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tepee. It is hard for white people to realize that Indians do not still live in tepees, but actually very few of the old tim eways are known to the younger Indians.

One middle-aged woman insisted that her people had never had tepee furnished like ours. When asked how old she was she replied, "Fifty-one." She was then told to ask some of the old-timers to come in. She called to Makes Trouble and Red Fish, who were walking by. Makes Trouble is over 80 years old and fought in the Custer fight. I asked him if he had ever seen tipi furnished like ours. He said, "Yes, when I was a young man I had three of these willow back rests and a painted lining in my tepee." These things had been especially questioned by our lady visitor.

"How long ago was that?" I asked. "Fifty-seven years ago," he replied.

So a woman 51 years old was too young to have seen a lodge set up as in old days. Other old people spoke the same way. One Bull said it was over 50 years since he had seen such a tepee.

At this Bull Head celebration we had an opportunity to see and hear many things relating to old times. Each morning at dawn some old man would awaken us by singing a song to the rising sun. At the dances were several men past 80 who danced old-time dances. There we saw an old "buffalo man," with a weird buffalo headdress and his face painted green, and also an Indian clown, or Heyoka dancer—one who had dreamed of thunder. He had a costume of burlap and a mask with a long red nose. He burlesqued everything the other dancers did. His dancing was as funny and amusing as anything we have ever seen. Talk about a sense of humor!

Return To East

When this gathering broke up it was necessary for us to return to the "land of the Eastern Ocean." Regardless of the poverty and distress still in evidence all around us (even though conditions are better on the reservation than they have been in several years) the lack of my modern conveniences or even of good drinking water in most cases, we found it hard to leave

people think Indians have no feelings or emotions but this was the most touching thing I had ever experienced and if there is any way I can make this old man's heart sing and bring happiness to his people I intend to do what I can to bring it to pass.

Just before leaving One Bull had said to me, "My son, go to your people and tell and show them how we used to live in times past. The white people cannot all come to see us, neither can we all go to them. Your work on the stage should help us to understand each other better. It is better than books, whose stories cannot be seen, and better than pictures, that cannot be heard. You know more of life such as I lived in my youth than do our own young people. In my youth Uncle Sitting Bull and I were so well known and honored among our people that I never thought that some day my white son would find it necessary to tell people about us and the old days we loved so well. You are doing much to help us. Ho hecetu, it is well."

Note: The fight on the Little Big Horn with a battle and not a massacre. A massacre is the killing of helpless and defenseless people. Custer's men were all well armed and died with guns in their hands and ammunition still left in their belts.

*This is not the cabin in which Sitting Bull was killed. It was destroyed following its exhibition at the world's fair of 1892.