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~~John~~  
~~Indian~~  
~~Leaves~~  
Custer

September 27, 1955

Mr. Don Rickey, Historian  
Custer Battlefield National Monument  
Crow Agency, Montana

Dear Don:

I was happy to hear from you. Thanks for bringing me up-to-date and thanks a million for the pictures you sent me and the folder and the map. I had hoped to see you all but my time was too short going up to Missoula.

I attended a writers gathering in Denver and stopped for a bit in Boulder to see Professor Waldrop. They were leaving for Finland on a Fulbright. I was over-night in Salt Lake where I was able to show them their labels were wrong on certain Indian items in the museum, and stopped for a bit in Jackson Hole with the Laubins. He was starting an Indian camp and had fifteen tipis up with Sioux and afterwards Araphoes in them. The latter are so much easier to work with than the former. From Missoula I went into the Flathead country to take pictures and get data from the old Indians. Then on to Kalispel across Glacier Park to the Blackfoot reservation and saw the museum of the American Indian there. The curator drove me up to Belly River in Canada where the Bloods had formed their tribal campcircle. I filmed a lot of painted tipis and took part in a stick game (button, button, who's got the button). We went on to Lethbridge and there I caught a plane to Helena and went through their file of Indian photographs. I then hurried down to Sheridan for the All American Indians Days Program where I acted as a judge in the Miss Indian America Contest. We interviewed 78 girls all arrayed in buckskin. Our unanimous choice was a Miss McLaughlin, the granddaughter of the agent in charge at Standing Rock when Sitting Bull was killed. You may remember that I gave him a good working over in my book on that chief, but his granddaughter well deserved the honor. You may have met her as she is a dental technician for the government at Crow Agency. Of course, now she is touring the country for the Shriners' Crippled Childrens Hospital. By all accounts she is doing a splendid job.

I hurried from there to New York where I did a little research in the American Museum and went fishing in a forty foot boat off the Jersey shore just in time to catch one of the gales that followed the hurricane. After a visit with my daughter and her children in Baltimore, and a day or two in the National Museum in Washington, I headed for home. I really had a delightful summer and missed most of the hot weather.