enemy," a word the French traders interpreted as *Nadowessioux* and later shortened to *Sioux*. Armed with French muskets and gunpowder the Chippewa tribes expelled the Sioux onto the plains, but the invidious name went along and has stuck to this day.

Dakota, however, is what they are, and practically all you see today are the Teton-Dakota family, the only one of the seven original Dakota tribes to migrate west of the Missouri River. The other six have somehow vanished, but they did not have the same stuff as their Teton kindred and left no mark in the land that became the white man's West.

The Paths of Peace

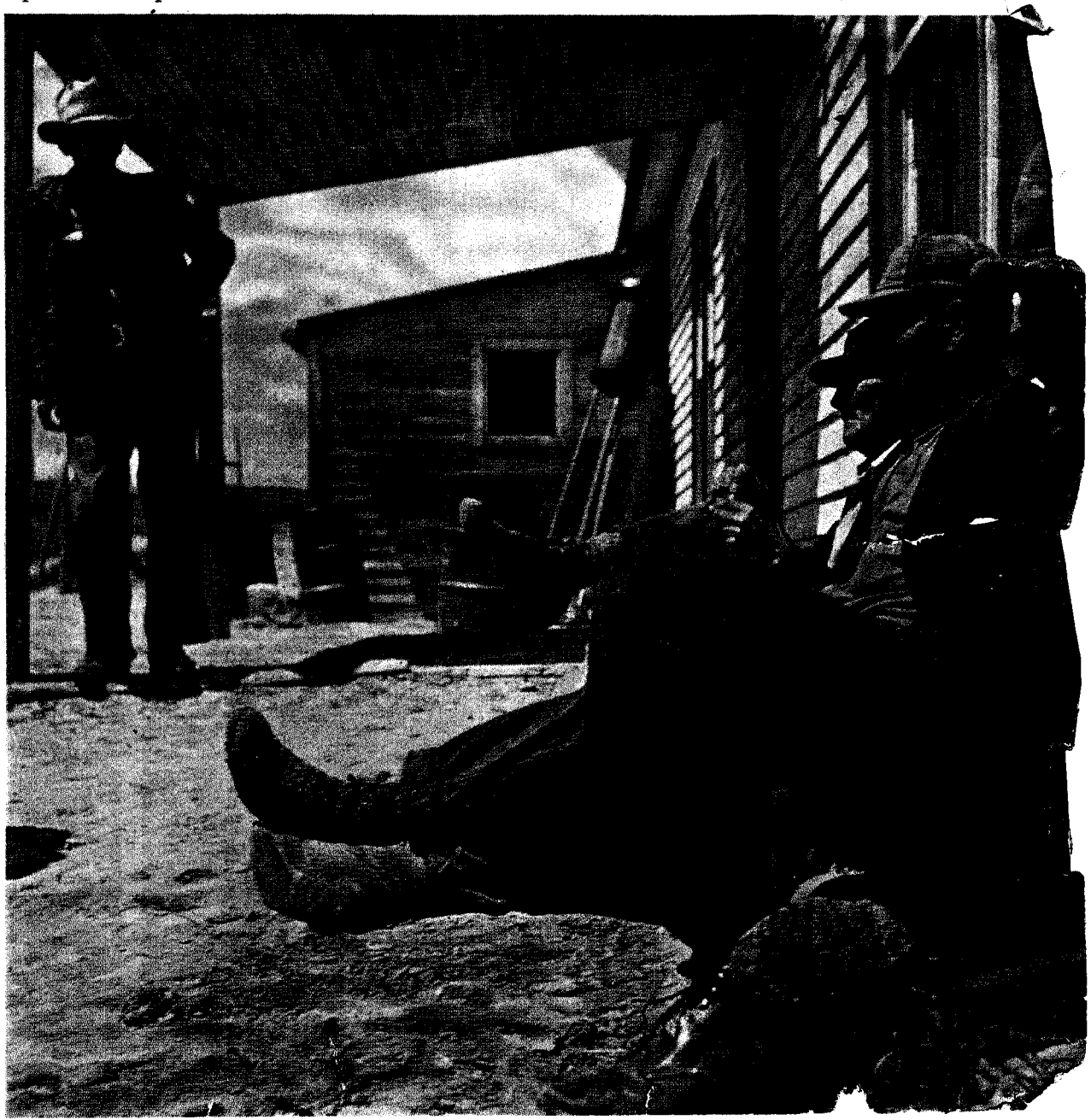
The Pine Ridge reservation is a peaceful, dusty little palatinate—little as places go in the West, though it is two thirds or more the size of Connecticut. It is quite roomy for its 10,000 Indians, with wide stretches of barren plains, scattered farms and a handful of lazy little towns. The towns are nothing more than settlements built around a "trading post," a vestigial term for what is simply a general store and post office. The storekeepers retain the traditional name of "traders," although they deal with the Indians on a largely cash-and-carry basis. Bartering is practically unknown, although among the Indians themselves there is active horse trading and friendly swapping of possessions. The towns have churches and schools, and larger communities, like Kyle, Wanblee and Pine Ridge town, have shops, cafés and movies, and frame houses as well as the more orthodox one-room log shacks. Pine Ridge town is the reservation capital, site of the agency, also of the reservation high school, hospital and museum.

A great many Sioux live in tents. This is more common among the full-blood than among the mixed-blood Indians, and decreases in tendency as the white strain increases. The Sioux follows his nomadic heritage, except that the buffalo-skin tepee of old has been replaced by the white canvas tent of the Army and Navy store.

There are tent camps scattered over the reservation, usually along the waters of a creek. Thus, Indian families are free to roam; and they like the outdoor life. These are their traditions. With the coming of mild weather a lot of Sioux farmers desert their log houses and move the family into tents pitched in the dooryard, remaining there until cold weather drives them indoors again. Some, I am told, stick it out the year around, with only part of the family—usually the younger ones—going back into the walled house.

The tents also serve a purpose in business and social life. A number of Pine Ridge Indians hire out as seasonal farm workers, harvesting potato and sugar-beet crops in Nebraska and Wyoming. They come in family wagons to the farm fields and set up tent camps, just as their forefathers did on buffalo hunts in the old days. Many prefer working this way to the responsibility of farming themselves, which the Government would like them to do.

Color photographs by Bob Smallman

With canvas tents from the Army-Navy store, instead of buffalo-skin tepees, the Sioux follow nomadic heritage. Many full-bloods live outdoors all year, in tent camps scattered over the reserva

The older Sioux, like this group lounging outside the Wounded Knee trading post, have grown lazy a apathetic as dependents of the Government, bear but little resemblance to their feared, warrior ancesto