, however, McClintock turns the reader’s attention to himself, finishing his credit by adding that Mad Wolf’s associates were instructed “by him to give me every assistance, enabled me to preserve this record of a primitive culture which has now completely passed away.”

The transforming act of adoption meant that “as it had been told to him” or “as he had seen it,” became his stock in trade. McClintock told this again and again to reader and viewer. This was not his story. This was the story of the Southern Piegan, and McClintock came to tell it with addiction—the folklore, the religious beliefs and ceremonies, the tribal customs and social organizations, daily living practices, the songs, women and children, and did so with a surprising degree of humor and solemnity and without some of the many Indian stereotypes of his day—though he did some stereotyping of his own. All of this stemmed from “becoming a relative.” In doing so McClintock proved himself, in the long run, to be something of the dutiful son that Mad Wolf had expected. Mad Wolf admitted McClintock into an inner circle and an inner sanctum.

Yet the stories and wisdom that emerged did not belong to Walter McClintock. They were the gifts of Mad Wolf, of White Calf, of Onesta, owner of the Bear Spear, of Brings Down the Sun. Through the ancestral Piegan practice of adoption, these same Piegan elders, however
attenuated, speak to us and grace us with their lives. Today their words and songs, their
experiences and stories, are more important than the adopted human medium they used.

Today younger tribal members, who have few elderly guides, who themselves have
missed or dropped the baton of language and cultural information as their turn came in the
generational relay that tribal identity requires, can be found pouring over the paperback edition
of Walter McClintock’s *Old North Trail* and his hundreds of photographic prints available on the
Internet emanating from Yale University in far off New Haven, Connecticut. These Blackfeet
neo-traditionalists use McClintock’s work to augment in word and image what they have been
able to learn from contemporary elders, themselves no longer in complete mastery of their rich
and complex ritual inheritance. Sometimes this trove of details includes the identification of
lodge or tepee designs. Sometimes it has to do with the ethno-botanical research McClintock did
or the rich information McClintock was able to secure from and about women.

Those interested in cultural revival among the Blackfeet now seek what was so important
to Mad Wolf: the elusive issue of Blackfeet identity. Twenty-first century Blackfeet have a
better claim to that identity, than McClintock ever had, even given his privileged opportunity in
time and place, even given the generosity of Mad Wolf and his Piegan contemporaries. Still
McClintock’s *Old North Trail* makes a valued contribution, both to the Blackfeet understanding
of themselves and to the rest of us as he united photography with ethnography for a popular
audience. For that we should all be grateful.

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Explanatory Note by Bill Farr:

GBGSWM—George Bird Grinnell Collection, Braun Library, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.

WMBL—Walter McClintock Papers, Beinecke Library, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

ENDNOTES

2 White Calf to George Bird Grinnell, GBGSWM, Folder 108 “Puntu ye istsim okan.”
3 Curly Bear to George Bird Grinnell, May 1892, GBGSWM, Folder 221 “William Jackson: Affidavits of Indians on Affairs at Piegan Agency, Montana.”
4 For the opposition to the move from Badger Creek by White Calf, see letter from George Bird Grinnell to White Calf et al, April 12, 1892, GBGMLY, Reel 3, no. 17. Grinnell had replied that he knew of no plans to move the agency; the same day, April 12, 1892, Grinnell, however, wrote to Charles Aubrey at the agency GBGMLY, Reel 3, no. 15 “I am glad to know of the project to move the agency.” For Steell’s opposition to the move, see Thomas Wessell, “Historical Report on the Blackfeet Reservation in Northern Montana,” Docket No. 279-D, Indian Claims Commission, 87.
5 For Browning, see William T. Hagen, “Daniel M. Browning, 1893-97,” Robert M. Kvasnicka and Herman J. Viola, eds., The Commissioners of Indian Affairs, 1824-1977 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1979), 205-209. For the Piegan designations, see Adolf Hungry Wolf, The Blackfoot Papers. Vol. I, 156, where the author relies on information provided by Mike Swims Under and James Boy, who in turn relied upon their fathers or grandfathers, Swims Under and Bird Rattle.
6 Reports of Inspector P. McCormick, July 1, 1895, frame 0051 and Inspector C.C. Duncan, October 3, 1896, frame 0144, Roll 3, Target 1, Blackfeet Agency, Reports of Inspection of the Field Jurisdictions of the Office of Indian Affairs, 1873-1900, M-1070, RG 48, NA.
9 Ewers, The Blackfeet, 307. For the growing presence of white residents and mixed bloods, see the Indian census documents from 1890 to the turn of the century. Lorenzo Cooke to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, August 3, 1893, speaks of the Willow Creek hay meadows “where thousands of tons of hay can be cut annually when water is turned in from Cut Bank a ditch for which already surveyed from which Indians could ship thousands of bales of hay to stockmen and townspeople along line of railroad,(sic)” Telegram from Captain Cooke to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated August 3, 1893; Copies of Official Letters Sent, 1878-1915 (also known as Entry 4); Blackfeet Indian Agency, Montana; Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75; National Archives and Records Administration-Rocky Mountain Region (Denver). Grinnell to Hoke Smith, Department of Interior, GBGMLY, Reel 4, no. 309, December 12, 1894. Grinnell evaluates conditions on the reservation under Cooke, who he charges “pays cash” for hay, firewood, potatoes, oats—introducing wages.
10 George Steell, Report of Blackfeet Agency, “Annual Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs,” Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior, Serial Set 3210, Piegan, Montana, August 15, 1893, 20, and George Steell, Report to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, April 11, 1895, Thomas R. Wessell Collection, Merrill Burlingame Special Collections, Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana. Here Agent Steell listed employees and their salaries necessary for fiscal year 1896, including of all the wagons, the importance of a wheelwright and a blacksmith.

12 At the World’s Columbian Exposition in 1893, for example, Kwakiutl dancers were brought by the American Museum of Natural History to the Exposition to demonstrate traditional ceremonies as well as significant crafts for eastern audiences. See Barbara Davis, Edward S. Curtis (San Francisco, Calif.: Chronicle Books, 1985), 35. See also Kerwin Lee Klein, Frontiers of Historical Imagination. Narrating the European Conquest of Native America, 1890-1990 (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), especially Book Three, “Time Immemorial,” for the evolution of both anthropology and Ethno-History.

13 In 1890 the Blackfeet population was 1811, see Report on Indians taxed and Indians not taxed in the United States (except Alaska) at the Eleventh Census: 1890, H. Misc. Doc. 340, pt. 15, 52nd Cong., 1st Sess., Serial Set # 3016, p. 356; In 1900 the Blackfeet population had grown by some 25% to 2256, see Twelfth Census of the United States Taken in the Year 1900, Population – Part I, Census Reports, vol. 1, p. xlvi.


15 Major Guido Ilges, Fort Benton, to Major John Young, Agent, Blackfeet Agency, dated June 17, 1877, Copies of Letters Received 1873-1909 (also known as Entry 2); Box 3, Folder 50, Records of the Blackfeet Agency, Montana, Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75, National Archives and Records Administration, Rocky Mountain Region, Denver, Colorado. As A. B. Hamilton put it, they are “in a poor condition, some of them in really needy circumstances. Their Horses are too poor to move with. Buffalo Robes are very scarce with them.(sic)” Hamilton to Agent Young from Fort Conrad, dated April 16, 1879, Copies of Letters Received 1873-1909 (also known as Entry 2); Box 4, Folder 28, Records of the Blackfeet Agency, Montana, Record Group 75, National Archives and Records Administration, Rocky Mountain Region, Denver, Colorado.

16 Commissioner of Indian Affairs to John Young, dated June 4, 1880; Copies of Official Letters Received, 1873-1909 (also known as Entry 2); Box 5, Folder 35, Records of the Blackfeet Agency, Montana; Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75, National Archives, and Records Administration-Rocky Mountain Region, Denver, Colorado.


18 Ewers, The Blackfeet, 297-304.


20 Letter from the Secretary of the Interior, Transmitting an Agreement Made and Concluded September 26, 1895, with the Indians of the Blackfeet Reservation, 54th Cong., 1st sess., 1896, S. Doc 118, 18. See also Grinnell, November 7, 1888, diary, GBGSWM as cited in Mark David Spence, Dispossessing the Wilderness. Indian Removal and the Making of the National Parks (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999), 80.


22 Professor William H. Brewer to Oliver McClintock, June 26, 1896, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 45.


24 Pinchot, Breaking New Ground, 98.

25 Schultz, Blackfeet and Buffalo, 375.


28 Billy Jackson to Walter McClintock, January 17, 1898, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 29.


Ross Cartee, Map of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, showing the mountainous region proposed to be ceded to the United States Government, also a part of Teton, Flathead and Deer Lodge Counties, Montana made by Ross Cartee and copyright by Joseph Kipp, (St. Paul, Minn.: Great Northern Railway Company, 1896) in Montana Historical Society Archives, B 248.

Grinnell to Arnold Hague, Forestry Commission member, December 14, 1896, GBGMLY, Reel 5, no. 172. Grinnell attempted to persuade Arnold Hague to include all of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in what would become Lewis and Clark National Forest. He did this notwithstanding the use provisions granted the Blackfeet in the 1895 agreement that had already been ratified by Congress. Hague was described by Gifford Pinchot as a man who “knew everybody worth knowing in Washington.” See Pinchot, Breaking New Ground, 92.

He later remembered his decision as the result of an anti-modern critique of urban and a life-affirming personal quest. See McClintock, Old Indian Trails, 3.

Siyeh (Mad Wolf) to McClintock, January 4, 1900, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 72.


Alexander Fox to McClintock, July 11, 1897, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 12. See also the lengthy description in McClintock, Old Indian Trails, 24-31.

Pinchot to McClintock, October 21, 1896, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 64.

McClintock was still on the reservation until very late in the fall of 1896. Pinchot wrote to him via the Kipp Post Office from New York as late as the end of October, 1896, see ibid; McClintock’s letter to his father, Oliver, was written November 11, 1896, and mentions the Reverend Dutcher and his school, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 41. Forestry Expedition album has photos of Browning and Magee ranch in what appears to be winter, see Andrew M. Patterson, “Guide or Finding Aid,” Walter McClintock Papers, Beinecke Rare book and Manuscript Library, Yale University (1974) "Photographs of 1896: Forestry Expedition to the Rocky Mountains."

McClintock to his Father, November 11, 1896, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 41.

Pinchot, Breaking New Ground, 75. Further corroboration of McClintock’s absence from the Blackfeet in 1897 can be determined by the lack of a written permit or pass required by federal authorities to be upon the reservation. McClintock knew of this regulation because of his experience in 1896. After deciding to return to the Blackfeet Reservation in the summer of 1898, McClintock accordingly sought such a permit from the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C., via the mediation of John Dalzell, McClintock’s Pennsylvania congressman. Cautious, McClintock also secured the approval of the Blackfeet Agent, Thomas P. Fuller. WMBL, Series I, Folder 76.

Pinchot, Breaking New Ground, 128-29. It is unclear as to why McClintock did not go with him or whether there was any communication between the two that might have encouraged McClintock to return the following year. See also Alex Fox to McClintock, December 1897, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 12.

Secretary of Interior to Walter McClintock, June 14, 1898, WMBL, Series I, Folder 76.


See Dr. F. Le Mayne to McClintock, August 3, 1896, WMBL, Series I, Folder 34, in which the doctor advised McClintock to “abstain from anything but the simplest remedies or advice in the way of medical treatment of those who may apply to you.” Having warned McClintock, Dr. Le Mayne then sent “some medicines which are most likely to be needed…” McClintock, Old Indian Trails, 26.

Ibid., 27.

Ibid., 104.

McClintock, Old Indian Trails, 36.

Walter McClintock, “How It Was Possible To Make The Blackfoot Indian Collection,” 164.
Grinnell took great pride in his elevation as “Father of the People” or “Manistokos.” See Grinnell’s letter to Professor F. W. Putnam at Cambridge, July 24, 1897, GBGMLY, Reel 5, no.4 and Grinnell to William Roland, August 13, 1897 Hugh A. Dempsey, in his study, Tribal Honors. A History of the Kainai Chieftainship. (Calgary: Kainai Chieftainship, 1997), 14-15, has noted that the term “Manist’kos,” when used to describe a chief meant “that he was like a father and the members of his band were all his children.”


Grinnell, Diary, September 9, 1889, GBGSWM, University of Montana Microfilm, Reel 5, Folder 309, p.49.

Ibid., p.47. This quotation is also cited by Sherry Smith, Reimagining Indians, 61.

William Jackson, Affidavits of Indians on Affairs at Piegan Agency, Montana, May 5, 1892. GBGSWM, Reel 6, Folder 221

Schultz, Blackfeet and Buffalo, 84-85.

Grinnell, Diary, September 9, 1889, GBGSWM, University of Montana Microfilm, Reel 5, Folder 309.


Grinnell to Emerson Hough, April 17, 1897, GBGMLY, Reel 5, no. 349-352. “I don’t know about Bear Chief being the head chief. I have been told that for a couple of years that he was, but I still doubt it. White Calf used to be the head chief, and he is a very shrewd fellow and a great politician. He can handle those Indians better than anybody.”

McClintock, “How It Was Possible,” 164.

McClintock, The Old North Trail, 20; McClintock, autobiography ms., WMBL, Series II, Folder 40.

McClintock to Oliver McClintock, July 23, 1898, WMBL, Series I, Folder 41. This important quotation is also dwelt upon in Smith, Reimagining Indians, 70.

McClintock, The Old North Trail, 171-172.

Ibid., 175.

Grinnell, Diary, November 9, 1894, GBGSWM, Reel 5, Folder 323. See also, Diettert, Grinnell’s Glacier, 64.

Grinnell to William Jackson, November 6, 1895, GBGMLY, Reel 4, no. 644-646. Grinnell admits that “Some of the people when I first got there [for the treaty council] thought that I had left the road and was walking on a different trail from that which I had followed in earlier years…” He went on to say, however, that “now they see that I am traveling along just in the same direction, that I have kept there ever since I began to work with these people.” Grinnell had also written that “I hope that you are as well pleased with the bargain made with the Indians as all of them seemed to be when we left the agency. I myself think the treaty a liberal one on both sides, and it seems to me that the Piegans keep on as they have been doing…they will be the richest tribe of Indians in the country when the treaty expires…. I was well satisfied with the way things came out at the last, and all the Indians seemed to be so too.”


Siye to McClintock, September 8, 1900; see also March 6, 1900; both letters WMBL, Series I, Folder 72.

Siye to McClintock, January 4, 1900, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 72.

For Grinnell’s angry reply to Siye, see GBGMLY, January 20, 1900, Reel 7, no. 68.

Siye to McClintock, January 4, 1900, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 72.

Siye to McClintock, May 6, 1901, WMBL, Series 1, Folder 72.

Grinnell to McClintock, January 28, 1899; February 3, 1899; March 4, 31, 1899; April 3, 8, 13, 26, 1899, GBGMLY, Reel 6.

McClintock to Siye, June 15, 1902, WMBL, Series I, Folder 72.

McClintock, The Old North Trail, 327. In 1949 McClintock remembered saying “I had come from the Great Father with permission to go wherever I pleased; they [the Blackfeet families without a permit to leave the
reservation] could travel with me and the Red Coats would not interfere; we would cross together into Canada without any trouble.” McClintock, “How It Was Possible,” 170.

83 McClintock, Old Indian Trails, 165.


85 Deming, “Life of Edwin Willard Deming,” typescript 12-13; see also, Thomas G. Lamb, Eight Bears. A Biography of E. W. Deming, 1860-1942 (Oklahoma City: Griffin Books, 1978), 75-78. Alden Deming reported her father first met Grinnell on the Blackfeet Reservation in the summer of 1898. Grinnell confirms this assertion writing to his friend George Gould that, following a “perfectly lovely time at the medicine lodge,… Jack (J.B. Monroe), Mr. Deming and I were ten days in the mountains….,” G. B. Grinnell to George H. Gould, September 9, 1898, GBGMLY, Reel 6, no. 892.

86 For Shorty’s opinion, see Walter McClintock, “Notes on the Blackfeet,” August 11, 1903, WMBL, Folder 63. For the teasing of Old Strong, see Walter McClintock, 48 “Reservation Indians,” WMBL, Series II, autobiography ms., chapter 7. See also “Notes on the Blackfeet,” July, 1903, WMBL, Folder 63, 14.


88 McClintock, The Old North Trail, 282-283.

89 McClintock to Oliver McClintock, August 28, 1899, WMBL, Series I, Folder 41.

90 McClintock, “How It Was Possible,” 174.

91 http://highway49.library.yale.edu/photonegatives, search on "McClintock."